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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Abstract of the Proceedings of the Board of Relief for the Destitute, &c. at the Cape of Good Hope.* Cape Town.  
2. *Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa, descriptive of the Zoolus, their Manners, Customs, &c. with a Sketch of Natal.* By Nathaniel Isaacs. 2 Vols. London. 1836.  
3. *Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in South Africa.* By Captain Allen F. Gardiner, R.N. Undertaken in 1835. London. 1836.

THERE was a time that the Cape of Good Hope, when in the hands of the Dutch, and, indeed, since its conquest by Great Britain, was considered a place of first-rate importance, both in itself, and by its position. It was held in such estimation as to determine the government of that day, at the general peace, to annex it permanently to the British crown; indeed, when that object was about to be accomplished, the late Henry Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) declared, in the House of Commons, that the minister, who should dare to give it up, ought to lose his head—of such consequence, in a political point of view, was its retention considered to be by one of the longest-headed statesmen of his age. Independent, however, of the political advantages derivable from this half-way house between England and India, there is not perhaps, on the face of the globe, a spot which, taken altogether, can be deemed preferable to the Cape as a place of residence. Situated in a climate equally removed from oppressive heat and shivering cold—where the fig-tree, and the vine, and the orange luxuriate in the open air, requiring but little aid at the hand of man—where the atmosphere is almost always pure, clear, and dry,—it has been found so congenial with the feelings and pursuits of that amiable and accomplished scholar and philosopher, Sir John Herschell, that, hardly able to tear himself away, he is ready to say with Horace—(as indeed he has said, in other and stronger words)—

‘ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet.’

Yet with all these enchantments, and notwithstanding its high political value, this southern *angle* of Africa has scarcely, of late years, excited a degree of interest equal to Botany Bay or New Zealand.

Zealand. Our ministers did, it is true, soon after the conclusion of the war, send out at the public expense an ill-assorted cargo of emigrants, permitting them to locate themselves on the untenanted and unappropriated lands near the eastern boundary of the Colony—by far the most productive district, whether for grazing or for tillage, in the whole settlement; but labouring under the great disadvantage of being removed five or six hundred miles from the seat of government. It had also a further drawback, in being situated close to the frontiers of the Caffre country. Such proximity had constantly led, so long as the Dutch were the sole occupiers of the soil, to a mutual pilfering of cattle—a kind of black-mail business—the consequence of which was, not only a constant collision of interests, but now and then a murder on one side or the other, and the setting fire to huts and houses;—but here the matter ended—conflicts of this kind being generally made up between the Dutch boors and the Caffres, without the interference of the governing powers on either side. The same sort of collision disturbed and distracted our emigrants of 1819—as the readers of Mr. Pringle's African Sketches will remember. It was hoped, however, that the influx of a more respectable and substantial class of British settlers than the first batch, whose numbers might be expected speedily to increase, and in fact did so, would put a stop to the incursions of the Caffres, by establishing a better understanding with this fine race of men—for such they are allowed to be by all travellers. A treaty, accordingly, was soon made with these people, who are by no means to be accounted savages, by which it was agreed, in order to preserve peace and friendship, that a neutral ground should be established between the Great Fish River (the British boundary) and the Keiskamma (the Caffre boundary); and as a security against either party's transgressing the limits, three small forts were erected, at intervals, down the centre of this neutral slip of land—Beaufort, Wiltshire, and Fredricksburgh.

Under these arrangements the inhabitants of the great eastern plain, called the Zuure Veldt, were rapidly advancing in wealth and prosperous circumstances. Their herds and flocks increased, and the breed of both was improved by importations of the best kind; pasturage and tillage went hand in hand, towns and villages arose on the heretofore naked plains,—churches and school-houses were built,—and Graham's Town, near our frontier, had become the populous capital of this flourishing territory. Things went on thus prosperously until the end of the year 1834, when the colonists bordering close on the frontier, and scattered here and there in their single dwellings along the whole line,

line, became agitated by hourly swelling rumours of a meditated irruption, on a large scale, by the Caffres.

'On the first of December,' says the Report of the Board of Relief, 'the general abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions was celebrated at Graham's Town, with grateful unanimity. The inhabitants of all classes and persuasions attended Divine service in the morning at St. George's church, when the acting chaplain preached a sermon, suited to the occasion, from the following words, rendered remarkable by the sequel:—"I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness; violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders."—Isaiah lx. v. 17, 18. All the other places of worship being closed, and several hundred children from the respective Sunday schools assembled, the church was crowded, and the several choirs and congregations united in one loud song of harmony, and praise, and cheering anticipation. But how short-sighted is man; and how mysterious the paths of the Almighty! Before the sound had ceased to vibrate in our ears, an alarm was heard of war and bloodshed—before the expiration of the month, the same sacred edifice was converted into an asylum for fugitive women and children, a magazine of arms, and a centre of warlike preparations.'—*Abstract, &c.* p. 7.

The melancholy tidings burst upon Graham's Town on the 24th December.

'In the course of the evening, information was brought to the sitting magistrate, that an old man of the name of Cramer had been barbarously murdered near the Clay Pits. His two children who were with him at the time, described the cruel deed with sickening simplicity. Intense anxiety was now felt for the safety of Mr. Mahoney and Mr. Henderson, his son-in-law, a merchant of Graham's Town, who, for change of air, had lately gone out with two of his children to Mr. Mahoney's farm in that neighbourhood. Next day was Christmas-day, but no hymns of "peace on earth" or "good will towards men," saluted our ears. Devastation and death,—the ravages of the spoiler,—the wail of the widow,—the cry of the fatherless, the sound of the trumpet, and the alarm of war—were our only music. Our worst apprehensions for Mahoney and Henderson were realized. They had both been murdered while endeavouring to retire to the military post at Caffer Drift.'—*ibid.* p. 13.

Along the frontier line from the Winterberg to the mouth of the Keiskamma, a distance of about one hundred miles, fifteen thousand Caffres are supposed to have made a simultaneous irruption into the Colony.

'The invaders appeared in such formidable numbers, that most of the boors considered resistance not only useless, but imprudent. In many cases, indeed, the marauders met with opposition, and several of them fell on different occasions; but by repeated assaults, with augmented numbers, they always succeeded in their main object of driving off the cattle. Several of the Dutch farmers had already lost their lives. Ste-

phen Buys was run through the heart with an assagai, while standing at his own door fearing no evil. His wife escaping by the back door, spent the whole night with six small children in the neighbouring thickets. Mrs. Silverhoorne had only been married three days when her husband was murdered in a similar manner. Mrs. De Cock and several other women, were obliged to flee with their children to the jungle by night—to wade the Great Fish River in the dark, at a time when it was considerably swollen—and to travel many hours on foot before they reached a place of comparative safety. Persons leaving their homes under such circumstances, could, generally speaking, save nothing but the clothes they wore. In this condition they were crowded together in camps, where the sufferings were exceedingly severe.’—*ibid.* p. 14.

The chairman of the Committee was in Bathurst Town when about a thousand of the ruined inhabitants of the plain were driven thither for refuge.

‘The women and children,’ he tells us, ‘were conveyed in seventy ox-waggons. The men, who were on foot or horseback, appeared fatigued and harassed. Their neglected apparel and unshaven beards, and several other minute circumstances which cannot be detailed, contributed much to the melancholy effect of the scene. They appeared, however, to be in better spirits than could have been expected, considering the distressing circumstances under which they had just been compelled “to abandon the whole of their property and cattle, the result of fifteen years’ hard labour and perseverance,” and to become dependent on public charity for subsistence. Many of the females were in a very feeble and pitiable condition, many of the waggons were destitute of tents, and both the women and children seemed suffering severely from cold and rain. The widow of the murdered trader, Iles, had been delivered of a child in the church at Bathurst only three or four days before. Such of the parties as had friends in the town, procured lodgings for themselves; the rest we provided for as well as we could; the town’s-people being everywhere forward to put themselves to almost any inconvenience for their accommodation.’—*ibid.* p. 20.

The aggregate of distress, as appearing on the books of the committee, may be thus summed up. The number of petitions for relief amounted to 1895, comprising at least 8370 individuals. Of these applications 891 were from persons of Dutch extraction, 300 from British settlers, and 704 from Hottentots and other persons of colour. The Abstract adds:—

‘The total amount of live-stock represented as lost, by applicants to this board, is upwards of 51,000 head of horned cattle, 2339 horses, and 118,195 sheep and goats; and besides the loss in corn, furniture, and other moveable property, to a considerable amount, 369 houses have been burnt, and 261 pillaged and otherwise injured. The amount of live-stock given in by the same applicants as saved, is 11,418 cattle, 1186 horses, 102,343 sheep and goats.’

It appears, however, from a summary transmitted by the governor of the Cape, that ample vengeance was taken on the Caffres, on the arrival of the military. He says,

‘In the course of the Commissioners’ progress in the census of the tribes of Gaika and T’Llambie, it was ascertained that their loss, during our operations against them, has amounted to 4,000 of their warriors or fighting men, and among them many captains. Ours, fortunately, has not in the whole amounted to 100, and of these only two officers. There have been taken from them also, besides the conquest and alienation of their country, about 60,000 head of cattle, and almost all their goats; their habitations have everywhere been destroyed, and their gardens and corn-fields laid waste. They have, therefore, been chastised, *not extremely, but sufficiently.*’

This cool statement does not include the horrible murder of the chief Hintza, and his losses. We cannot withhold the sensible and humane observations of Lord Glenelg, on receipt of the document.

‘I am bound,’ his lordship writes to Sir B. D’Urban, ‘to record the very deep regret with which I have perused this passage. In a conflict between regular troops and hordes of barbarous men, it is almost a matter of course that there should exist an enormous disproportion between the loss of life on either side. But to consign an entire country to desolation, and a whole people to famine, is an aggravation of the necessary horrors of war, so repugnant to every just feeling, and so totally at variance with the habits of civilized nations, that I should not be justified in receiving such a statement without calling upon you for further explanations. The honour of the British name is deeply interested in obtaining and giving publicity to the proofs that the king’s subjects really demanded so fearful an exercise of the irresistible power of his majesty’s forces.’

We have no intention to trace the origin and progress of this unhappy war, much less to speak with severity of any of the parties involved in it. We have no doubt there were faults enough on both sides; but we concur entirely with Lord Glenelg, that ‘whatever may have been the remote or the proximate causes of this warfare, its results can be contemplated with no other feelings than those of the most lively regret;’ and we further agree with his lordship, that ‘the motives which induced the jealousy and exasperation of the contending parties remain in unimpaired force, and may be expected to reproduce the same evils, unless some decisive means be adopted for the prevention of them.’ This brings us to the point we intended to come to at our first setting out. The ‘decisive means’ which Lord Glenelg appears to have adopted are, the contraction of the colony to its old limits of the Great Fish River, and the appointment of a lieutenant-governor

nor to the four distant eastern districts. The unhappy sufferers, however, would seem not to trust to these 'decisive means,' or to await their issue. If our information be correct, and we place every reliance on its being so, not fewer than one thousand families, chiefly Dutch, are preparing to go, and many have already gone, to seek a refuge and subsistence to the north-east, and mostly to the country known by the name of Natal, choosing rather to trust themselves to the mercy of one of the greatest despots and barbarians that ever existed, than to the marauding and murdering irruptions of hordes of Caffres, uncontrolled, or nearly so, by any authority which their petty chiefs possess over them.

Thinking it may be interesting, at this time, to give some account of the nature of the country and of its inhabitants, where these poor emigrants hope to find an asylum—we have taken up the two books whose titles follow that of the 'Report by the Board of Relief,'—the one being the 'Travels and Adventures of Nathaniel Isaacs,' in two volumes—and the other the 'Narrative of a Journey in the Zoolu Country, by Captain Allen Gardiner of the Royal Navy.' The former was resident nearly three years in this country, when under the rule of the ferocious *Chaka*—the other for some months under his brother *Dingaan*, whom the *Commander* (not Captain) calls *Dingarn*, as he writes *Charka* for *Chaka*. This *Dingaan* first murdered, and then succeeded, that brother-monster, of whom he appears to be a worthy representative.

The motives of these two travellers were widely different. The expedition of Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, as he tells us, 'emanated from the impulse of curiosity, and the attractions of commercial speculation,' and he assures us that he 'sought nothing but to sate the one, and to promote the other;' and we may so far pronounce a favourable opinion of his labours, that, if Mr. Isaacs had narrated his adventures and told the facts and incidents which fell under his own observation, in plain and homely language, he might have produced *one small volume*, interesting from its novelty, and of some importance from its varied information, as a guide to future settlers. Instead of this, however, we find an eternal repetition of the same disgusting scenes of bloodshed and slaughter—of journeys repeatedly performed over the same routes—of disasters and difficulties in crossing the same rivers—of vague description couched in turgid and inflated phrases, mixed up with scraps of poetry, from Shakspeare down to Byron—and all this from one 'who left England in the year 1822, at the age of fourteen,'—and admits 'he could not have acquired any great advancement

advancement or eminence in scholastic knowledge, nor made that progress which his sanguine relatives fondly anticipated.' When the pages of such a youth are stuffed with pompous prate about Demosthenes, and Cambyzes, and Dionysius of Syracuse—we can come to no other conclusion than that his journal has been placed in the hands of some bookseller's hack, who has thus disfigured the original simplicity in which the narrative must have been written, and added irrelative matter, where his principal business, if he had been up to his trade, would have been the curtailment of vapid tautology.

Our naval traveller on the other hand, in his visit to Natal, was actuated neither by 'the impulse of curiosity,' nor the 'attractions of commercial speculation,' but by motives of a much higher character. 'It is not,' says Commander Gardiner, 'with a view to recount my personal adventures that the following narrative is now offered to the public, nor was it for the mere novelty of travelling that I determined on a visit to South Africa; far otherwise was the object of my journey—an endeavour, under the blessing of God, to open a way whereby the ministers of the Gospel might find access to the Zoolu nation, and be the means of introducing true religion, civilization, and industry, into those benighted regions.' The motive, it must be allowed, was a worthy one; and we only do him justice in saying, that his whole conduct throughout many trying and critical situations entitles him to the unqualified praise of sincerity. In *his* volume there is no affectation of fine writing; it is conducted throughout in that kind of style which characterises the general run of missionary productions—full of quotations from Scripture—of pious ejaculations—of acknowledgments to a gracious providence for special interferences on every, even the most trifling, occurrence of difficulty or supposed danger. He deals also largely in verse of his own weaving. Every Sunday morning his muse inspires him with a hymn or spiritual song, and on two or three occasions we find her delivered of, what we suppose we must call, in contradistinction to the others, effusions of profane poetry. One of these *poems* gives so lively a picture of his dwelling among the Zoolus, and of his happy and contented frame of mind, that we select it for quotation:—

‘MY ZOOLU HUT.

‘Dear is that spot, however mean,  
Which once we’ve called our own;  
And if ’twas snug, and neat, and clean,  
Our thoughts oft thither roam.

I see them now—those four low props,  
That held the hay-stack o’er my head;  
The dusky frame-work from their tops,  
Like a large mouse-trap, round me  
spread.

To stand erect I never tried,  
For reasons you may guess;  
Full fourteen feet my hut was wide,  
Its height was nine feet less.

My furniture, a scanty store,  
Some saddle-bags beside me laid;  
A hurdle used to close the door,  
Raised upon stones, my table made.

And

And when my visitors arrived,  
To sit, and prate, and stare;  
Of light and air at once deprived,  
The heat I scarce could bear.

The solid ground my softest bed,  
A mat my mattress made;  
The friendly saddle raised my head,  
As in my cloak I laid.

The homely lizard harmless crept  
Unnoticed through the door;  
And rats their gambols round me kept,  
While sleeping on the floor.

Such was my humble Zoolu home,  
And memory paints thee yet;  
While life shall last, where'er I roam,  
That hut I'll ne'er forget.'

We may here observe that Commander Gardiner proceeded by land through the midst of the Caffre country, and had a very narrow escape; the war having broken out two days after he had cleared their country; 'it was one,' he says, 'of those merciful escapes in which the hand of a gracious God is so eminently conspicuous.' In passing through the Amakosa tribes (those bordering on the colony), and others beyond them, he called at several missionary stations scattered among these people; he stopped also at some of the dwellings of the English and Dutch traders, who subsisted by bartering knives, beads, coarse cottons, and tobacco, for elephants' tusks, hides, and deer-skins.

'These are wretched mud-built hovels, and in so filthy a state that my surprise is that any of the inmates ever escaped the most malignant fevers. Contented with two rooms, they inhabited one while the other (the partition of which, as though purposely constructed to admit the effluvia, did not reach within several feet of the roof,) was piled nearly to the rafters with a collection of hides and horns, the former in all the intermediate stages from the green to the pickled. Such an odoriferous *mélange* of garbage, fat, and filth was perhaps never before compacted into so small a compass, yet were these people seemingly happy, and sipped their tea and their coffee, and offered the same to every stranger that passed, with as much frankness and disregard to their olfactory nerves as though the walls were of cedar and their floors carpeted with lavender and roses. Nothing so soon dissipates a romantic dream as one of these charnel houses.'—*Gardiner*, pp. 9, 10.

But it is time we proceed with our two authors to the Zoolu Country, the limits of which may be roughly, but not, from any data they have supplied, accurately determined; both, indeed, are very loose in all their descriptions. Port Natal we know to be situated in 29° 53' S. lat., 30° 32' E. long.; it has a narrow entrance with a bar across, but with a depth of water sufficient to admit ships of from two to three hundred tons burden; within, it spreads, like the Knysna of the colony, into a fine sheet of water, surrounded with rising ground covered with wood, and having an island in the midst. If we take the river Umzincoolu as the southern boundary, forty miles to the south-west of the port, and the Amatakoola, seventy miles to the north-east of it, we shall have one hundred and ten miles for the extent of the sea-coast of the Zoolu territory; and as Commander Gardiner estimates at one hundred

hundred miles his journey inland to the Quathlamba Mountains, which run parallel with the sea-coast, we may assume the Zoolu country to be a square of about one hundred miles each side. From this range of mountains a number of rivers intersect the plain in their way to the sea, the largest of which, frequently unfordable, appear to be the Umzimcoolu and the Tugala, the latter of which Isaacs calls Ootoogale. We must leave our authors to give their own descriptive sketches of the interior.

The small trading vessel, that carried our youthful adventurer Nathaniel to the east coast of Africa, was commanded by Lieut. King of the navy. The object of the voyage was, in the first place, to touch at the Cape, and from thence at the bay of Natal. 'Our little bark,' he says, 'soon faced the bar, which had an awful and even terrific aspect. The surf beat over it with a prodigiously overwhelming force; the foaming of the sea gave it an appearance that would have unnerved any but an experienced seaman; the wind whistling through the rigging seemed as the knell of our approaching destruction.' In short, after some six pages of description of this appalling kind, and as many more from Lieut. King's journal, we find the little bark completely wrecked on the rocks; but the people remained on board in safety. At first all around looked wild and desolate, and they concluded that Lieut. Farewell, who was known to have been there with a party, had been disposed of by the natives. Presently, however, they perceived a group of people, who planted a ragged union-jack on the point opposite to the wreck, one of them clad in European garments, but ragged as the flag. This proved to be an English youth, by name Holstead, one of Farewell's party. 'The rest of the group consisted of a Hottentot woman, in a dungaree petticoat, with a blue cotton handkerchief tied round her head; five natives entirely naked; and a female with a piece of bullock's hide fastened round her waist.' The other European settlers, now absent in the interior, were Cane, Ogle, Fynn, and Lieut. Farewell, together with one Jacob, who, being a Caffre and speaking English, was serving as an interpreter. Their houses were little barns, made of wattle and plastered with clay, without windows, and with one door to each; near them were several native huts, shaped like beehives, about seven feet in diameter and six feet high. Appearances, in short, were anything but encouraging,—'all seemed wild, gloomy, and revolting; yet here,' says Isaacs, 'I was destined to remain two years and nine months, an almost solitary European, wandering occasionally I knew not where, and in search of I knew not what.'

A sailor is never at a loss. Lieut. King, with his chief mate, Mr. Hatton, who happened to be a practical shipwright, commenced

menced preparations for building a new vessel from the materials of the one wrecked, with the assistance of plenty of fine timber growing near the bay. It was not long before Mr. Farewell returned from his visit to Chaka, the chief of the Zoolus ; but the account he gave of this personage was not calculated to soothe the apprehensions of Isaacs. Lient. King, however, determined to visit this despot, and in company of Farewell and Fynn, and a party of his sailors, bearing a suitable present, set out on his journey. They had every reason to be pleased with their reception ; he ordered bullocks to be killed for them, and having observed that the sailors were armed with muskets, desired they might go out with him and his people to hunt the elephant. The men, however, declined this kind of sport, saying they had only leaden bullets, not adapted for such huge animals, on which Chaka desired the interpreter to tell them they were afraid. This remark touched the pride of the blue-jackets ; and Lieut. King and his sailors determined, therefore, to join the party ; and fortunately they did so, as the idea of inferiority in courage was not likely to promote the hospitality of the despot. The following is an extract from Mr. King's Journal :—

‘ We soon fell in with the king, surrounded by his warriors, seated under a large tree, and from which he had a complete view of the valley out of which they intended to start the elephant ; we took our station about two hundred yards from him, waiting impatiently, yet dreading the result. Two hours had nearly elapsed, when a messenger presented to the king the tail of an elephant, at which they all appeared greatly surprised ; he was desired to bring it to us, and say the white people had killed the animal. As may be supposed, we could scarcely credit the fact, but hastened towards the forest to join our people, and met them almost exhausted ; we, notwithstanding, had the satisfaction of congratulating each other upon what appeared to us almost a miracle. It appeared that the natives drove the elephant from the forest to a plain, where the sailors placed themselves directly before the animal : the first shot entered under the ear, when it became furious : the other lodged near the fore shoulder, after which it fell, and soon expired. Had this affair turned out differently, we should, in all probability, have been held in a contemptible light by this nation, and awkward consequences might have resulted to the settlement.’

The evening was spent in dancing, singing, and other amusements ; in the midst of which, our sailors, with true British feeling, and hearty stentorian voices, struck up ‘ God save the King,’ and Chaka, on its being explained, so far from being displeased with this, was highly delighted. On paying him a visit the following morning, the Lieutenant expressed a wish to see him in his war dress :—

He immediately retired, and in a short time returned attired ; his dress consists

consists of monkey's skins, in three folds from his waist to the knee, from which two white cows' tails are suspended, as well as from each arm; round his head is a neat band of fur stuffed, in front of which is placed a tall feather, and on each side a variegated plume. He advanced with his shield, an oval about four feet in length, and an umkonto, or spear, when his warriors commenced a war song, and he began his manœuvres. Chaka is about thirty-eight years of age, upwards of six feet in height, and well proportioned; he is allowed to be the best pedestrian in the country, and, in fact, during his wonderful exercises this day he exhibited the most astonishing activity. On this occasion he displayed a part of the handsomest beads of our present.'

On the day of their departure Chaka made them a present of one hundred and seven head of cattle. It took them seven days to return to Natal, the distance being above one hundred miles.

The favourable reception of the party inspired Mr. Isaacs with a desire to pay a visit to this potent monarch. He was accompanied by the lad Holstead, and some natives. Chaka received him kindly; asked if King George was as handsome as himself,—and condescendingly said, 'King George and I are brothers; he has conquered all the whites, and I have subdued all the blacks.' Nathaniel tells us the circumference of the '*imperial kraal*' exceeds three miles, and includes about one thousand four hundred huts; and that the *palace*, on an eminence, comprises about one hundred huts, 'in which none but girls live.' At this period about three hundred men passed the king, saluting him as they went on,—this was all very fine; but,

'on a sudden a profound silence ensued, when his majesty uttered one or two words, at which some of the warriors immediately rose and seized three of the people, one of whom sat near me. The poor fellows made no resistance, but were calm and resigned, waiting their fate with apparently stoical indifference. The sanguinary chief was silent; but from some sign he gave the executioners, they took the criminals, laying one hand on the crown and the other on the chin, and by a sudden wrench appeared to dislocate the head. The victims were then dragged away and beaten as they proceeded to the bush, about a mile from the kraal, where a stick was inhumanly forced up each, and they were left as food for the wild beasts of the forests, and those carnivorous birds that hover near the habitations of the natives.'—*Isaacs*, p. 75.

After this exhibition Mr. Isaacs, not feeling quite so easy, expressed a wish to take leave, but to his great dismay was ordered to remain; however, on a drove of cattle being brought up, the property of the wretched victims who had been so brutally sacrificed, Chaka ordered twelve head to be given to him, and allowed him to depart.

Chaka had heard of a boat in which the Lieutenant and his party had crossed the Tugala, and expressed a desire that it should

should be brought to him. This occasioned another visit, when he inquired, in the course of conversation, 'if they had brought any doctors (missionaries) with them;' he said, 'he wished them to come and teach his people, for he had discovered we were a superior race.' On the following day Chaka entertained them with a review of three regiments of *boys*, amounting to about six thousand strong, all bearing *black* shields of ox hides. Each regiment was distinguished by the different shape and decoration of the caps. After running about the kraal, trying to excel each other in feats of agility, but regardless of all order, regularity, or discipline, a regiment of *men* with *white* shields arrived on the ground, and having saluted Chaka, they all, men and boys, assembled for a dance :—

'They formed a half-circle; the men in the centre and the boys at the two extremities. The king placed himself in the middle of the space within the circle, and about one thousand five hundred girls stood opposite to the men three deep, in a straight line, and with great regularity. His majesty then commenced dancing, the warriors followed, and the girls kept time by singing, clapping their hands, and raising their bodies on their toes. The strange attitudes of the men exceeded anything I had seen before. The king was remarkable for his unequalled activity, and the surprising muscular powers he exhibited. He was decorated with a profusion of green and yellow glass beads. The girls had their share of such ornaments; in addition, too, they had each of them four brass bangles round their necks, which kept them in an erect posture, and rendered them as immovable as the neck of a statue.'—*ibid.* pp. 121, 122.

On taking leave the visitors were presented with three oxen and three cows, from a herd of upwards of a thousand head of cattle. On a third visit, Isaacs, who had now become bold, talks of having seen a large body of troops, consisting of seventeen regiments with black shields and twelve regiments with white ones, at drill on the surrounding hills, the whole appearing to amount to about thirty thousand fighting men. This visit seems to have passed off without any outrageous proceedings on the part of the despot, but on another occasion he was witness to a scene of a most wanton and unprovoked massacre, the account of which makes one's blood boil. The monster pretended he had a dream that his boys and others, in his absence, had taken liberties with his women, and thus polluted the purity of his palace. He pointed out a particular kraal, or village, on which he meant to wreak his vengeance, and a party of his ruffians were sent to surround it. Mr. Isaacs shall tell the rest :—

'The king at first beat his aged and infirm mother with inconceivable cruelty, and to the astonishment of all, as he had ever manifested towards his parent a strong filial affection. When all the poor unoffending creatures were collected in the cattle kraal, many of them being sick, their  
number

number amounted to one hundred and seventy girls and boys, a great many of whom were his servants and girls from his seraglios. Nothing could equal the horror and consternation which pervaded these poor wretches, who, surrounded and without hope of escape, knew they were collected to sate some revengeful feeling of their tyrant, but were nevertheless ignorant of the cause, for they felt that they were innocent. Every thing being ready for the bloody scene, to complete this unexampled sanguinary massacre of unoffending beings, he called his warriors, that had surrounded the kraal, and told them that his heart was sore, and that he "had been beating his mother Umnante, because she had not taken proper care of his girls." He then ordered the victims intended for destruction to be brought to him, and those whom he selected his executioners immediately despatched. He began by taking out several fine lads, and ordering their own brothers to twist their necks; their bodies were afterwards dragged away and beaten with sticks until life was extinct. After this refined act of cruelty, the remainder of the victims were indiscriminately butchered. Few of the poor innocent children cried or evinced any sorrow, but walked out as if inwardly conscious they were about to be removed from a state of terror to "another and a better world."—*ibid.* pp. 159, 160.

The next day, before his thirst for blood had subsided, he ordered his chief domestic to be beaten to death; then two adopted daughters of this monster, and one of his chiefs, were put to death in the same manner; after which he spent the evening among his women in singing and dancing, and asked Isaacs, 'are we not a merry people?' Every page almost of this author's book details specimens of the like cruelty. King Chaka's whole life seems to have been one continued scene of war, robbery, and murder. 'The warring propensity of the despot,' says Mr. Isaacs, 'his habitual ferocity, and insatiable thirst for the blood of his subjects, often induced him to single out the aged and decrepit to put to the spear, observing with savage pleasure "that they could not fight,—that they only consumed food,—and that it was an act of charity to put them out of the way."' Mr. Isaacs says, however, that on one occasion he did manifest something like a feeling of remorse; this was on the death of his mother, whom he had not long before savagely beaten; on hearing that the aged woman was no more, he became restless, and having sent for Isaacs, said, 'I am like a wolf on a flat, that is at a loss for a place to hide his head in.'

Lieut. King took a fever and died near Natal Bay, which being communicated to this monster, he said he had a great deal to talk to the English, but was so much depressed 'that his heart would not let his tongue speak as he could wish, so soon after the death of one he so highly esteemed;—that 'it was a consolation to him  
that

that a white man, and a chief too, lived so long in his country unmolested, and that he died a natural death;—‘*that*,’ he said, ‘will ever be a source of much satisfaction to me.’

Isaacs, by his own account, had contrived, somehow or other, to creep into this despot’s favour. At this last visit he tells us,

‘He created me chief of Natal, and granted to me the tract of country lying from the river Umsluttee to the river Umlass, a space of twenty-five miles of sea-coast and one hundred miles inland, including the bay, islands, and forests near the point, and the exclusive right of trading with his people. After he had made his mark, as his signature to the grant, the interpreter made his, which happening to be larger than that of the king, the latter asked, in a stern manner, how it was possible that a common man’s name could be greater than a king’s? Insisting on having the pen and grant again, he scribbled and made marks all over the blank part, and said, “there,” pointing to his signature, “any one can see that is a king’s name, because it is a great one. King George will see that this is King Chaka’s name.”’—*ibid.* pp. 311, 312.

We do not suppose Mr. Isaacs will be able to raise much money from future settlers on this magnificent gift. The successor of Chaka, four years afterwards, made a grant of the same territory, with an additional slice, to Captain Gardiner, about which, however, we apprehend the two grantees will not think it necessary to go to law. It appears that very soon after this transaction of the grant to Isaacs, the two eldest brothers of the despot, Umstungani and Dingān, stole unperceived behind him, and stabbed him in the back. No sooner was this event known at Natal than Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Fynn prepared for a journey to salute the new monarch. The attractions of royalty, indeed, seem to operate so powerfully on Mr. Nathaniel that he thinks nothing of tramping on foot a hundred miles to breathe the atmosphere of the sable court. The first glance of the new king created a favourable impression, and satisfied him that the white people at Natal had nothing to fear from the change. He was convinced at once that Dingān sought repose only, because he told him he was anxious to see his country tranquil and his people happy; that he had abandoned war, and fully intended to cultivate peace with all his neighbours. ‘I shall then,’ he continued, ‘hunt the elephant and the hippopotamus, which will be an amusement for my subjects, and enable me to remunerate my friends.’ He then asked if they had ever seen him dance? This accomplishment, it would seem, is an indispensable qualification for a king of the Zoolus. Having assembled his *girls*, as Mr. Isaacs calls them, Dingān began to exhibit his skill and agility, displaying extraordinary powers in throwing himself into particular

particular attitudes, to the great amusement of the white men. Isaacs, indeed, appears to have been quite captivated. He says, 'Dingān has a commanding appearance; he is tall, at least six feet in height, and admirably, if not symmetrically, proportioned. He is well featured, and of great muscular power; of a dark brown complexion, approaching to a bronze colour. Nothing can exceed his piercing and penetrating eye, which he rolls in moments of anger with surprising rapidity, and in the midst of festivities with inconceivable brilliancy. His whole frame seems as if it were knit for war, and every manly exercise; it is flexible, active, and firm.'—*ibid.* vol. ii. p. 280.

Four years from this period, when he was visited by Commander Gardiner, a great change in this favourable exterior would appear to have taken place. About one thousand men, says this officer, were arranged in a ring three deep, the women in groups of about twenty, forming a close phalanx in the centre. The king, on his appearance in the ring, was loudly cheered.

'Having,' says Gardiner, 'but once seen Dingān without his cloak, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could refrain from laughing outright. Of all the grotesque figures, either in print or in *propria persona*, his equal I never saw, though he bore the nearest resemblance to Falstaff of any I could recollect. Tall, corpulent, and fleshy, with a short neck and a heavy foot, he was decked out as a harlequin, and, carried away by the excitement of the moment, seemed almost prepared to become one. He has a good ear and a correct taste, at least in these matters, and had his figure but accorded with his equipment, he would have carried the palm in the dance, which he entered into with some zest, and certainly sustained his part with much natural grace, and, for so heavy a man, with no ordinary ease and agility.'—*Gardiner*, p. 57.

But in a very few weeks, Isaacs recognised as great a change in the disposition, as years had effected in the appearance, of this fratricide sovereign. Nathaniel had received a summons to attend, and to bring his musket with him. He found his Majesty sitting near his palace, with a body of people round him, and two fine-looking women immediately opposite to him: they had interesting countenances, and appeared very melancholy. 'They were the wives of a rebellious chief, who had escaped the massacre which had befallen all his followers that had been caught.' Every persuasion was made use of by Isaacs to save these poor women, but in vain. 'They are the wives of Catoe,' he said, 'who killed Mr. Farewell, go and shoot them.' Of course he indignantly refused, on which Dingān immediately replied, in a stern and resolute manner, 'They killed one of your countrymen, and I insist on their lives being taken by the musket.' In short, the musket was put into the hands of Isaacs' servant boy, who was peremptorily ordered to shoot these poor women. One of them fell at the first fire; the other required two shots before she expired

expired. 'I thought,' says Isaacs, 'the savage days of Chaka had passed, and that a revival of his atrocities would no more disgrace the reign of a Zoolu monarch, but I have been deceived.'

An affair, however, speedily took place, which came more nearly to the bosoms and the business of the English settlers. One of these, by name Cane, had announced to Dingān his intention to proceed to the colony of the Cape; and he was accompanied by the Caffre, Jacob, as an interpreter. This fellow had been sentenced by the Dutch, for stealing cattle, to the convict station of Robin Island, from whence he was released by Captain Owen, when proceeding on his survey of the eastern coast. With great pretensions of gratitude, he turned out a most execrable villain. Cane was not successful in his mission, and on his return neglected to visit Dingān and report his proceedings. Jacob thought this an excellent opportunity of effecting the destruction of Cane, by poisoning the king's mind with false reports; and presently a party of armed men were sent to perform the work he suggested. Cane had, intimation of it, and concealed himself in the thickets; but his kraal and everything in it were destroyed, and his cattle driven off. 'On approaching Cane's residence,' says Isaacs, 'the first thing that attracted my notice was a few sheets of an encyclopedia scattered along the path. The kraal had been burnt for fuel; the cats had been speared and skinned; the ducks were scattered lifeless about the place. In fact, not a living creature could be found—and even the growing corn was levelled in waste.'

Messrs. Fynn and Isaacs now thinking it high time to make preparations for their departure, the former set out in search of another habitation to the westward, among the tribe of Amatambo, and the latter embarked in an American brig bound for Delagoa Bay. Dingān, however, was soon convinced that he had suffered himself to be practised upon by that atrocious villain Jacob, and ordered him for immediate execution, which was duly performed. He next sent to invite Fynn and Cane to return, and gave to Cane eighty head of cattle that had belonged to Jacob. Isaacs says, 'As the king had expressed to Fynn particular solicitude for my return, and that he should not feel easy until he saw me again, I, therefore, pledged my return, and have made up my mind to redeem this pledge at as early an opportunity as my arrangements in Europe will permit.' This was in May, 1831, but in 1835, more than four years afterwards, we do not find his name in the list of settlers given by Captain Gardiner.

Dingān had heard of this officer's approach, and sent to say he must make haste to his head-quarters, at a place called by the

the uncouth name of *Unkūnzingglove*, the same, we suppose, that Isaacs writes *Goobonschlofe*. This is near the mountains, distant about 130 miles from the port of Natal; it is a large town composed of huts, and enclosed within a circular fence; and an interior stockade surrounds what is called the palace.

'After a little pause the bust only of a very stout personage appeared above the fence, which I was soon informed was the despot himself; he eyed me for a considerable time with the utmost gravity without uttering a word; at last pointing to an ox that had been driven near, he said, "There is the beast I give you to slaughter," and on this important announcement he disappeared. The carcasses of several oxen, recently killed, were at this time lying in separate heaps not far from the gate of his fence, the quarters divided and piled one upon another—and, in order, no doubt, to exhibit at once his wealth and his munificence—he again appeared slowly emerging from the arched gateway, and advancing with a measured step to the nearest animal mound. Instantly he was surrounded by fourteen or fifteen men, who ran from a distance and crouched before him; a word and a nod were then given, and as quickly they arose and carried off the meat at full speed, holding it up the whole way with extended arms, and singing as they went. Another heap was then approached, and as systematically distributed, and so on until the whole had been conveyed away in a similar manner.'—*Gardiner*, pp. 30, 31.

The king soon made his appearance again, inquired the object of our author's journey, said how he wished to see 'the book' (the Bible) of which he had heard so much, and desired him to bring it with him the next visit; he did so, and was desired to read out of it, which, he says, perplexed him not a little, as might be supposed. Commander Gardiner asked leave to build a house for the purpose of teaching his people—this was an important point, which was to be referred to the two *Indoonas*, his majesty's privy councillors and chief ministers. One of these was a slight person, and had a mild and intelligent countenance—the other just the reverse, indicating a character of tyranny and insolence. The former was for the school, the other against it; the king decided with the latter; still, however, our Commander persevered; but by-and-bye a scene took place which staggered him not a little as to the character of Dingān. His own brother and his two servants were brought out for execution; the two servants were beaten to death with clubs, after showing great resistance; but the brother made none, requesting only that, as a king's son, he might be strangled. 'I visited the spot,' says Gardiner, 'the following afternoon, but so effectually had the hyenas and vultures performed their office, that the skeletons only remained to add to the number of skulls and bones with which the whole slope of the hill was strewed.' But the destruction did not end here.

Ten villages belonging to the brother were also marked for ruin. The party sent for this purpose contrived treacherously to stab every male, then set fire to the houses, and indiscriminately butchered the women and children.

This ruffian appeared to derive pleasure from exhibiting to the white man his total want of sympathy with human suffering. Isaacs, at parting with him, makes a sort of attempt to palliate his acts of cruelty by ascribing them to the demands of his soldiers; but what follows, at all events, must be set down entirely to the brute himself; and *Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs* had witnessed a feat precisely similar four years before :—

‘One of his most cruel acts,’ says Gardiner, ‘was unfortunately induced by the sight of an eye-glass which I occasionally wore. He had requested to look through it, and was amusing the people near by describing the effect. *Now*, he would remark, *you are all run over the river*, meaning that he could distinguish people on the opposite side; *now you are all come back*, directing the glass to nearer objects; at length he asked whether it would burn, and on being told that it was only intended to assist the eye, he sent for a large burning-glass which he had formerly received as a present. His first essay was to ignite the dry grass on each side of his chair; but this was too tame an occupation, and beckoning one of his servants near, he desired him to extend his arm, when he firmly seized his hand, and deliberately held it until a hole was actually burnt in the skin a few inches above the wrist. Crouched before him in the humblest posture, the unfortunate man seemed writhing with pain, but dared not utter even a groan, and, as soon as this wanton infliction was over, was directed to go round to the company and display the effect.’—*ibid.*, pp. 53, 54.

We suppose we have quoted enough to satisfy our readers that nothing but the purest and warmest zeal for the noble cause he had undertaken could have enabled Mr. Gardiner to endure life for a whole month, almost constantly in presence of King Dingān, and then be told, *in ultmato*, ‘I will not overrule the decision of my Indoonas.’ He, moreover, laid his commands on him not to leave him yet, ‘as he wished him to see the dancing which would be going on for the next twenty days.’ The dancing is then described, which took place in presence of 4000 or 5000 spectators. After this he was allowed to depart for Natal, where the despot condescendingly assured him he might build a house and teach the people.

On his arrival at Natal the principal inhabitants addressed to him a letter, declaratory of their wish for a missionary establishment, whose object should be to inculcate industry as well as religion. In the meantime, Mr. Gardiner offered his personal services, and on the following Sunday he preached in English, under the trees, thirteen Europeans present; in the afternoon in the Caffre tongue,

tongue, one hundred and fifty natives present. At a great meeting to explain to the natives the objects of a mission, he says there were at least six hundred adults and a great many children. In his journal is the following entry:—‘*Wednesday, 25th.* Commenced the school in the tent, with two girls and four boys. Gave each a piece of printed calico, that they might appear decently dressed.’ Such was the feeble commencement of this mission.

In the course of his subsequent visits the Commander evidently gained on the esteem of Dingān. He persuaded his majesty to ratify a treaty, ‘a fast word,’ under the terms of which the persons and property of British subjects, and the Caffres already established at Natal, should not be molested, on these settlers engaging never in future to harbour any deserter from the Zoolu territory. He not only conceded all his wishes with regard to teaching, but made him the grant of land we have mentioned, which, however, was not his to give away. This country, Gardiner tells us, forms nearly a square, each side being about one hundred and twenty geographical miles. On this splendid grant the Commander conferred the name of VICTORIA. ‘I give you,’ said Dingān, ‘all the country called *Issibubulungu*—you must be the chief over all the people there;’ and he added, ‘no trader must be admitted without your consent—you must be answerable for the good conduct of all the white men’—‘thus,’ says Gardiner, ‘throwing the whole responsibility on me.’ The Commander did not choose to accept of such a power, but he had no objection to the land, and mentioned something about a guarantee; to this Dingān would not listen, and, therefore, rather than make himself responsible for persons over whom he could not have any control, he, wisely as we think, determined to depart forthwith for the Cape, and to lay the whole subject before the Governor of the Colony.

Our readers will think, perhaps, that we have entered more into detail than was necessary, with regard to the character and conduct of the two barbarians who have so brutally tyrannized over a people, whose only fault appears to be that of passive indifference to all the misery and oppression inflicted on them. The Zoolus are naturally an inoffensive race; but so long as the system of military despotism shall be kept up, as it is systematically done, by training whole regiments of *boys* to a life of warfare and plunder, and the prohibition from marriage of every military *man*, little improvement is to be expected. The character, indeed, of the whole Caffre nation, of which they are a part, as far as it has been explored, is not to be estimated by that of the merciless soldiery of the Zoolu despots, the ready instruments of the most inhuman cruelty. Almost every tribe of this populous nation has been visited by various travellers, from the

confines of the Cape Colony, as far as the southern tropic, and everywhere found to be, when not under the immediate orders of their brutal sovereigns, the same quiet inoffensive people. But they extend much farther to the northward, where they are found, under the various names of *Sualis*, *Gallas*, and other designations, occupying a large breadth of Southern Africa, from the Keiskamma to the feet of the Abyssinian mountains, having been on all points pushed back from the coast, more or less, by the Arabs and the Portuguese; from the former of whom, according to the opinion of the most intelligent travellers, they have partially derived their physical properties, some of their manners and customs, and even many elements of their language. The silly appellation of Caffres was given to them by the early Portuguese voyagers, from the word *Kafir* = an infidel. On the same authority has the tribe of Hottentots received a name that never belonged to them, and the derivation of which has not been discovered to this day.

In spite of that dreadful military scourge which pervades the whole country, and to which every human being is at every moment liable, the Zoolus, indifferent as they appear to personal suffering, are nevertheless a cheerful people, humane and kind in their domestic circle, and devotedly attached to their children. The Missionaries and traders stationed in, or traversing the districts occupied by, the several tribes, meet with no molestation; and any traveller may not only pass from the Keiskamma to Delagoa Bay in perfect security, as far as regards the peaceful inhabitants, but sure to be aided by them in his progress, and hospitably entertained in every hut where he may find it expedient to halt. However poor the owner, he will kill a goat or a heifer for the wayfaring man.

An extraordinary instance of this facility and security is mentioned by Mr. Isaacs. His white friends, requiring some medicines and other articles from Delagoa Bay, appointed John Ross, Lieutenant King's apprentice, a lad of about fifteen years of age, acute, shrewd, and active, to go this journey of 300 miles, which no European at that time settled in the country had ever attempted; Chaka allowed a few of the Zoolus to accompany him. On the twentieth day, after meeting with a kind reception among all the tribes he passed through, Ross reached the town of Delagoa, on the banks of the Mapoota, or English River. The natives in the vicinity he describes as a filthy, inhospitable, malicious, and vicious race—but even they treated him with civility; though he thinks this was owing chiefly to the fear of Chaka, whose name was formidable even here. The Portuguese, too, were kind to him, though they thought him a spy of Chaka's, as no Christian, they said, would think of sending a boy like him so  
great

great a distance. John, however, pulled out his dollars, to prove to the Governor that he came from the Europeans, and for the purpose of purchasing medicines and other necessaries. He got permission to do so, and having fallen in with a Frenchman, the commander of a slave vessel then taking in a cargo, he very kindly supplied him with a great many articles *gratis*, so that John returned to Natal with as many things of various descriptions as ten men could carry, and was at no loss to find men for the purpose—having, when all was done, expended only *two dollars*. Hearing sundry hints while he remained at Delagoa bay, about the good looks of the Zoolu boys he had brought with him—of their value in the market, &c.—and observing many of the natives chained together to all appearance for immediate embarkation—John took the wise precaution of leaving the place the first moment he could. We entirely concur with Mr. Isaacs in his remark on this journey:—

‘John Ross is, doubtless, the first European who ever accomplished a journey (by land) from Natal to Delagoa Bay and back. When I look at his youth, and reflect on the country through which he had to pass, and that he had to penetrate through wild, inhospitable, and savage tracts, in which the natives had never been blessed with the sweets of civilization nor the light of reason, but were existing in a mere state of animal nature little exceeding the instinct of the brute; when I look at this, and also further reflect that the whole surface of the country was infested with every species of wild and ferocious animal, and every venomous creature, all hostile to man, I cannot but conceive the journey of this lad as one that must be held as exceedingly bold, and wonderfully enterprising.’—*Isaacs*, p. 226.

‘The Zoolu men are,’ says the same traveller, ‘without exception, the finest race of people which Southern or Eastern Africa can furnish, or that I have ever seen. They are tall, athletic, well proportioned, and good featured. They are cleanly and respectful; they are generous in the extreme. Dancing and singing are their chief amusements—the females usually sing while the men exhibit their *attitudinal* graces. The men wear strips of skins fastened to a belt of hide, and reaching from the waist to the knees. The women have a kind of petticoat. A profusion of beads and rings are worn round their heads, necks, waists, legs, and arms.’

The Zoolus have more curiosity than is usually met with in savage life; they have advanced, in fact, a step or two beyond that state. Whatever they observed for the first time—crossing a river in a boat, firing off a musket, galloping a horse, &c.—they would exclaim with great joy, ‘how much older we are than our fathers,’ that is, how much more we know than they did. Neither are they devoid of humour. Isaacs had conceived the notion that the unicorn might be the inhabitant of these regions, and having made  
several

several inquiries, was told by the chief of a kraal that he had one, an '*Inyar mogoss*' = an animal with one horn. 'By singular gesticulations and attempts at description, he led me,' adds Isaacs, 'to comprehend that it was about three feet high; and, from his taking his hair and pointing to it, I understood that it had a flowing mane; he at the same time exclaimed, *mooshy garcoola*, which I knew meant *very handsome*.'—All this made it as clear as the sun at noon day to Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, that he had at last discovered the unicorn—and then he exults in the prospect of that celebrity among naturalists and men of science which he must needs acquire, 'if he should be enabled to produce the wonderful creature known only, like the mermaid, to have existed in *fable*.' We did not before know that the Book of Job was considered a fable even by 'naturalists and men of science.' Mr. Isaac's ardour, however, was considerably damped on being told that it was at another kraal, but that he should see it the next time he called. Shortly after this, he paid the chief another visit, who told him he had now got the unicorn, and immediately left the hut, bringing back with him, to the dismay and mortification of poor Isaacs, a large goat with one of its horns broken off—there, says he, is your '*inyar mogoss*.'

The ferocious Chaka even would relax into a joke. Isaacs very imprudently joined a party at the desire, which he considered as an order, of the king, against a rebellious chief, whose village, as usual, was to be destroyed, and all they could catch put to death. Isaacs, in this expedition, got a hassegai stuck in his back. On appearing before the king to report proceedings, and receive thanks for his exertions, the latter said, 'Well, *Yabona Tombooser*, show me your wound'—he pointed to the spot, when the king immediately exclaimed, 'So then you turned your back upon the enemy; if you were my man instead of King George's, I should put you to death.' This bitter remark roused the ire of Isaacs; but he was soon consoled, for 'Chaka,' he says, 'seeing me chagrined, gave me four milch cows, and said he was only jesting.'

Gardiner says that his horse proved a constant source of fun to the people among whom he travelled. One man told him it would be a great deal better looking beast if it had horns like an eland. The young women, in particular, made themselves merry whenever any of the Europeans appeared among them; they joked about their hair, the colour of their skins, and their clothing, and the simple Nathaniel Isaacs was more than once put to the blush by the close examination to which these dark beauties persisted in subjecting his person.

There is no state of society, however low it may be sunk in barbarism, in which some impostors more crafty than the rest are  
not

not to be found practising on the credulity of their less cunning neighbours. The Zoolus have a superstitious dread of witchcraft, but their sorcery is not confined to old women. The person who sets himself up for one of the craft takes care to let it be known that he is attended by a familiar. As Faust had his poodle, and the old witch of Edmonton her black dog, so the regular familiar of a Zoolu sorcerer is the tiger-cat, which carries terror, as the avowed harbinger of evil, wherever it appears. Even the despot and his warriors quail at the sight of a tiger-cat.

Our two authors have not added much to our stock of knowledge in the department of natural history, yet few countries in the world possess so rich a harvest in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Both travellers, it is true, enumerate the names of most of the larger animals, birds as well as quadrupeds—the ostrich, the vulture, and the eagle among the former—the elephant, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus in the latter. With this last mentioned animal the rivers would appear to be absolutely swarming. ‘Mr. Fynn,’ says Isaacs, ‘has just returned from the neighbourhood of the Umlullas, where he shot above *fifty* of those animals.’ At the mouth of the same river Isaacs witnessed so great a number that ‘they actually seemed to occupy the whole bed;’ and he observed alligators of an enormous size, ‘living on very friendly terms with their amphibious neighbours.’ On another occasion he says, he shot *nine* in the same river. Its distance is ninety miles to the north-east of Port Natal. The multitude of these huge animals, and the facility of shooting them, prove their ignorance of musketry; for we recollect the difficulty, almost impossibility, stated by Barrow, of getting a second effective shot at them, in a less unsophisticated district, their noses just peeping above the surface, and instantaneously disappearing on the flash of the priming. They are, as described by that elder traveller, not only sharp-sighted, but so quick of hearing, that the fall of a foot on the bank of the river will disturb them long before the person approaching comes within their view.

Mr. Isaacs is quite enchanted with that part of the country which Commander Gardiner has named Victoria. ‘Nature,’ he says, ‘has been bountiful in supplying this district with innumerable objects of an attractive kind. Splendid scenery and magnificent landscapes, a luxuriant soil and rich vegetation, animal food in abundance, fish very plentiful, and water from innumerable springs, were to be found throughout the whole district. The forests in the neighbourhood, which are very extensive, contain almost every species of animal indigenous to Southern Africa.’ He talks of elephants going in whole droves. The rhinoceros is not very common, and keeps

keeps itself very much to the woods and thickets, which is also the case with the buffalo, the fiercest and most savage of brutes. Wolves and hyenas abound, and are, in fact, the best scavengers of a country where human corpses are so constantly tossed into the jungles. The lighter species of antelopes, such as the spring-bok, the bosch-bok, the stein-bok, &c. which move in shoals along the Karroo plains, are rarely met with in the more luxuriant pastures of the lower meadows adjoining the sea. Gardiner mentions having seen but one gneu, and that was close to the mountains, but the harte-beast, the koodoo, and the eland are found in most of the thickets.

The whole Caffre nation may be considered as a pastoral one; every poor man has his cow or two, and the more substantial peasant his pack-oxen to carry him and his family; but the king and his military chiefs have whole droves of cattle—the chief subsistence of all classes being animal food. Some of their oxen are beautifully spotted, and Isaacs mentions his having seen, at one of the king's residences, not less than 3000 white cattle. The cultivation of the ground is not much attended to; yet our authors occasionally make mention of fields of Indian corn and Caffre corn, meaning, we presume, by the first, the maize (*zea mays*), and by the other a species of large millet (the *holcus sorghum*). It is from this we suspect that their beer is made—their *outchuella*, distributed as a royal beverage; probably the same as the *bouza* which Burckhardt describes as in use in Upper Egypt and among the Berbers, and made from a species of *holcus*. Mention is also made of a bean growing in the earth at the root of the stem (probably *arachis hypogæa*); also of sugar-cane, which Captain Gardiner calls spurious, and Isaacs says grows wild. Isaacs adds that they have three or four species of sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and water melons. In short, if these poor people could once be released from the sanguinary instruments of the despot, the country they inhabit is so admirably adapted for every species of produce, that population might be increased a hundred fold. One or two extracts will show what the face of the country generally is.

‘Nothing could exceed the surrounding herbage, and the rich vegetation which displayed itself on the whole face of the country. A more charming one cannot well be imagined. Clear and limpid rivulets, green hills, and clusters of trees studding the whole, attracted our attention on one side; on the other the river Umgani, whose banks exhibited a richness of verdure beyond description beautiful. In the distant ground to which our road led, we could perceive that our course lay over mountains rising gently from the sea, and intersecting our way; and ever and anon, at a distance, the river gliding majestically before us, formed altogether a landscape of no ordinary magnificence.’—*Isaacs*, p. 131.

Again,—

Again,—

‘ We continued to advance from one eminence to another, through valleys of great beauty, from the peculiarly rich herbage that overspread the surface, and from the surrounding vegetation of all kinds, growing in splendid luxuriance. We here met with trees indigenous to this quarter of the globe, the timber of which appeared of a very solid and close texture, and admirably adapted for ship-building.’—*ibid.* p. 134.

On another journey to court he says, ‘ It is not possible that the varied scenery which presented itself could be surpassed in either grandeur, verdure, or interest,’ and he exclaims, ‘ What an enchanting spot the whole surface exhibited for a settlement!’ There can be no doubt that encouragement and security are alone wanting to create among these people a spirit of agricultural industry. The change produced at Natal Bay, by the few Europeans who stationed themselves there, shows no unwillingness on the part of the natives.

‘ Our gardens were highly promising; everything we had planted, both indigenous and exotic, was growing prodigiously, and indicated that the soil was quite congenial for the latter. We visited most of the kraals around us: at that of Issiburmene, we were agreeably surprised to find the people so comfortably settled, and so well provided for. There was everywhere the appearance of satisfaction and tranquillity, and the people seemed happy under our arrangements and protection. They had about forty huts, and the owners were all engaged in planting; their children were numerous and looking well, and came skipping playfully towards us.’—*ibid.* vol. ii. p. 89.

When Gardiner was there, he says the native population in the immediate vicinity might be estimated at two thousand five hundred, with thirty Europeans; and he notices the curious fact of the former subsisting by agriculture while the latter were mostly engaged in hunting. He, too, speaks favourably of the appearance of the country and the quality of the soil, that part around the port exhibiting all the peculiar characteristics of lake scenery; he notices particularly the ‘ excellent crops of Kafir and Indian corn, ground beans, and sweet potatoes.’

‘ The whole landscape around Natal,’ says Isaacs, ‘ became changed from one of a wild and savage description to a busy and industrious scene of natives, engaged in that to which before they devoted but little of their time,—the labouring of the soil. . . . Natal from this time seemed as if emerging from the savage aspect of its more primitive days. Its plains, its savannahs, its eminences, and its undulations, had all an harmonious appearance. Hamlets, with numerous inhabitants, pursuing their avocations of guarding their herds and cultivating their patches of land for corn and roots, could be discerned from every quarter.’

All this is certainly very encouraging for the emigrants who, as

we

we have stated, were proceeding in the spring of last year towards this quarter. By hunting, fishing, and above all by agriculture, they will find no difficulty in procuring a plentiful subsistence; but the great question for them to consider will be, in what manner should so numerous a body of strangers conduct themselves so as to escape molestation from the despot and his military ruffians?—How will these view such an influx of foreigners? These fellows certainly have shown great respect for the few white men who have shown themselves *at court*; and expressed a willingness to concede to them a superiority in all matters, except in what Nathaniel Isaacs, or rather the dresser-up of his journal, calls *attitudinal graces* in dancing. But when they shall have peopled the fiftieth part of VICTORIA, how will these armed ruffians act towards them? As these plunderers subsist almost entirely on beef, roasted or raw, and as for some years the new settlers must depend almost solely on agriculture, it is possible they may not be disturbed. The hassagai-men of the despot have no taste for fire arms; and as the Dutch boors will undoubtedly take with them their *roars*, or long muskets, carrying balls as large as those of swivels, they will probably be able to keep any marauding blacks at bay, until they have fairly established themselves. The native peasantry are not likely to give them any trouble; on the contrary, they will look at them, as many hundreds at Natal bay did, as their benefactors and protectors. Being a docile and tractable people, a few missionaries established among them, Moravians in particular, employed in teaching them the useful manual arts, and their children to read and write, while they explain to them the principles of the Christian religion, would be of infinite service; we know not of any field where their labours would be more likely to produce the desired fruit.

Our two authors afford us as little information on the geography of this part of Africa, as they do about its natural history; and yet both of them had unrestrained liberty of locomotion, and both made numerous and various journeys. The only scrap on this head that we find in the volumes of Isaacs, is a plan of Port Natal by Lieutenant King; and Commander Gardiner has merely two very indifferent sketches, inconsistent with each other and with their appended scales, of the Zoolu country, including his own grant of Victoria. This officer, on his return to the Cape, made a considerable circuit to the westward, advancing in that direction until he was stopped by the Quathlamba range of mountains, out of one side of which rise the numerous streams flowing into the Eastern sea and Delagoa bay; and from the other side, those equally numerous and large branches which, uniting in the great

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*Gariap* or Orange River, fall into the southern Atlantic. When in the midst of these mountains, the highest point of which he estimates only at 4000 feet from the valley, we rather wonder he had not the curiosity and the courage to ascend the Giant's Cup, as he names this point, from whence he might have had a fine view of the several streams flowing, in the different directions we have mentioned, over the plains. When at the feet of this range of mountains, he was not more than ten or twelve miles from the source of the Caledon, which Dr. Smith and his party had just explored. But that which surprises us still more, is the total absence of a single latitude or longitude, in the account of his whole journey to the Cape—a progress of not less than a thousand miles. On his approach to the colony he notices the omission, and we give his excuse for it:—

‘Having been disappointed in obtaining the latitude, notwithstanding I have two sextants with me—one being only cut for 131 deg. 30 min.—the other, a pocket one, for 125 deg., while (with an artificial horizon) an angle of at least 136 deg. is now necessary;—having no watch to regulate distance—and having for the past month been merely guided by a small pocket compass—my computed reckoning, under such circumstances, is not likely to be very correct.’—*Gardiner*, pp. 355.

This excuse, coming from a naval officer of his rank, is, in our opinion, worse than no excuse at all. It is true the double angle, required for the artificial horizon, was greater, at the time he alludes to it, than the graduated limb of his sextant would subtend to measure the meridian altitude of the sun; but there are well known problems for obtaining the latitude by double altitude—by the moon, and by certain stars—and though Commander Gardiner might not be in possession of the requisite tables to enable him to make the calculations at the moment, he might have noted down his observations, and *worked* them at leisure. But he forgets that from April to September the declination of the sun fully allowed him to take the sun's meridian altitude with either of his sextants, and yet there is not a single latitude in his whole book. The simple fact is, his mind appears to have been engaged on lofter thoughts. We have already observed his habit of acknowledging special interferences of Providence on the most trifling occasions; we shall content ourselves with quoting a single sample. In one part of his journey homewards, he was overtaken by a mist when at a little distance from his waggon; and as it did not break away so soon as he had expected, he unsaddled his horse, sat down on a rock, and prepared for a nightly bivouack. ‘Thus exposed,’ says he, ‘without the remotest assistance from my party, now several miles distant, I had recourse to that sure refuge, a throne

throne of grace ; and though the infidel may scoff, I will declare it for the encouragement of others, and the glory of my God, that he vouchsafed to hear my cry, and delivered me.' We abhor infidelity as much as Mr. Gardiner can do ; but we hope we may, without offence, hint that we deem it no less impious than presumptuous in him, to suppose himself of such value and importance, that the elements must depart from their course, and cease to obey their prescribed laws, for the safety and accommodation of this worthy Commander. We notice the passage because we have been informed from a variety of quarters, that this species of mental delusion has of late years made fearful progress among naval officers—a class of men in whom, more perhaps than in any other, it is requisite that the country which employs them should be able to count, not only on skill and energy, but on sober and manly judgment. The simple clown who stood bawling to Hercules to assist him, when his waggon got into a slough, instead of putting his shoulder to the wheel, was somewhat excusable, as the gods and demigods of the heathen mythology were supposed to interfere in all the concerns of men as well as of women ; but what should we think of a commanding officer, who, having brought his ship, in a gale of wind, on a lee-shore, or among rocks and shoals, should go down to his cabin to pray, or, as Commander Gardiner has it, 'to seek refuge in a throne of grace,' instead of buckling to the task before him, and acting, and compelling his crew to act, *pro virili*? In our opinion, a silent ejaculation from the heart that animates and directs a steady arm, is worth more than all this parade of piety. How did St. Paul himself take the storm off Melita? Captain Basil Hall gives substantially the right answer—though he might perhaps have chosen a different phrase—'in an officer-like manner.'

In his journey Capewards, near the mouth of the river Umsecaba, Gardiner met with some curious caverned rocks, where it is generally supposed that the survivors from the wreck of the Grosvenor East Indiaman, which in 1782 was lost near this spot, found a temporary shelter in these comfortless caverns ; 'a supposition,' says Mr. Gardiner, 'not improbable, from the circumstance of their being still designated by the natives, as the *white men's houses*. Two of the guns, and several pigs of ballast, are visible at low water.' The history of the unfortunate crew and passengers of this vessel, many of the latter females, who are known to have escaped from the wreck, is buried in oblivion. Unless the character of the natives was different then from what it is now, one might have supposed the male passengers and the crew would easily have found their way to the colony ; the females were probably detained ; and a remark of Mr. Isaacs, without

without the least allusion to this subject, that hereabouts many of the natives had a complexion lighter than copper, suggests a suspicion of what may have been their fate.

Our knowledge of the geography of southern Africa has not made that advance which might have been expected from the length of time we have had possession of the Cape of Good Hope. In the early years of that period, Barrow, Trüter, Somerville, Lichtenstein, and Burchell, did something; and since then, several missionaries, but chiefly Campbell, and very recently Dr. Smith, have progressively extended their explorations—the last gentleman, with his party, in the central parts, as far as the tropic of Capricorn. Campbell the missionary reached Kurrachaine, which appears to be about the latitude of 25 degrees; a town well peopled and more advanced in civilization than any before discovered. We could have wished that Dr. Smith had visited this remarkable place, to witness the progress of civilization, or otherwise, since Campbell's time; he was near enough to see the hill on which it stands, but appears to have passed it on the right. We have before us a sketch of his travels, printed for private circulation, but the length to which this article has extended prevents us from noticing it further. We regret this the less, as a copious analysis of it, with a map, has been given in the volume of the Geographical Society's proceedings just published; but after all we are constrained to observe, that the English have made a slender use of their great opportunities in this highly interesting and important field of investigation.

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ART. II.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Hallam. Vol. I. 8vo. London. 1837.

IT is no less extraordinary than fortunate that this work should have been reserved for Mr. Hallam. The history of literature might appear a field in which the true lovers of letters would delight to expatiate; we should expect to find it crowded with aspirants for distinction, or industrious labourers in this work of love. It is a study which might be pursued by the tranquil scholar in the happy seclusion of his library; and stands almost entirely aloof from those jealousies and collisions which may deter the modest, and disturb the peace of the more adventurous writer, in other departments of history. Political animosities live in the descendants of the different parties; the great principles of attachment to monarchical and republican institutions keep up a perpetual

a perpetual agitation; the opinions, the passions, the interests of men, are constantly awake, to watch with jealous hostility all heretical aberrations from their respective creeds. The historical characters of antiquity, still more those of modern times, have their array of accusers or compurgators, of haters or admirers, who resent either the high-coloured or the depreciating estimate of their several favourites. But the jealousies of literary men are personal, and expire with them; few form a permanent and exclusive sect. The body of their fame is not contested, like that of Patroclus, by rival armies; it is either left to the dogs and kites, or peaceably entombed by the pious gratitude of posterity. Though there is nothing which may not become a cause of strife in this contentious world, men's tastes are less quarrelsome than their political opinions; and the peaceful literary historian, while he would command the general gratitude, as guiding the student through the immense and almost trackless wilderness of literature, would thus more rarely come into collision with prejudice or angry jealousy.

The disappointment of every student, anxious to obtain a compendious and lucid view of the progress of the human mind, particularly during the fertile and eventful period of the centuries named in Mr. Hallam's title-page—no less than the survey of the various authors who have devoted themselves to this branch of study, contained in his preface—will show that Europe has not yet produced one impartial and comprehensive work, representing the gradual development of the human imagination and intellect in the different nations which contribute to the literature of the western world. For, in fact, the *History of European Literature* ought to be *one* work; the well-arranged and harmonious cast, if we may so speak, of one mind. The vast scheme projected in Germany, but completed only in one or two of its divisions, assigned each leading department to one distinguished individual—as, poetry to Bouterwek, philosophy to Tenneman, classical literature to Heeren. But among the important uses and advantages of such a work, would undoubtedly be the general view of the simultaneous progress of the various branches of literature—their mutual aid, or their interference with each other—the causes and authors of their predominance. Independent of the difficulty of strictly defining each particular province, the associates in such a plan, like the writers of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, would be constantly trenching on each other's ground; either perplexing the reader by conflicting views; or, by the repetition of the same information under a different form, adding unnecessarily to the bulk of the collection. A master hand would at last be necessary—(that

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office, indeed, in the German project was assigned to Eichhorn)—armed with supreme authority, against which the several rulers of the different provinces could not be permitted to rebel; to compress the whole into uniformity, to condense the divergent rays into one luminous and consistent body. English literature is not merely without a work of these high pretensions, but singularly barren even in the subsidiary histories of the different departments of knowledge. If we except the admirable *Essays of Dugald Stewart* and *Sir James Mackintosh*, prefixed to the *Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica*, we know not that we could point out one readable treatise which traces fairly and fully the development of any one branch even of our own literature.

Yet, when we consider the combination of qualities requisite to endow an historian, we say not now of his native literature—and even that would demand talents and accomplishments of rare extent and variety—but of the literature of Europe, we can scarcely be surprised that the self-sufficiency of arrogant pretension, as well as the diffidence of modest merit, should be overawed by the magnitude and difficulties of the task. The vigour of mind, which can explore the abstrusest depths of philosophy, must meet with the fine sensibility to the beauties of eloquence and poetry:—

‘Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur  
Majestas et amor’—

—laborious diligence in collecting materials, with dextrous skill in harmonizing and arranging them;—the vast range of knowledge requisite for compiling a useful and instructive book, with the more delicate art of writing an agreeable one.

Let us glance rapidly, as our space alone permits, yet somewhat more particularly, at the acquirements indispensable to an historian of European literature. He must be a scholar in the old and genuine sense of the word. The study of the learned languages exercised so great an influence over every department of letters;—so much of the higher literature of a certain period was written in Latin;—even poetry had learned to speak a language, foreign indeed to the mass of mankind, but so familiarized as almost to be vernacular with the educated classes;—that the historian of literature, who has not a full command of this kind of knowledge, is not merely disqualified to pass judgment on the merits or influence of individual writers, but will be entirely unfit to examine the effects of this predominant and almost exclusive custom of writing and thinking in Latin on the general mind of Europe. Even if, with regard to the Latin poetry, his ignorance shall assume the language of contempt, his view of the imaginative

native literature of certain periods will be altogether imperfect and unsatisfactory.

'In the present age,' observes Mr. Hallam, 'it is easy to anticipate the supercilious disdain of those who believe it ridiculous to write Latin poetry at all, because it cannot, as they imagine, be written well. I must be content to assert, that those who do not know when such poetry is good, should be as slow to contradict those who do, as the ignorant in music to set themselves against competent judges.'—p. 598.

An extensive acquaintance with modern languages is no less indispensable, both in order to introduce the writers who may command notice, with an authority, improperly assumed by those who only know that through the deadening medium of translation; and likewise, to call in aid whatever valuable estimate of its native literature each country may possess. All are not so poor in this respect as England; and one reason why we have less justice done to us by continental writers is, that we have not done justice to ourselves.

The term literature is of vast and almost indefinite extent. It comprehends, in its widest range, theology, law, medicine, science. Though even the highest ideal notion of a literary historian will not demand a thorough and professional mastery of all those subjects,—yet, as constituent parts of the great plan, as elements of the general intellectual development, continually mingled up and crossing each other in infinitely various ways, they must all be studied with care,—no one of them can be excluded without essential injury to the whole circle of knowledge. The writer must, at least, be able to give the main results from those who have composed separate accounts of the progress of each, with sufficient intelligence not to mislead; with that just discrimination of their importance which may enable him to blend them up in due proportion with his general design.

In the more general branches of literature, to a certain degree in theology, at least in works on religious subjects, in philosophy, in history, in eloquence, in works of imagination, a closer insight is necessary for a fair and authoritative estimate. The literary historian has, in a certain sense, to assign to each writer of every period his proper station and dignity; to promote or to degrade, to confirm or to abrogate the judgment of cotemporaries. His taste must be no less multifarious than his erudition; he must have patience and strength of understanding to sound the depths of philosophy, while he must be keenly alive to the passion, and feeling, and imagery, and be gifted with a fine ear for the melodies of verse. He has to summon up the mighty dead from the cloister, the university, the study, the hall of justice, the observatory, the theatre, the Vaucuse, the court of the prince, where the popular poet

poet exercised his art. The theologian and the poet, the jurist and the dramatist, the scholar and the bold idiomatic writer of his own tongue, the metaphysician and the romance writer, the lexicographer and the ballad-maker; Luther and Ariosto, Bartolus and the free writers of the Italian comedy, Erasmus and Hans Sachs, Ficinus the Platonist, and the author of *Amadis de Gaul*, Budæus and the minstrels of the Spanish *Cancionero*, all must successively and in rapid transition pass in review; each receive his duly-measured and carefully-balanced meed of praise or blame; and take his rank according to his relative merits as to his own age, and the general advancement of letters.

Mr. Hallam speaks with diffidence not unbecoming the most learned and accomplished man, of his own qualifications as a literary historian of Europe. For our own part, judging solely from the substantial and recognised excellence of his former writings, we could not have selected a name in modern English literature, which we should more cordially rejoice to see prefixed to the announcement of such a work. For diligence in research and scrupulous accuracy, a wide range of knowledge and masculine independence of judgment, that name is a sufficient guarantee. Mr. Hallam is among the few modern authors who have not lost in depth what they have gained in extent of surface. He is of the old race—we would not willingly say, one of the last representatives—of our scholarlike writers; yet he has manifestly advanced with the rapid stream of modern literature, at least as far as most of his cotemporaries. He appears from the present volume to have extended his acquaintance with modern languages. We do not remember any reference in his former books to German authorities; but we now find him acknowledging great obligations to the laborious writers of that country—without whose assistance, indeed, a work of this nature would be very incomplete. Meiners, Heeren, Bouterwek, Heinsius, the Schlegels, contribute with *Andrès*, *Tiraboschi*, with *Bayle* and *Niceron*, *Warton*, and the various biographical dictionaries, to the fulness and particularity of this valuable book. But while Mr. Hallam's readers have a perfect right to rely on these credentials of extensive and well-arranged information, and sound judgment as to those grave questions which are allied to historical fact, and to the progress of general knowledge—in one respect this volume may surpass their expectations. Those who know Mr. Hallam only by his former works, in which questions of purely literary taste occurred but rarely, will be no less delighted perhaps than surprised, to find this laborious diligence allied with the most ardent admiration of the original, the imaginative, and the harmonious, in the poetry of all countries: they will find themselves

passing from the inevitable dryness of a paragraph relating to the progress of grammatical studies, to a burst of eloquence, called forth by the magic of some great bard of Italy or of England. The characteristic of Mr. Hallam's criticism is the union of a vigorous common sense, with a just appreciation of the elevated, the noble, and the original, in poetry. He is superior to the vanity of calling forth some undistinguished writer from the crowd, in order to display his own ingenuity in vindicating his title to a higher place; or his own originality, by contemptuously reversing the general judgment of mankind. He is just and generous to all, but not so prodigal as to leave little distinction between the different gradations of merit. He advances no new canons. He is entangled in no speculative theory, such as, in many works of modern criticism, at first dazzles us by an appeal to our depth of thought; and leaves us dissatisfied at last in finding that we have been mystified rather than instructed. Mr. Hallam is philosophical without philosophising—his is the plain and perspicuous philosophy of a strong mind, which never plunges beyond its depth; and is content with clearly stating his impressions without subtly analyzing or refining upon them to excess. There is, besides, a kind of manly amenity throughout the volume, as of a mind dealing with subjects calmer and less allied to exciting passions than Mr. Hallam's former works, where the fray of political opinion struck out at times, expressions not without rigour, and judgments not free from severity. In the present volume we have been struck with the union of independence and candour—of respect for common opinions, with the fair assertion of the freedom of his own—which on certain rather delicate subjects, the characters, for instance, of some of the reformers, it is not easy to maintain. The general tone is decisive without being dictatorial; plain, but not peremptory. He who differs from others with such perfect command of temper, has a right to more than patient hearing, to something of deferential respect to his matured and recorded judgments.

It is not easy in a brief and limited article to give a just notice of a work, the great merit of which is, and ought to be, the close condensation of a vast and various mass of knowledge in a few pages. Ours must be the review of that which itself is a powerful, compressed, and comprehensive review. If we should select a few of the subjects on which the author has treated, for more detailed examination, we should either dilute his pregnant pages, or take, as it were, an unfair advantage, by transgressing those bounds which his self-denial has rigidly prescribed to himself. On some minor points we may differ, but, in general, we should find it difficult to state the grounds of our difference without  
entering

entering upon a long and perhaps uninteresting dissertation. Where we attempt an outline, then, it must be very slightly drawn; the selection of subjects, upon which we offer our observations, where there is so much to interest and to instruct, must at least have the appearance of chance or caprice.

Mr. Hallam commences with an introductory chapter, containing the first dawn of letters in Europe, after the extinction of classical Latinity in Boethius—the universal domination of the scholastic philosophy—the formation of the modern languages—the revival of classical learning, chiefly under the influence of Petrarch. Of the early part of this period it may be generally said that Latin was the language of prose, the vernacular tongues that of poetry; during the fourteenth century, popular fiction and some graver branches of knowledge began to take the form of prose. But the Latin had sunk to the lowest state of barbarism. The exclusive possession of a very narrow caste, confined to subjects altogether alien to the modes of thinking and forms of expression prevalent in the purer ages of Latinity, uncorrected by the study of better models in the writings of antiquity, it had become an hybrid and ungrammatical dialect, in which the initiate in the several sciences, scholastic divinity, law, and medicine, carried on their general intercourse, and trained their respective scholars. But since the doom of Latin, as a common language, was sealed; as it had ceased to be the vernacular dialect of men, it was well, perhaps, that it had sunk to so low a state, and retired within the confined domain of a very limited oligarchy. The premature revival and general prevalence of classical studies just at this period, might have checked the free development of the modern languages, and withdrawn some of their earlier cultivators within its less useful and fertile province. Petrarch, if Latin had continued more intelligible to the popular ear, might have sung of Laura in the artificial and lifeless language of his Africa. But poetry, the primary agent in civilization, had resumed its office. What Homer and her other minstrels had been to Greece, the disseminators and conservators of a common language, intelligible alike to Dorian, Æolian, or Ionian, a general standard which, notwithstanding its infinite diversity of dialects, maintained Greek as one language; such, in a great degree, were some of the earlier poets in the modern languages of Europe. The spirit of song brooded over the chaos of various dialects and idioms which prevailed, and reduced them, may we venture the fanciful expression, to an Heptatone harmony—the seven-stringed lyre of European poetry began to breathe its softening notes to the popular ear. 'By the year 1400 we find a national literature subsisting in seven European languages, three spoken in the Spanish peninsula, the French, the

Italian,

Italian, the German, and the English. Our own tongue, though it had latterly acquired much copiousness in the hands of Chaucer and Wicliffe, both of whom lavishly supplied it with words of French and Latin derivation, was but just growing into a literary existence. The German, as well as that of Valencia, seemed to decline.\* At the precise period, indeed, to which this passage from Mr. Hallam refers, the first splendid burst of poetry—the Epic or Homeric age, as it were—had passed away, and was not immediately replaced by a new race of bards who could win the general ear, and prolong the empire of poetry over the general mind. It had discharged its primary function in all the various languages, which if it had not created, it had at least consolidated, regulated, harmonized; to which it had habituated the popular ear, and established something like a standard of grammatical form and expression, to be perfected at length into a national language.

Spain already possessed, in that which was afterwards called Castilian, her great poem of the Cid,\* and some, though perhaps not many, of the fine old romantic ballads which form her Cancionero. Portugal had her own poets. Mr. Hallam quotes a curious volume (printed by Lord Stuart of Rothsay) of Portuguese songs, as early as the twelfth century. The third Spanish language of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, was called the Valencian, but in fact was the Provençal of the south of France, perhaps the eldest barbarian daughter of the Latin, the language of the Troubadours and their *gay science*. This language had gradually retreated from before the French, into the kindred provinces of northern Spain, and there maintained its independence for several centuries. The Valencian, therefore, might claim the Provençal poets as its parents; their lays of love, and their religious satires, were the groundwork and chief part of its literature. The chivalrous romances of the Trouveurs, and the poems of Wace, had given a promise of freedom, invention, and occasional picturesqueness, by no means fulfilled by the later poetry of France; and France, even then, by the fatal influence of the long-drawn allegory of the Roman de la Rose (translated by our Chaucer, and imitated in its form in other countries), threw a languor, something of a chilling torpor, over the spirit of national song among her neighbours. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the best poetry of France, as in later periods, was in her prose. In the vivid and picturesque narrative, the chivalrous tone, the truth of delineation, we may add, perhaps, the invention of old Froissart, we have more of the stirring life, the character,

\* We need hardly remind our readers of Mr. Frere's admirable versions from this poem, printed in the appendix to Mr. Southey's 'Chronicle of the Cid.'

the nationality, almost the form of the true Epic, than has appeared either before or since in the poetry of France. Germany could boast of her *Heldenbuch*, and her *Nibelungen-lied*; poems manifestly of more ancient date than chivalry, of which their more rude and simple, if we may so speak, heroic manners have no trace. She had also her long array of *Minne-singers*, her bards of hall and bower, who in evil hour were superseded by her burgher poets, the *Meister-singers* of the guilds or fraternities.

'Meantime a new race of poets, chiefly burghers of towns, sprung up about the reign of Rodolph of Hapsburgh, before the lays of the *Minne-singers* had yet ceased to resound. These prudent, though not inspired, votaries of the muse, chose the didactic and moral style as more salutary than the love songs, and more reasonable than the romances. They became known in the fourteenth century by the name of *Meister-singers*, but are traced to the institutions of the twelfth century, called *Singing-schools*, for the promotion of popular music, the favourite recreation of Germany. What they may have done for music I am unable to say: it was in an evil hour for the art of poetry that they extended their jurisdiction over her. They regulated verse by the most pedantic and minute laws, such as a society with no idea of excellence but conformity to rule would be sure to adopt; though nobler institutions have often done the same, the *Master-burghers* were but prototypes of the Italian academicians. The poetry was always moral and serious, but flat. These *Meister-singers* are said to have originated at Mentz, from which they spread to Augsburg, Strasburg, and other cities, and in none were more renowned than Nuremberg. Charles IV., in 1378, incorporated them by the name of *Meister-genoss-shaft*, with armorial bearings and peculiar privileges. They became, however, more conspicuous in the sixteenth century; scarce any names of *Meister-singers* before that age are recorded; nor does it seem that much of their earlier poetry is extant.'—vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

Italy ripened more slowly; but, when once mature, she broke forth with all the rapid luxuriance and vigour of southern vegetation,—she bore at once her earliest flower and her richest fruit. Dante and Petrarch were almost the creators, as well as the unrivalled models, each in his style, of real Italian poetry. It might seem that in Italy Latin maintained a more vigorous struggle for its ascendancy; or that the various dialects required a master hand, not so much in this case to form them into one national tongue, as to assert the predominance of the Tuscan, from henceforth to be the accredited literary language of Italy. The first efforts indeed of Italian poetry were provincial, chiefly Sicilian, and but for the commanding influence of Dante and Petrarch, the Peninsula might have had as many separate literatures as provinces. Her modern Goldonis and Melis, instead of being what Ramsay and Burns are to English poetry, might have been the successors and heirs of a distinct race of writers.

After Italy, England could boast in Chaucer the greatest poet  
of

of these ages. But Chaucer's excellence lay in fertile and graceful invention; and in the vivid and humorous delineation of manners—(the peculiar inheritance which our wealthy ancestors bequeathed to English poetry)—rather than in the high perfection of language or melody of verse. The foreign element, the French, with which Chaucer, or perhaps the fashion of the time, the Norman blood and the French wars, enriched our language, is not yet blended and harmonized; it lies, as it were, in separate and distinct masses, not yet having passed through the amalgamating process of common usage. The difficulties of Chaucer's versification are perhaps most reasonably traced to the uncertain state of pronunciation, or rather accentuation—the letters or syllables which afterwards became mute, still retaining their proper sounds, as in French and in other languages.

It is remarkable, we have said, and it was a singularly happy circumstance in the development of European literature, that the first creative impulse of poetry was over in most of these nations, before the revival of classical learning absorbed the general mind of the educated classes. Poetry might have suffered some constraining and chilling effect, from that which could confer only pure and unmingled benefit on the development of prose. Even if it had retained its independent originality of language, of imagery, of sentiment, it might have become too much enamoured of the beautiful but uncongenial forms of the classics; Virgil, instead of being transformed into the romantic companion of Dante, through the wild regions which expanded before the fancy of the Christian poet, might have been the stately and unapproachable model to which he would have paid the homage of servile imitation. Petrarch happily chose to perfect, by his own translucent language, unrivalled harmony and exquisite tenderness, the fanciful graces, the amatory idealism of the Provençal poets, rather than to rival the elegies of Ovid or Tibullus. But the style of which the classical writers furnished such inimitable models, was the great thing wanting to prose. It is indeed after all extraordinary, that in Italy, where these studies were pursued with the greatest zeal and success, they should have produced such little effect. Order, distribution, selection, the harmonious structure of periods, found their way but slowly into Italian prose. It required a long process of classical training before Machiavelli broke up its involved and long-drawn periods into a more terse and compressed manner; nor had even the example of Machiavelli the influence which might have been expected, in the general formation of an Italian prose style.

It is impossible to compress, and unnecessary to follow, Mr. Hallam's luminous account of the state of Latin erudition and the revival of Greek at the commencement of the fifteenth century; or his view of the early progress of science during the same period.

riod. The following observations relating to the last point are, however, especially worthy of our reader's attention :—

‘ It is an interesting question, What were the causes of this enthusiasm for antiquity which we find in the beginning of the fifteenth century?—a burst of public feeling that seems rather sudden, but prepared by several circumstances that lie farther back in Italian history. The Italians had for some generations learned more to identify themselves with the great people that had subdued the world. The fall of the house of Swabia, releasing their necks from a foreign yoke, had given them a prouder sense of nationality ; while the name of Roman Emperor was systematically associated by one party with ancient tradition ; and the study of the civil law, barbarously ignorant as its professors often were, had at least the effect of keeping alive a mysterious veneration for antiquity. The monuments of ancient Italy were perpetual witnesses ; their inscriptions were read ; it was enough that a few men like Petrarch should animate the rest ; it was enough that learning should become honourable, and that there should be the means of acquiring it. The story of Rienzi, familiar to every one, is a proof what enthusiasm could be kindled by ancient recollections. Meantime the laity became better instructed ; a mixed race, ecclesiastics, but not priests, and capable alike of enjoying the benefices of the church or of returning from it to the world, were more prone to literary than theological pursuits. The religious scruples which had restrained churchmen in the darker ages from perusing heathen writers, by degrees gave way, as the spirit of religion itself grew more objective, and directed itself more towards maintaining the outward church in its orthodoxy of profession, and in its secular power, than towards cultivating devout sentiments in the bosom. . . . .

‘ The love of Greek and Latin absorbed the minds of these Italian scholars, and effaced all regard to every other branch of literature. Their own language was nearly silent ; few condescended so much as to write letters in it ; as few gave a moment's attention to physical science, though we find it mentioned, perhaps as remarkable, in Victorin of Feltre, that he had some fondness for geometry, and had learned to understand Euclid. But even in Latin they wrote very little that can be deemed worthy of remembrance, or even that can be mentioned at all. The ethical dialogues of Francis Barbaro, a noble Venetian, on the married life (*de re uxoria*), and of Poggio on nobility, are almost the only books that fall within this period, except declamatory invectives or panegyrics, and other productions of circumstance. Their knowledge was not yet exact enough to let them venture upon critical philology ; though Niccoli and Traversari were silently occupied in the useful task of correcting the text of manuscripts, faulty beyond description in the later centuries. Thus we must consider Italy as still at school, active, acute, sanguine, full of promise, but not yet become really learned, or capable of doing more than excite the emulation of other nations.’—vol. i. pp. 141-144.

The Spanish ballads, which chiefly belong to the period from 1400

1400 to 1440, bring us back to what, with many readers, will be 'metal more attractive:'—Mr. Hallam pauses to consider the characteristics of modern *romantic* poetry. He assigns, with other writers, chivalry, gallantry, and religion, as the three great leading elements which distinguish modern from classical poetry. The effect of gallantry towards women is developed in the following passage:—

'The popular taste had been also essentially affected by changes in social intercourse, rendering it more studiously and punctiliously courteous, and especially by the homage due to women under the modern laws of gallantry. Love, with the ancient poets, is often tender, sometimes virtuous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex through the voluntary submission of the stronger, though a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe, has not, perhaps, been adequately developed. It did not originate, or at least very partially, in the Teutonic manners, from which it has sometimes been derived. The love songs again, and romances of Arabia, where others have sought its birth-place, display, no doubt, a good deal of that rapturous adoration which distinguishes the language of later poetry, and have, perhaps, in some measure, been the models of the Provençal troubadours; yet this seems rather consonant to the hyperbolical character of oriental works of imagination, than to a state of manners where the usual lot of women is seclusion, if not slavery. The late editor of Warton has thought it sufficient to call "that reverence and adoration of the female sex which has descended to our own times, the offspring of the Christian dispensation." But until it can be shown that Christianity establishes any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin.

'Without rejecting, by any means, the influence of these collateral and preparatory circumstances, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favour shown towards women in succession to lands, through inheritance or dower, by the later Roman law, and by the customs of the northern nations; to the respect which the clergy paid them (a subject which might bear to be more fully expanded); but, above all, to the gay idleness of the nobility, consuming the intervals of peace in festive enjoyment. In whatever country the charms of high-born beauty were first admitted to grace the banquet or give brilliancy to the tournament,—in whatever country the austere restraints of jealousy were most completely laid aside,—in whatever country the coarser, though often more virtuous, simplicity of unpolished ages was exchanged for winning and delicate artifices,—in whatever country, through the influence of climate or polish, less boisterousness and intemperance prevailed,—it is there that we must expect to find the commencement of so great a revolution in society.'—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

We apprehend that the error of the very able editor of Warton is, that of assigning an influence too direct and immediate to Christianity. Christianity was the first principle of that which, in chivalrous gallantry, assumed an highly artificial form. The equalization

equalization of the sexes, as that of ranks, arose out of the common hope of immortality, the blessing of Christian faith, imparted without respect of persons to both. The Roman law itself softened, and became more generous to the female sex, after the reign of Constantine. The respect paid to women by the clergy, though abused, even in the days of the Apostles—(we allude to a passage in St. Paul, certainly not expressed in the tone of chivalrous gallantry)—and still more so in the less pure and disinterested ages of the church, was almost an inevitable consequence of the elevation of the female character, the natural homage to the importance with which they were endowed by the new dispensation. It would be curious to inquire how far the worship of the Virgin, though both in time and in place far more extensive, coincident in its universality and general predominance with the growth of chivalrous respect for women, may have contributed to this result. To the strictly evangelical Christian, who studies his faith in the gospel alone, there is something in the part assigned to the females, in the sacred narrative, which instils a kind of involuntary respect, if not veneration. The thought which has been embodied in the well-known line,

‘ Last by the cross and earliest by the tomb,’

is inseparably mingled up with that solemn and mysterious scene, and cannot fail to blend with all the sacred feelings which it inspires. But when that intuitive homage had grown into prostrate deification, when the whole Christian world united to hymn the

‘ Vergine bella, che di sol vestita,  
Coronata di stelle, al sommo Sole  
Piacesti sì, che in te sua luce nascesse ;’—

when, too, gallantry so constantly spoke the language of religion, and devotion of gallantry, this may have been at least one of the subsidiary causes which contributed to the high-toned adoration of the female character. For, after all, it was a poetical and highly aristocratical sentiment. It was not so much to *woman*, as to the high-born beauty, the lady-love, who presided in the tournament, and shone in hall or bower, that gallantry assumed its respectful tone. If, in fact, the offspring of Teutonic manners, it ought to appear, where Mr. Hallam justly observes it is not to be found, in Beowulf, in the oldest Teutonic fragments, or in the Nibelungen Lied. In these poems, ‘love may appear as a natural passion, but not as a conventional idolatry.’ If again it were the genuine and immediate offspring of Christianity, it ought certainly to have been more general throughout the Christian world, more equably disposed through society, and developed at an earlier period. Though it appears occasionally in the earlier romances, usually called

called Breton or Armorican, and sometimes elevates the tone of the Provençal poetry—it reaches this height in *Amadis*, and the prose romances of that class. But as *Amadis* is undoubtedly Portuguese, and the same manners prevailed, no doubt, through the whole Peninsula, the courtly Saracens of Spain may have contributed very much to the predominant fashion. In this sense, there may be some truth in its Arabian origin; for probably the manners of the court of Cordova or Grenada, were as far removed from those of the Arabian desert, or of the fierce warriors of Medina, as those of the Frankish monarchs, or the Counts of Toulouse, from the Germans of Tacitus, or the Goths of Jornandes. All these causes, then, remotely contributed to its origin; but its mature development (as far, indeed, as it actually existed beyond the regions of poetic romance) must be ascribed to a very peculiar and artificial state of society; it was poetry, but poetry which entered, at least in some degree, into real life, and exercised a lasting influence upon manners. The south of France may be considered its native province, and the manners of France retained its influence, till, like other feudal *prejudices*, it was cast off by the vulgar violence of democratic revolution—when ‘the days of chivalry’ came to an end.

Mr. Hallam considers the year 1440 as ‘nearly coincident with the complete development of an ardent thirst for classical, and especially Grecian, literature in Italy, as the year 1400 was with its first manifestation.’ It cannot be denied that this exclusive devotion of the general mind to classical studies, was accompanied by almost a general dearth of original production. This was more decidedly the case in Italy than elsewhere. The genealogy of sonnetteers from Petrarch to Lorenzo de’ Medici, was never interrupted; but there are few names which are heard of beyond the general collections of poetry, and very few single pieces which stand out from the general monotony of thought and expression, which prevails throughout those closely-printed volumes, to which the youthful passion for Italian poetry has tempted us of yore to devote some idle time, in the hope of gleaning some neglected beauty, some exquisite turn of thought, or some new grace of expression. The chivalrous poems, the descendants of the early popular prose romance, the *Reali di Francia*, and the progenitors of the *Orlando Innamorato*, and *Orlando Furioso*, were as yet cold and prolix, without much fertility of invention, without gaiety, fire, richness of imagery, or harmonious flow of verse. But we overleap this period, as relates to other countries as well as Italy; nor can we pause to examine the author’s luminous view of the origin, the first, and at the same time, the most perfect effects of printing. This question has recently called forth several volumes in

in Germany, unnoticed by Mr. Hallam. We must confess that we have not examined them so deliberately as to decide whether they contain much new or valuable matter. Mentz, however, asserts the claim of Guttentberg with all the ardour of local patriotism, and is about to erect a statue to his memory in some public place.

We transport ourselves at once to the court and to the villa of Lorenzo de' Medici. Classical learning had now, as it were, performed some of its more servile but necessary drudgery. Valla's celebrated though imperfect treatise, *de Elegantis linguæ Latinæ*, the translations from the Greek by the exiles from Constantinople and their scholars, the first efforts of grammar and lexicography, had paved the way for those who were to move with freer step through the walks of classical literature. Scholarship, from a recluse and almost monastic vocation, began to mingle up with the pursuits of men of the world; it became an elegant accomplishment of the highest; it began to associate itself with the modern languages; to instil its order, taste, and purity, into original and imaginative minds, by no means chilling the energies, or restraining the fancy, when it would pour itself out in its native tongue; and calling forth many specimens of Latin poetry which, in ease, correctness, and elegance, come nearer to the classical models than most of the compositions of declining Rome. Politian was a poet in both languages. In Italian we do not think him equal to Lorenzo himself—some of whose sonnets are peculiarly sweet and graceful; whose 'Ambra' is a flowing and agreeable piece of descriptive poetry; and whose 'Carnival Songs,' in Mr. Hallam's language, 'display a union of classical grace and imitation with the native raciness of Florentine gaiety.' We subscribe to Mr. Hallam's estimate, both of the faults and excellencies of Politian's Latin poetry. His great merit appears to us, that he led the way to that approximation to better models, which harmonized and purified the verse of the best Latin poets of modern Italy, while he kept it free from that servile imitation, that mosaic working of Virgilian or Ovidian words and phrases, into which more diffident or less original writers of Latin poetry are apt to degenerate.

We cannot refrain from extracting, though at some length, Mr. Hallam's enthusiastic and high-wrought description of Lorenzo at his villa on the 'slope of Fiesole.' He has caught some of the brightest hues of poetry, without departing from the sober dignity of prose:—

'Lorenzo de' Medici sought in ancient learning something more elevated than the narrow, though necessary, researches of criticism. In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which  
Tully

Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

'Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them; not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral; a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise; the tall and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescos of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen-prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signiory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelf aristocracy, the exclusive, but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici; itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power.

'The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in its silence, is one of the most impressive, as well as beautiful, we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home thoughts of seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which, at home and abroad, he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and, on most sides, at no great distance; but embosomed in these were other villas and domains of his own; while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Careggi with exotic flowers of the east, the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe, had introduced

duced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalized in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck, curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the greyish hue and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea.'—pp. 243-245.

There is no greater temptation to the author of a literary history than the departure from the general estimate of mankind concerning individual writers. The pride which delights in originality of opinion—the honest sense of justice, which is indignant at the unfair distribution of glory—the base and the noble motive mingle together at times to betray the judgment. Clever men aspire to the fame of discoverers in the darkness of past times—to draw forth some obscure name, and to resent, as it were, the injurious silence of posterity as to its transcendent merits. To many, the paradoxes of taste have an unspeakable charm; he who can see that to which all the world is blind, must be endowed with transcendent acuteness of vision. On the other hand, the literary historian is pledged, in some degree, to revise the sentences of past times; he is untrue to his high office if he acquiesces, without examination, in the common opinion, and timidly submits merely to record and sanction the popular and accredited judgment. One of the great merits of Mr. Hallam's book is the calm and equable line which he maintains between these conflicting forces—the proud disdain, or the servile deference, for established opinion. There is one case, indeed, where novelty of opinion is a welcome and acknowledged duty—where the silence of cotemporaries, or of immediate posterity, has been from ignorance, not want of judgment—where either the author himself, or his friends, have not done justice to his memory by withholding valuable manuscripts from publication. Thus it seems to have been with Lionardo da Vinci, already one of the greatest names of his age and country—as one of the unequalled fathers of his art, and a scientific writer on its rules; but who, it appears, ought before this time to have assumed his rank as one of the boldest and most original thinkers—as one of those prophets who have been gifted with a premature foreknowledge of the future revelations of philosophy. He who has gazed with wonder and admiration on the intense depth of feeling, the glowing expression of character, as well as the wonderful breadth and vigour of colouring in the paintings of Lionardo, will be no less gratified than surprised at this modern accession to his fame.

His greatest literary distinction is derived from those short fragments of his unpublished writings that appeared not many years since; and which, according at least to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, are more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single

single mind, than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. The discoveries which made Galileo, and Kepler, and Mæstlin, and Maurolycus, and Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Da Vinci, within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise language, or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge. In an age of so much dogmatism he first laid down the grand principle of Bacon, that experiment and observation must be the guides to just theory in the investigation of nature. If any doubt could be harboured, not as to the right of Lionardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which, probably, no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record. The extraordinary works of ecclesiastical architecture in the middle ages, especially in the fifteenth century, as well as those of Toscanelli and Fioravanti, which we have mentioned, lend some countenance to this opinion; and it is said to be confirmed by the notes of Fra Mauro, a lay brother of a convent near Venice, on a planisphere constructed by him, and still extant. Lionardo himself speaks of the earth's annual motion, in a treatise that appears to have been written about 1510, as the opinion of many philosophers in his age.—vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

We must add, that the authorities adduced by Mr. Hallam fully bear out this splendid eulogy.

As the field of literature expands, it becomes, at the same time, more difficult to select, and more necessary to dwell on, insulated points in the comprehensive work of our author. The great religious strife was now about to commence; its slow but not silent approach, its secret and pervading influence, when it had begun to work upon the opinions, the interests, the passions of men, may be traced in every branch of literature. It is singular to observe it, partly in connexion, partly in contrast, with that department of letters which might seem most remote from such grave and solemn matters; too high in the airy regions of imagination to be disturbed by any impulse from actual and cotemporary life. Italian poetry might almost seem to have taken refuge in the romances of the elder chivalry from the distracting and unimaginative polemics of the day; and so in some respects perhaps was the case. Though there were many exceptions of profound and serious spirits, who brought an impetuous earnestness, a depth and intensity of thought to such questions,—in Italy the general mind was either too gay and light, or too much preoccupied by its passion for classical literature, to enter with any general or absorbing interest into the awful conflict. While Luther was agitating men's minds with religious passions and lessons—while his awakening pamphlets

were

were stirring up the depths of the human heart—Italy, even the Pope himself, was listening to the wild adventures of Ariosto's paladins; her printers were busily multiplying editions of the Orlando.

The earliest, however, of the more celebrated among these romantic poems, the *Morgante* of Pulci, strongly indicates the state of the Italian mind previous to the outbreak of the Reformation. Religious opinion, like everything else, was in a loose and floating state; the spirit of innovation had not yet awakened the fears or the jealousies of its conservators; the established creed was not taken under the austere protection of an affrighted hierarchy: there was no Inquisition, for there was no Reformation. Pulci, who laughs at everything, laughs upon religious topics with as broad and unscrupulous humour as on profaner subjects; he plunges into religious controversies with a bold and careless irreverence, inexplicable to the feelings and judgments of another age and another country.

Pulci's own age took no very serious offence at that, which a few years later, and in a less-privileged person than a poet of a humorous vein, would have been of fearfully serious consequence to the peace or even the life of the author. Ariosto, when he ventures on allusions to such subjects, subdues himself to a more guarded and quiet irony. Yet, even in Pulci himself, there is a kind of incongruity, a wild revelry in all sorts of strange and interdicted opinions, which moves the wonder of the reader best instructed in the spirit of the times. There is, in fact, a freedom of burlesque and parody in southern nations which seems unintelligible to the more serious North. The Aristophanic comedy, though Aristophanes himself was of the party of the established religion in Athens, does not even spare the god in honour of whose festival it was performed. In some other writings there is a blending up of the elements of the comic and the serious, not only as in the Shaksperian drama, where ludicrous and tragical incident and character are constantly intermingled, but in the whole tone and essence of the poem. And this, though the comic and the whimsical predominates, appears to us the case with Pulci. We should so far differ from Mr. Hallam, as to doubt whether, in any part of his poem, 'he had an intention of bringing religion into contempt.' We should question altogether whether he had any deliberate design or intention at all. He surrendered himself with a sort of carnival license to the caprice or fancy of the moment, followed out and embodied his whimsical thoughts as they occurred; sometimes, as his subject developed itself, melting, as in the passage which Mr. Hallam points out, to real pathos; sometimes almost rising, as towards the end of the poem, in some of the

the circumstances of the Roncesvalles battle, into grandeur. In short, Pulci's poem is, to the more serious chivalrous romances, what the satiric drama was to the tragic trilogies of Greece.

We rejoice to find that Mr. Hallam does justice to the Orlando Innamorato of Boiardo. Boiardo was likewise a writer of sonnets and of lyric poetry, a Latin poet, and, we believe, the first translator of Herodotus. Though Boiardo was by no means successful in any of these works, they deserved notice as connected with the character of this remarkable man. We must add, that we have always, we will not quite say, believed, but wished to believe, a different version of the story, alluded to by Mr. Hallam, of the Count of Scandiano borrowing the sonorous names, the Mandricardos and Gradassos of his verse, from the peasants on his own estate. It is said (we cannot immediately call to mind our authority), that he was sorely perplexed for a name to accord with the fiercest and proudest of his pagans, and was riding rather disconsolately through his domains, when he heard one peasant call another by the name of Rodomonte. The noble poet galloped back to his castle, set the bells ringing, and ordered the castle to be illuminated to celebrate this fortunate event. Having differed in this important point with Mr. Hallam, we must express our cordial assent to his praise of the Innamorato, for boldness and novelty of design, for that inventive felicity, which taught him to associate the wonders of the newly discovered and gorgeous East, the Cathay of Marco Polo, with his western Paladins. Europe and Asia were first mingled by Boiardo in the romantic war. The terrors of the Tartar invasions, which spread forth from the remotest east, and might not yet be exhausted, with the vague rumours of immense cities, and monarchs on thrones of gold and ivory, are blended with the adventures of Archbishop Turpin's heroes, the knights of Charlemagne's court; and over all is thrown an air of genuine romance and of remote antiquity, which rarely disturbs us by the introduction of modern allusions, and is entirely withdrawn from the passions and opinions of his time. Boiardo alone writes in the serious tone of a bard of the old chivalrous times; if his execution had been equal to his conception—if his ruder language and inharmonious verse had not tempted a less congenial mind to remodel his work, and thus throw a dim uncertainty over his fame, as well as changed the character of his poem—the original author of the Orlando Innamorato would have maintained a much higher rank among the poets of modern Europe.

On Ariosto we admire the just and discriminating, as well as ardent, language of Mr. Hallam. We only regret that our limits compel us in some degree to curtail this brilliant and elaborate criticism.

‘Ariosto

'Ariosto has been, after Homer, the favourite poet of Europe. His grace and facility, his clear and rapid stream of language, his variety and beauty of invention, his very transitions of subject, so frequently censured by critics, but artfully devised to spare the tediousness that hangs on a protracted story, left him no rival in general popularity. Above sixty editions of the *Orlando Furioso* were published in the sixteenth century. There was not one, says Bernardo Tasso, of any age, or sex, or rank, who was satisfied after more than a single perusal. If the change of manners and sentiments have already in some degree impaired this attraction, if we cease to take interest in the prowess of Paladins, and find their combats a little monotonous, this is perhaps the necessary lot of all poetry, which, as it can only reach posterity through the medium of contemporary reputation, must accommodate itself to the fleeting character of its own time. This character is strongly impressed on the *Orlando Furioso*; it well suited an age of war, and pomp, and gallantry; an age when chivalry was still recent in actual life, and was reflected in concentrated brightness from the mirror of romance.

'It has been sometimes hinted as an objection to Ariosto, that he is not sufficiently in earnest, and leaves a little suspicion of laughing at his subject. I do not perceive that he does this in a greater degree than good sense and taste permit. The poets of knight-errantry might in this respect be arranged in a scale, of which Pulci and Spenser would stand at the extreme points; the one mocking the absurdities he coolly invents, the other, by intense strength of conception, full of love and faith in his own creations. Between these Boiardo, Ariosto, and Berni take successively their places; none so deeply serious as Spenser, none so ironical as Pulci. It was not easy in Italy, especially after the *Morgante Maggiore* had roused the sense of ridicule, to keep up at every moment the solemn tone which Spain endured in the romances of the sixteenth century; nor was this consonant to the gaiety of Ariosto.'—p. 420.

After vindicating Ariosto for building on the foundation of Boiardo—chiefly by the example of the *Iliad*, which 'was only a fragment of the tale of Troy,' one episode and portion of the great Cycle of the war of Ilium—Mr. Hallam thus proceeds—

'The inventions of Ariosto are less original than those of Boiardo, but they are more pleasing and various. The tales of old mythology and of modern romance furnished him with those delightful episodes we all admire, with his *Olimpia* and *Bireno*, his *Ariodante* and *Geneura*, his *Cloridan* and *Medoro*, his *Zerbino* and *Isabella*. He is more conversant with the Latin poets, or has turned them to better account than his predecessor. For the sudden transitions in the middle of a canto or even a stanza, with which every reader of Ariosto is familiar, he is indebted to Boiardo, who had himself imitated in them the metrical romancers of the preceding age. From them also, that justice may be rendered to those nameless rhymers, Boiardo drew the individuality of character, by which their heroes were distinguished, and which Ariosto has not been so careful to preserve. His *Orlando* has less of the honest simplicity,

and his Astolfo less of the gay boastfulness, than had been assigned to them in the cyclus.

‘Corniani observes of the style of Ariosto, what we may all perceive on attending to it to be true, that he is sparing in the use of metaphors, contenting himself generally with the plainest expression; by which, if he loses something in dignity, he gains in perspicuity. It may be added, that he is not very successful in figurative language, which is sometimes forced and exaggerated. Doubtless this transparency of phrase, so eminent in Ariosto, is the cause that he is read and delighted in by the multitude, as well as by the few; and it seems also to be the cause that he can never be satisfactorily rendered into any language less musical, and consequently less independent upon an ornamental dress in poetry, than his own, or one which wants the peculiar advantages, by which conventional variances in the form of words, and the liberty of inversion, as well as the frequent recurrence of the richest and most euphonious rhymes, elevate the simplest expression in Italian verse above the level of discourse. Galileo, being asked by what means he had acquired the remarkable talent of giving perspicuity and grace to his philosophical writings, referred it to the continual study of Ariosto. His similes are conspicuous for their elaborate beauty; they are familiar to every reader of this great poet; imitated, as they usually are, from the ancients, they maintain an equal strife with their models, and occasionally surpass them. But even the general strain of Ariosto, natural as it seems, was not unpremeditated, or left to its own felicity; his manuscript at Ferrara, part of which is shown to strangers, bears numerous alterations, the *pentimenti*, if I may borrow a word from a kindred art, of creative genius.’—pp. 423-425.

Mr. Hallam appears by no means inclined to disguise the faults of Ariosto. Something, however, ought to have been said, and no one would have said it in a more natural and unaffected tone of moral dignity than Mr. Hallam, on the too luxurious colouring of some passages, the strange and fantastic indecency of others, in the *Furioso*. For this, we conceive, even more than the change of manners, causes Ariosto to be less read than formerly. He proceeds:—

‘The Italian critics love to expatiate in his praise, though they are often keenly sensible to his defects. The variety of style and of rhythm in Ariosto, it is remarked by Gravina, is convenient to that of his subject. His rhymes, the same author observes, seem to spring from the thoughts, and not from the necessities of metre. He describes minutely, but with much felicity, and gives a clear idea of every part; like the Farnesian Hercules, which seems greater by the distinctness of every vein and muscle. Quadrio praises the correspondence of the sound to the sense. Yet neither of these critics is blindly partial. It is acknowledged indeed by his warmest advocates, that he falls sometimes below his subject, and that trifling and feeble lines intrude too frequently in the *Orlando Furioso*. I can hardly regret, however, that in the passages of flattery towards the house of Este, such as that long genealogy which

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he deduces in the third canto, his genius has deserted him, and he degenerates, as it were wilfully, into prosaic tediousness. In other allusions to contemporary history, he is little better. I am hazarding a deviation from the judgment of good critics when I add, that in the opening stanzas of each canto, where the poet appears in his own person, I find generally a deficiency of vigour and originality, a poverty of thought and of emotion, which is also very far from unusual in the speeches of his characters. But these introductions have been greatly admired.

'Many faults of language in Ariosto are observed by his countrymen. They justly blame also his inobservance of propriety, his hyperbolical extravagance, his harsh metaphors, his affected thoughts. These are sufficiently obvious to a reader of reflecting taste; but the enchantment of his pencil redeems every failing, and his rapidity, like that of Homer, leaves us little time to censure before we are hurried forward to admire. The Orlando Furioso, as a great single poem, has been very rarely surpassed in the living records of poetry. He must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth to nature of Homer, the exquisite style and sustained majesty of Virgil, nor the originality and boldness of Dante. The most obvious parallel is Ovid, whose *Metamorphoses*, however, are far excelled by the Orlando Furioso, not in fertility of invention, or variety of images and sentiments, but in purity of taste, in grace of language, and harmony of versification.'—pp. 425, 426.

Italy had thus surrendered itself to the spell of this new chanter. The poetry of Ariosto was the occupation of its light and festive hours; in its graver studies it soared to the heights of the Platonic philosophy with Ficinus, or sounded the depths of the Cabala with Picus of Mirandola, or plunged with Pomponatius into wilder and more dangerous speculations. Popes, cardinals, princes, the burgher sovereigns of the few free cities that remained, in their serene and undisturbed enjoyment of chivalrous poetry and pagan philosophy, might seem almost unconscious of the revolution which was passing beyond the Alps in literature, as well as in graver matters.

A few of the more devout in the highest ranks of the church and the state (as Professor Ranke has shown in his *History of the Popes*) returned to severer studies, and at first closely approximated in some of their opinions to the reformers of the north; and, indeed, the spirit of inquiry once awakened in Italy, it advanced in speculative daring far beyond the bounds which arrested the reformers of the north. But it was, in fact, a small lettered aristocracy which embraced the anti-papal doctrines; these in Italy never reached the body of the people. Mr. Hallam has stated the curious discovery of Signor Panizzi, that Berni, the re-writer of the Orlando Innamorato, had embraced such opinions. In general, however, the literature of Italy stood entirely aloof

from these questions, which began to absorb all the activity of the public mind in Germany and France, and, at a somewhat later period, in England. Some of the best Latin poets of Italy, Sanazzaro and Vida, occasionally chose Christian, and even Catholic, subjects. Sanazzaro's *De Partu Virginis* bears strong indications of the prevailing classical taste: and, at any rate, these were exceptions to the general tone of Italian literature. The Latin poems of Fracastorius, the beautiful lyrics of Flaminio, the elegies of Naugerius, the other didactic pieces of Vida, the piscatory eclogues of Sanazzaro; the early Italian dramatic pieces, both the tragic and the comic; the prose works of the greatest master who had yet written in Italian, Machiavelli, give few indications of the contest which absorbed almost all the productive energy of the intellect in some parts of Europe. The new Italian school of Boscan and Garcilasso in Spain—even the commencement of her fertile comedy, in like manner maintains its independence of religious strife: and in our own country, Surrey and Wyatt seem to have taken advantage of a calm moment, before the gathering, or rather the bursting, of the storm, to infuse something of the grace and harmony of Petrarch into English verse. But in Germany theology laid its strong hand on literature, and almost bound it to its exclusive service. Poetry began to speak only in religious hymns. The curious poem of *Theuerdank*, we may observe, though published only in 1517, belongs to a somewhat earlier period. A recent editor of this work has re-opened the question of its authorship, and adduces some strong reasons for believing that the groundwork, at least, of the poem belongs to the emperor Maximilian; and that Pfinzing, the poetical burgher of Nuremburg, had only the honourable office of completing and preparing for the press the unfinished composition of his imperial master. Classical learning was at first inclined to devote itself to the advancement of the Reformation, till the Reformation, somewhat contemptuously, spurned its alliance, and appealed to the uncultivated intellect, and, it must be acknowledged, too frequently to the passions of the ignorant. But into this beaten field it is impossible for us to enter. We pass with regret Mr. Hallam's observations on Erasmus and some other distinguished names of the period; we pause only to extract his character of Luther.

'In the history of the Reformation Luther is incomparably the greatest name. We see him, in the skilful composition of Robertson, the chief figure of a group of gownsmen, standing in contrast on the canvass with the crowned rivals of France and Austria, and their attendant warriors, but blended in the unity of that historic picture. This amazing influence on the revolutions of his own age, and on the opinions

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of mankind, seems to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness. It is admitted on all sides, that he wrote his own language with force and purity; and he is reckoned one of its best models. The hymns in use with the Lutheran church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never, probably, excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poetry of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of later writers. But, from the Latin works of Luther few readers, I believe, will rise without disappointment. Their intemperance, their coarseness, their inelegance, their scurrility, their wild paradoxes, that menace the foundations of religious morality, are not compensated, so far at least as my slight acquaintance with them extends, by much strength or acuteness, and still less by any impressive eloquence. Some of his treatises, and we may instance his reply to Henry VIII., or the book "against the falsely-named order of bishops," can be described as little else than bellowing in bad Latin. Neither of these books display, as far as I can judge, any striking ability. It is not to be imagined, that a man of his vivid parts fails to perceive an advantage in that close grappling, sentence by sentence, with an adversary, which fills most of his controversial writings; and in scornful irony he had no superior. His epistle to Erasmus, prefixed to the treatise *De servo arbitrio*, is bitterly insolent in terms as civil as he could use. But the clear and comprehensive line of argument which enlightens the reader's understanding, and resolves his difficulties, is always wanting. An unbounded dogmatism, resting on an absolute confidence in the infallibility, practically speaking, of his own judgment, pervades his writings; no indulgence is shown, no pause allowed, to the hesitating; whatever stands in the way of his decisions, the fathers of the church, the schoolmen and philosophers, the canons and councils, are swept away in a current of impetuous declamation; and as everything contained in Scripture, according to Luther, is easy to be understood, and can only be understood in his sense, every deviation from his doctrine incurs the anathema of perdition. Jerome, he says, far from being rightly canonised, must, but for some special grace, have been damned for his interpretation of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans. That the Zwinglians, as well as the whole church of Rome, and the Anabaptists, were shut out by their tenets from salvation, is more than insinuated in numerous passages of Luther's writings. Yet he had passed himself through several changes of opinion. In 1518, he rejected auricular confession; in 1520, it was both useful and necessary; not long afterwards, it was again laid aside. I have found it impossible to reconcile, or to understand, his tenets concerning faith and works; and can only perceive, that if there be any reservation in favour of the latter, not merely sophistical, of which I am hardly well convinced, it consists in distinctions too subtle for the people to apprehend. These are not the oscillations of the balance in a calm understanding, conscious of the difficulty which so often attends the estimate of opposite presumptions, but alternate gusts of dogmatism, during which, for the time, he was as tenacious of his judgment as if it had been uniform.

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'It is not impossible that some offence will be taken at this character of his works by those who have thought only of the man ; extraordinary as he doubtless was in himself, and far more so as the instrument of mighty changes on the earth. Many, of late years, especially in Germany, without holding a single one of Luther's more peculiar tenets, have thought it necessary to magnify his intellectual gifts. Frederic Schlegel is among these ; but in his panegyric there seems a little wish to insinuate that the reformer's powerful understanding had a taint of insanity. This has not unnaturally occurred to others, from the strange tales of diabolical visions Luther very seriously recounts, and from the inconsistencies as well as the extravagance of some passages. But the total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptuousness, is sufficient to account for aberrations, which men of regular minds construe into actual madness. Whether Luther were perfectly in earnest as to his personal interviews with the devil, may be doubtful ; one of them he seems to represent as internal.'—pp. 513-516.

This is admirable ; we admire the courage with which it is said, as well as the vigorous discrimination which it displays. Yet we think that there is something wanting to complete the truth of the picture : in the first place, few of those who have exercised a powerful religious influence over their age can claim a high place in the history of mere literature. To confine ourselves to two instances :—the published remains of Savonarola only excite our wonder that the Florentine preacher should ever have stirred the minds of his countrymen with such commanding awe. In Florence, if any where, we should have expected that pure Athenian taste, diffused throughout society, which would have required the eloquence of a Demosthenes,—that eloquence which speaks almost as vividly to posterity in written volumes, as of old to the ears of the listening people. Even his own followers, if they do not suppress, are prudently silent about the published writings of our Whitfield. Luther wrote rudely to a rude age and a rude class of readers. It is in his moral courage, his inexhaustible activity, his indefatigable perseverance, not in his mental accomplishments, not in the profound and comprehensive philosophy which calmly investigates the depth of a subject, that we must recognize the great distinction of Luther. He wrote from his passions,—passions in general lofty and generous, but still passions. Had he been a calm and severe thinker, a dispassionate and philosophical writer, he never would have occupied what we may presume to consider his designated place in the religious history of mankind. The man was greater than the author. In most cases we study with interest the biography of a distinguished writer for the light which it throws on the character and composition of his works ;—here the writings are chiefly read to illustrate the character of the author. Luther may be considered as an active and uncommonly powerful religious pamphleteer—

pamphleteer—opposing dogmatic innovation to the dogmatism of the established creed; for it is dogmatism alone which moves or satisfies the mass of mankind. The indistinct and indefinite in polemics is always ineffective. Where Luther hesitated and fluctuated, or took a middle ground, as in the sacramental question, there he was speedily supplanted by bolder and more decided asserters. Both Robertson, then, and Mr. Hallam, may be in the right. In the general history of the Reformation Luther may deservedly be the prominent, the central figure of the design; while the literary historian, calmly surveying his works, inquiring what perpetual, what indestructible book he has delivered as an inheritance to posterity, will be inclined to call in question that overweening fame which is attached to his name; may express some natural wonder that he exercised such unparalleled power over his age and country. But has Mr. Hallam done full justice even to the literary character of Luther? His great literary work is unquestionably the translation of the Bible. It created, we may almost say, the German language. The older poems, the Nibelungen and the Lays of the Minnesingers, had not performed the function exercised by the poets of Italy, Spain, and England, and to a certain degree, of France. They had not formed a standard of language intelligible throughout the country. Even Theuerdank is in a dialect; and in essaying another of the old German poems recently issued from the same press at Quedlinberg-Kutun, we found that we had to learn a new language. In this respect Luther was the Homer of Germany. The Bible consolidated at least the north of Germany into one nation; it was the common bond of nationality; and the Reformation—which seemed entirely to quench the spirit of invention throughout the whole land—which was succeeded by a long tract of total barrenness in the national literature—by this one gift more than compensated for the evil it had wrought. When the German was to have its late revival—a revival which took place almost within our own days—when it was again to burst forth with all the burning vigour of long-suppressed, long-suspended life—when it was to swarm, as it were, with native philosophers, poets, historians—writers in every branch and in every department of letters—the language of Luther's Bible was the great well of 'German undefiled,' which not only afforded a powerful and copious vocabulary to the writer, but had prepared, as it were, the ear and the understanding of the reader in every class of society for the prose of the Kants and the Jacobis, and the poetry of the Schillers and the Goethes of the present age.

We should not do justice to Mr. Hallam, if we were not to give some example of the manner in which he treats subjects more abstruse

abstruse and remote from popular knowledge. It might seem that the reformation, instead of extinguishing, had merely pent up for a time the unextinguishable superstition of the human mind, which, however, found vent by other channels. In Germany particularly, thus suddenly and forcibly dis severed from its usual associate, religion, it formed a strange and unnatural connexion with science. It has been observed by several writers, that the belief in witchcraft and other diabolical influences, seemed to take stronger root in Protestant countries, to lead to public acts of greater cruelty and absurdity, than before the reformation. There remained a craving for the preternatural, which, deprived of its accustomed aliment, sought to corrupt everything sound and wholesome into its food. Germany was not so prolific as England in purely religious fanaticism. Her mere dreamy enthusiasm was mixed up with her medicine and her metaphysics, at least as much as with her theology. The combination between coherent reasoning, and at times extraordinary powers of intellect, with almost insane extravagance, is even more startling in these philosophical visionaries; it enforces the suspicion of knavery and imposture even more strongly than in the authors of wild religious sects. In them it is more impossible justly to discriminate the proportions of philosopher, of madman, and of charlatan, which are blended together in the strange and conflicting character. The succession of these men in Germany has never been interrupted; it has sometimes, as in Jacob Behmen, mingled itself with religious dreamery, sometimes spoken a purely medical language; but from Paracelsus to the Homœopathists, it has never been extinct, and has never wanted believing and admiring votaries. Mr. Hallam thus describes one of the earliest and most remarkable pregenitors of this race:—

‘While Ramus was assaulting the stronghold of Aristotelian despotism, the syllogistic method of argumentation, another province of that extensive empire, its physical theory, was invaded by a still more audacious, and we must add, a much more unworthy innovator, Theophrastus Paracelsus. Though few of this extraordinary person’s writings were published before the middle of the century, yet as he died in 1541, and his disciples began very early to promulgate his theories, we may introduce his name more appropriately in this than in any later period. The system, if so it may be called, of Paracelsus had a primary regard to medicine, which he practised with the boldness of a wandering empiric. It was not unusual in Germany to carry on this profession; and Paracelsus employed his youth in casting nativities, practising chiromancy, and exhibiting chemical tricks. He knew very little Latin, and his writings are as unintelligible from their style as their substance. Yet he was not without acuteness in his own profession; and his knowledge of pharmaceutic chemistry was far beyond that of his age. Upon  
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this real advantage he founded those extravagant theories, which attracted many ardent minds in the sixteenth century, and were afterwards woven into new schemes of fanciful philosophy. His own models were the oriental reveries of the Cabbala, and the theosophy of the mystics. He seized hold of a notion which easily seduces the imagination of those who do not ask for rational proof, that there is a constant analogy between the macrocosm, as they called it, of external nature, and the microcosm of man. This harmony and parallelism of all things, he maintains, can only be made known to us by Divine revelation; and hence all heathen philosophy has been erroneous. The key to the knowledge of nature is in the Scriptures only, studied by means of the Spirit of God communicating an interior light to the contemplative soul. So great an obscurity reigns over the writings of Paracelsus, which, in Latin at least, are not originally his own, for he had but a scanty acquaintance with that language, that it is difficult to pronounce upon his opinions, especially as he affects to use words in senses imposed by himself; the development of his physical system consisted in an accumulation of chemical theorems, none of which are conformable to sound philosophy.

'A mixture of fanaticism and imposture is very palpable in Paracelsus, as in what he calls his Cabalistic art, which produces by imagination and natural faith, "*per fidem naturalem ingenitam*," all magical operations, and counterfeits by these means whatever we see in the external world. Man has a sidereal as well as material body, an astral element, which all do not partake in equal degrees; and therefore the power of magic, which is in fact the power of astral properties, or of producing those effects which the stars naturally produce, is not equally attainable by all. This actual element of the body survives for a time after death, and explains the apparition of dead persons; but in this state it is subject to those who possess the art of magic, which is then called necromancy.

'Paracelsus maintained the animation of everything; all minerals both feed and render their food. And besides this life of every part of nature, it is peopled with spiritual beings, inhabitants of the four elements, subject to disease and death like man. These are the silvains (sylphs), undines, or nymphs, gnomes, and salamanders. It is thus observable that he first gave these names, which rendered afterwards the Rosicrucian fables so celebrated. These live with man, and sometimes, except the salamanders, bear children to him; they know future events, and reveal them to us; they are also guardians of hidden treasures, which may be obtained by their means. I may perhaps have said too much about paradoxes so absurd and mendacious; but literature is a garden of weeds as well as flowers; and Paracelsus forms a link in the history of opinion, which should not be overlooked.'—pp. 541-543.

From this cloudy and mystic twilight, it will be a singular transition to the clear and piercing light in which Machiavelli has placed the secret springs of human action, and laid open the worst realities of our nature. Is not Machiavelli, in a few words, the expression

expression of the Italian mind; not without fine and noble enthusiasm, but habituated to oppose craft to power, the noble energies of intellectual acuteness to brute force? Such, in fact, appears to be Mr. Hallam's view; it is impossible to be more fair at once to the excellencies and the sins of Machiavelli's celebrated treatise. We quote only two passages, because we are anxious to reserve some space for the observations on the *Discorsi*, Machiavelli's greater, but at the same time, less known work.

'None of the explanations assigned for the motives of Machiavel in *The Prince* is more groundless than one very early suggested, that by putting the house of Medici on schemes of tyranny, he was artfully luring them to their ruin. Whether this could be reckoned an excuse, may be left to the reader; but we may confidently affirm that it contradicts the whole tenor of that treatise. And, without palliating the worst passages, it may be said that few books have been more misrepresented. It is very far from true, that he advises a tyrannical administration of government, or one likely to excite general resistance, even to those whom he thought, or rather knew from experience, to be placed in the most difficult position for retaining power, by having recently been exalted to it. The Prince, he repeatedly says, must avoid all that will render him despicable or odious, especially injury to the property of citizens, or to their honour. This will leave him nothing to guard against but the ambition of a few. Conspiracies, which are of little importance while the people are well affected, become unspeakably dangerous as soon as they are hostile. Their love, therefore, or at least the absence of their hatred, is the basis of the governor's security, and far better than any fortresses. A wise prince will honour the nobility, at the same time that he gives content to the people. If the observance of these maxims is likely to subvert a ruler's power, he may be presumed to have designed the ruin of the Medici. The first duke in the new dynasty of that house, Cosmo I., lived forty years in the practice of all Machiavel would have advised, for evil as well as good; and his reign was not insecure.'—pp. 558, 559.

Mr. Hallam proceeds to describe that which is of darker taint in *The Prince*. He concludes with this paragraph:—

'The eighteenth chapter, on the manner in which princes should observe faith, might pass for a satire on their usual violations of it, if the author did not too seriously manifest his approbation of them. The best palliation of this, and of what else has been justly censured in Machiavel, is to be derived from his life and times. These led him to consider every petty government as in a continual state of self-defence against treachery and violence, from its ill-affected citizens, as well as from its ambitious neighbours. It is very difficult to draw the straight line of natural right in such circumstances; and neither perhaps the cool reader of a remote age, nor the secure subject of a well-organised community, is altogether a fair arbiter of what has been done or counselled in days of peril and necessity; relatively, I mean, to the persons, not to the objective character of actions. There is certainly a steadiness

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of moral principle and Christian endurance, which tells us that it is better not to exist at all, than to exist at the price of virtue; but few indeed of the countrymen and contemporaries of Machiavel had any claim to the practice, whatever they might have to the profession, of such integrity. His crime, in the eyes of the world, and it was truly a crime, was to have cast away the veil of hypocrisy, the profession of a religious adherence to maxims which at the same moment were violated.' —p. 560.

We transcribe without mutilation the remarks on the Discourses of Machiavel. It is well for society, with its present manifest tendencies, to consider the influence of democracy in all its bearings. It is true that great wisdom is required to apply the lessons of ancient history, or of political writers so far removed from our own times, and living in a social state so different from our own as Machiavelli. But to the calm and judicious mind, which can separate that which is universal and immutable, from that which is extraneous and temporary—which can frame and adapt the great leading principles to modern uses—they are not less worthy of study. But we break off, as well aware that we can add nothing to the authority of Mr. Hallam on such subjects.

'The discourses of Machiavel upon the first books of Livy, though not more celebrated than *The Prince*, have been better esteemed. Far from being exempt from the same bias in favour of unscrupulous politics, they abound with similar maxims, especially in the third book; but they contain more sound and deep thinking on the spirit of small republics, than could be found in any preceding writer that has descended to us; more probably, in a practical sense, than the *Politics* of Aristotle, though they are not so comprehensive. In reasoning upon the Roman government, he is naturally sometimes misled by confidence in Livy; but his own acquaintance with modern Italy was in some measure the corrective that secured him from the errors of ordinary antiquaries.

'These discourses are divided into three books, and contain 143 chapters with no great regard to arrangement; written probably as reflections occasionally presented themselves to the author's mind. They are built upon one predominant idea; that the political and military annals of early Rome having had their counterparts in a great variety of parallel instances which the recent history of Italy furnished, it is safe to draw experimental principles from them, and to expect the recurrence of similar consequences in the same circumstances. This reasoning, founded upon a single repetition of the event, though it may easily mislead us, from an imperfect estimate of the conditions, and does not give a high probability to our anticipations, is such as those intrusted with the safety of commonwealths ought not to neglect. But Machiavel sprinkles these discourses with thoughts of a more general cast, and often applies a comprehensive knowledge of history, and a long experience of mankind.

'Permanence, according to Machiavel, is the great aim of government. In this very common sentiment among writers accustomed to republican forms, although experience of the mischiefs generally attending upon change

change might lead to it, there is, no doubt, a little of Machiavel's original taint, the reference of political ends to the benefit of the rulers rather than that of the community. But the polity which he seems for the most part to prefer, though he does not speak explicitly, nor always perhaps consistently, is one wherein the people should at least have great weight. In one passage he recommends, like Cicero and Tacitus, the triple form, which endeavours to conciliate the power of a prince with that of a nobility and a popular assembly; as the best means of preventing that cycle of revolutions through which, as he supposes, the simpler institutions would naturally, if not necessarily, pass; from monarchy to aristocracy, from that to democracy, and finally to monarchy again; though, as he observes, it rarely happens that there is time given to complete this cycle, which requires a long course of ages—the community itself, as an independent state, being generally destroyed before the close of the period. But, with this predilection for a republican polity, he yet saw its essential weakness in difficult circumstances; and hence observes that there is no surer way to ruin a democracy than to set it on bold undertakings, which it is sure to misconduct. He has made also the profound and important remark, that states are rarely either formed, or reformed, except by one man.

‘ Few political treatises can even now be read with more advantage than the Discourses of Machiavel; and in proportion as the course of civil society tends farther towards democracy, and especially if it should lead to what seems the inevitable consequence of democracy, a considerable subdivision of independent states, they may acquire an additional value. The absence of all passion, the continual reference of every public measure to a distinct end, the disregard of vulgar associations with names or persons, render him, though too cold of heart for a very generous reader, a sagacious and useful monitor for any one who can employ the necessary methods of correcting his theorems. He formed a school of subtle reasoners upon political history, which, both in Italy and France, was in vogue for two centuries; and, whatever might be its errors, has hardly been superseded for the better by the loose declamation that some dignify with the name of philosophical politics, and in which we continually find a more flagitious and undisguised abandonment of moral rules for the sake of some idol of a general principle, than can be imputed to The Prince of Machiavel.’

With these remarks we close our, of necessity, imperfect and somewhat desultory notice of Mr. Hallam's first volume—the most important single volume that it has for some years been our duty to comment upon. By this specimen Mr. Hallam will confirm the solid and substantial reputation which he had already gained with all the sound and mature judges of literary excellence. By his completion of the work with the same care and in the same spirit, he will enable English literature to boast of the first full, impartial, and general view of the simultaneous progress of letters in every part of Europe.

- ART. III.—1. *Letter from W. R. Hamilton, Esq., to the Earl of Elgin, on the New Houses of Parliament.* Lond. 1836.
2. *A Second Letter from the same to the same.* Ibid. 1837.
3. *Letter to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., on the Expediency of a better System of Control over Buildings erected at the Public Expense.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Cust. 1835.
4. *Strictures on Architectural Monstrosities, &c.* By T. Juvara. 1835.
5. *An Apology for the Architectural Monstrosities of London, &c.* By an Architect. 1835.
6. *Thoughts on rebuilding the Houses of Parliament.* By Arthur William Hakewill, Architect. 1835.
7. *Answer to Thoughts on rebuilding, &c.* By Benjamin Ferrey, Architect. 1835.
8. *A Letter to A. W. Hakewill.* By A. Welby Pugin, Architect. 1835.
9. *Prospects of the Nation in regard to its National Gallery.* By Charles Purser, Architect. 1833.
10. *An Apology for the Designs of the Houses of Parliament marked 'Phil-Archimedes,' &c.* Second edition, with a Supplement. By W. Wilkins. 1836.

WE have lately read (probably in some library for the diffusion of useful knowledge) that the wants and pleasures of mankind, productive of the arts, are all comprised in the supply of the three great necessities of life,—raiment, food, and habitation. The author continues to remark, with equal sagacity, that the two first of these sources of civilization are unfortunately restricted within narrow limits, as nobody can wish to wear above two or three coats at a time, or a larger portion of lower integuments than a Dutchman. Likewise, in spite of the skill with which our power of deglutition has been enlarged by gastronomy, there is still a point—valde deffendum!—beyond which the most intrepid gourmand cannot proceed and live. In these, then, as he observes and laments, great capitals cannot be indefinitely expended; and genius can seldom be either excited or rewarded, in proportion to the case of those more fortunate virtuosi who are employed in constructing or embellishing our dwellings. We, indeed, recollect instances in which this fundamental law of our nature has been somewhat contravened. In one of the economical reforms of Calonne or Necker, under the old monarchy of France, restricting the personal expenses of the sovereign as an example for his subjects, an ordonnance announced that, *for the future*, his majesty would graciously content himself with

with three hundred and sixty-five pairs of inexpressibles in each year, being at the rate of one pair *per diem*, with an addition only of an intercalary pair for the bissextile. Louis XV. had it seems considerably exceeded this orthodox allowance. The genius of French cookery has almost equally extended the powers of the digestive organs, in the second branch of this our 'trinodis necessitas.' Hence tailors, cooks, and dressmakers have always ranked higher in France than in any other civilized country, and have only recently approached to similar honours in the rest of Europe. But still the general rule holds good—and though a definite proportion must commonly exist between man and his coat or his dinner, his house has been observed to vary, as our author remarks, rather according to the size of his purse than to that of his person. And hence—Q.E.D.—the superior importance of architecture, and of the sister arts that contribute to embellish our residences.

Fully satisfied with this philosophical view of the subject, we wish to pay some attention to the present state of a profession so important to ourselves, and have accordingly selected the pamphlets whose titles appear at the head of our article as exponents of its actual condition. Alas! we find it in a state of war; the Greeks appear at an almost interminable feud with the Goths; and the Commissioners suggested by Sir Edward Cust, unsalaried—and unpitied in their thankless office—have, by their predilections, affronted the classic partizans, and probably, by their award, have dissatisfied all their eighty competitors, with the single exception of Mr. Barry. 'Non nostrum tantas componere lites.' We leave that to the authority—as we hope for the comfort—of the two branches of the legislature, who, desirous of providing, if possible, a suitable habitation for themselves, have only the hazardous alternative of adopting the plan approved by the Commission, though denounced in no very measured terms by undoubted professional ability, or the still harder, as well as more tedious, task of devising a more competent tribunal. Will each limb of the legislature, in this dilemma, resolve to provide for its own respective accommodation, the reformed Commons with brick and plaster, in the newest style of our metropolitan boroughs and of public opinion, while the Lords are emulating Kenilworth and Burleigh? Or will a joint design, proposed by the lower house and amended by the peers, discussed at a free conference and re-amended by both, be submitted to the royal assent and to the admiration of posterity?

We know not: but in the meantime we are startled at the following admission, which we fear may be just, and which led Sir Edward

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Edward Cust to recommend the experiment of free competition, with an *unprofessional* Commission to decide on the merits of the rival artists. He, in his letter to Sir Robert Peel (p. 17), proclaims, in a very decided tone, the inferiority of all our recent public buildings to the contemporary edifices with which the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, Brunswick, and France (even before the three glorious days) had contrived to embellish their capitals. Mr. Juvara (p. 9) and his brother-architect, the 'Apologist,' assent to this provoking statement, and we look in vain for its contradiction.

It is not, then, because despotic monarchs direct the architect, or delegate to favourites the selection, expenditure, and control of public works, that the fettered genius of the professor is unable to attain excellence—for their success has been acknowledged. We, on the contrary, whose public opinions are uncontrolled—(as our artists it seems have been); possessing unrivalled specimens of Grecian taste; expending, at least, (if not possessing,) sums from which the richest of the continental monarchs might have shrunk in dismay; and abounding, as we daily allow ourselves to boast, with native genius capable, if called into action, of the most brilliant achievements, admit, however reluctantly, our inferiority, and console ourselves with new experiments and controverted theories to remove or, at least, account for it. Before we proceed further in these darkling paths—it must seem strange that none of the complainants should have suggested the very obvious resource of procuring, if possible, from the sovereigns who have outrivalled us, the grand secret of freemasonry by which their superiority has been attained. Why not set the Foreign Office in motion? A protocol or two from Lord Palmerston would, at least, be answered by assurances of the most perfect amity. Thus encouraged, might we not hope that the German monarchs would by and bye impart to a friendly power the mode by which their capitals have been adorned? But even in case our diplomacy should fail in that inauspicious quarter, we might, surely, find out the Parisian or Calmuck recipe for architectural *chefs-d'œuvre*, by assigning one more special commission of discovery to Dr. Bowring. This would appear to us a more direct method of obtaining the information necessary for our future guidance than any of the new commissions—or committees—proposed in lieu of that whose award has been so fiercely impugned. For though the professors of art and their employers are aware, like Polonius, 'that this effect defective comes by cause,' they are by no means agreed either as to the cause or the remedy.

Our practice hitherto, as briefly stated by Sir Edward Cust, had assuredly

assuredly been bad enough. The system had been to select an architect, and devolve (at least apparently) on him whatever responsibility might be supposed to attach to the department by which the selection was made—whether he were appointed by the Treasury, the Board of Works, or the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. These official judges were supposed unexceptionable; and what real or alleged ultimate failure could discredit the principle of a selection that had rested either on seniority or prior celebrity? But had the celebrity, when it existed, been in all cases the fruit of prior excellence? and were not the claims of real probity and successful genius superseded by interest in more influential quarters, by successful favouritism, or popularity obtained by adopting capricious suggestions, or framing estimates unfortunately never destined to be realised? Parliament, when called on for the deficit, grumbled, but paid the money; ministers apologized, extenuated the amount necessary to complete the projected buildings, and the architect still promised wonders. Economy at last prevailed in the House of Commons; new plans and new estimates were prepared to curtail further expenses by sacrificing whatever ornaments belonged to the original design, and, at all events, furnishing to the fortunate professor an admirable excuse against future criticism. In such a nursery for jobs we can hardly wonder that they abounded. The Demon of Fashion, so often mistaken for Taste, let loose the favourite architect of the hour to improve our castles and cathedrals; similar innovation was perpetrated on the law-courts and other buildings round Westminster Hall; marine pavilions and royal cottages arose under her auspices; and though a better taste has demolished the dull pranks of Mr. Wyatt at Windsor Castle, and fire consumed the unregretted monstrosities of Palace Yard, yet far too much will still remain of the consequences of irresponsible appointments and uncontrolled presumption.

The new Buckingham House, with the expense incurred both in the original design and in its alteration and completion, if indeed it be yet completed, formed so repeatedly the theme of parliamentary eloquence, that a change of system was felt to be inevitable. The experiment of commissioning five unprofessional gentlemen to decide on the merits of such plans as might be produced by a general competition for rebuilding the houses of parliament—this novel suggestion was hazarded—and adopted. No sooner, however, is their award made known than, ‘thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa,’ paragraphs and pamphlets are showered around them, arraigning the judgment, and questioning the competence of the tribunal.

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Many of the disappointed *Eighty* have thought fit to appeal to an enlightened public; and, however differing on every other point, these all agree that professional study and technical knowledge of the art which they profess, are indispensable requisites for judging of their labours, and could never have been expected from an amateur commission. The argument may seem plausible, but is in fact unfounded. If architecture aspires beyond the mere exercise of a trade, to rank with those finer arts whose predominant merit is the influence they possess over the feelings and imagination of man, its highest pretensions must, like those of its sister arts, be subject to general laws, and its best prize of admiration awarded by an unprofessional tribunal. It may be answered that it is no wonder *we* should regard with some distaste a doctrine which, generally applied, would give the *quietus* to our own criticism on the poetry of our time;—and we admit this point. Unquestionably, if none but poets can hope to appreciate with justice anything that is called a poem, *we* must forego a great deal of agreeable speculation,—but future bards will have to encounter in their own *genus irritabile* a much severer tribunal than ours has ever been. We beg to shelter ourselves—and palliate at least the appointment of the Commissioners—by the well-known answer of Johnson, when pressed by Boswell with a similar argument: ‘Why, yes, Sir,’ said the Doctor, ‘a man may complain of a bad chair or table who never made either in his life. It is not his trade to make tables.’

The defect which we should most readily have anticipated in a synod of poetical critics, is precisely that which more or less pervades the architectural controversy before us—and it seems even to have influenced the Commission in the restrictions which they imposed on the competitors; we mean that exclusive predilection, the inevitable offspring of self-love, which narrows the range of art, and limits genius itself to some one style. In poetry, as once in painting, the professors are, we believe, still divided into schools, each of which grossly undervalues, or even denies altogether, the claim of the highest excellence, if not exhibited in its own favourite form. The great masters whom respectively they pretend to adore, knew no such rivalry;—Milton did not depreciate the ‘wood-note wild’ of Shakspeare, or Pope the ‘fiery pace’ of Dryden; but the imitators are implacable, on the same principle that the party leaders of a market-town hate each other cordially, while the prime-minister and his leading competitor entertain—(or at least in former days entertained)—for each other the ‘most perfect respect and consideration.’ We need no stronger proof of the narrow feeling which now animates our pro-

fessors of architecture than that Mr. Hakewill (p. 15) can see nothing in Westminster Hall, the Abbey, or Henry the Seventh's Chapel, but a collection of '*noxious weeds*,' the produce of misplaced ingenuity, distortion, and grimace, which prevent the expansion of his Grecian Flora; while that preterpluperfect Goth, Mr. S. Pugin (p. 7), regrets the mistake of Sir Christopher Wren in the construction of St. Paul's, and on grounds which would still more severely criminate Bramante and Michael Angelo for the still more hideous enormity of St. Peter's.

In the sister arts that minister to the imagination, the profane vulgar, among whom we are candid enough to reckon ourselves, have long learned to discard this cant of criticism. A dull poem is consigned to oblivion, though produced under the very closest imitation of the Epic or Pindaric forms; and pictures and statues, admired for their *style* by academicians, have equally failed in arresting the favourable attention of the public. Each sink alike under the fatal anathema, long since pronounced by one of our vulgar brothers against '*le genre ennuyeux*.' The repetition of this identical mistake in architecture—unless surmounted, as it always has been in the sister arts, by real genius—is precisely what we should anticipate from the tone of the present controversy, and the narrow limits within which the writers confine their admiration. In their preferences, notwithstanding the once alluring names of Saxon, Norman, or English architecture, our nationality is not concerned; for, like the more recently-imported fashions, not one of these is indigenous—except perhaps the style of those square brick-boxes and lids of Welsh slate, with green or brown doors, white windows, and fan-lights, conspicuous in the squares and streets of our metropolis, and in our large commercial emporia;—and, alas! no patriot upholds that truly English school.

On these grounds we lament, with Mr. Hamilton, the restrictions imposed by the Government on the artists who might compete, as *to the style* in which their plans for the houses of parliament should be prepared; and we do so after listening attentively to all that has been said about the propriety of harmonising the new edifice with the three contiguous ancient buildings,—no two of the said three being alike. For the Commissioners such a restriction was needless; since, however free the Government might have left the candidates, the ultimate power of selection would have remained entire to them. But to the progress of art, and the general diffusion of its principles, the extension of such a competition might have been most favourable, both in its immediate result and its ulterior effects. The ultra-Hellenist

Hellenist might have tried—and ascertained—the extent to which the exquisite proportions of his favourite style could be made available for complicated edifices on the largest scale. The emulation of others might have led them to avoid this difficulty, by selecting from the more tractable magnificence of the Roman art, forms of domes and vaulted halls, less pure, perhaps, but even more rich and gorgeous than those of Greece, or at all events more easily adapted to the scale and use for which the plan was wanted; or with a well-merited admiration of Michael Angelo and Palladio, in the spirit of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren, they might have sought, in a more modern form, for new and elegant combinations already adapted to public and civic architecture. The Goths would scarcely fail to have advanced their claim—and our old domestic buildings would have been ransacked and reproduced, under the vague designation of the Tudor style, which includes almost every incongruity we ever imported, except monastic and ecclesiastical Gothic, down to the age of Charles I. The number and variety of plans produced would have cultivated and enlarged the public taste on wider and more general principles than it has yet perhaps attained to; and even if, with such a range of choice before them, the Commissioners had ultimately been seduced to deviate from the orthodoxy of the adjoining works of older standing, it must have been allowed that no preliminary prejudice of any sort had been manifested; and the public would hardly have doubted that the decision rested on open, candid, and mature deliberation.

We agree, then, with Mr. Hamilton in his conclusion on this point, as cordially as we respect and admire the spirit, learning, and ingenuity with which he supports whatever opinion he adopts. We moreover admire as much, if not so exclusively as he does, the exquisite symmetry of art displayed in the golden age of Greece and her dependencies; but we cannot follow him in his depreciation of the Italian, and still less of the Gothic school, or join in lamenting as a corruption of architecture an invention that extended its utility and application so widely as the discovery of the arch and vaulted dome, so conspicuous in the works of Rome and her disciple kingdoms. Undoubtedly that invention rendered inevitable a deviation from forms which the taste of the Greeks had impressed with a perfection that pervaded almost every branch of art and literature cultivated in their favoured land; but, in such deviation, the principles of admiration and the impressions of beauty and sublimity on the human mind remained the same. It is to these 'general principles of excellence,' recommended by Mr. Hamilton himself, in his quotation from Mr.

Wilkins, that genius has ever been indebted for success, and the duller and more assiduous student in vain tries to discover them in the dissection of their details. We do not think, with Mr. Hamilton, that the misplaced vagaries of Strawberry Hill, or even the romances of Sir Walter Scott, would have revived the 'passion for the venerable Gothic,' if its principles had been so capricious, its associations so unnatural, or its inferiority so conspicuous, as the following quotation from his letter to Lord Elgin would induce his reader to suppose :—

'What is this peculiar charm in the Gothic style? what are its advantages? where its delightful associations? It is certainly far inferior in simple grandeur and massive proportions to its predecessor, the early Norman, which derived these qualities from the Greek; and it may well be presumed to have been in great part the offspring of the overgrown wealth of the Romish hierarchy. When those who were receiving unlimited incomes from the soil, and were possessors of a large portion of the most productive districts in the island, had no other means of employing their superfluous riches, they set themselves about raising enormous structures, avowedly to add to the splendour of religious worship, but frequently also to maintain and extend their influence, to display their power, and to give employment to a people of serfs. Hence alone can we account for the excessive profusion of ornament with which these structures, grand and imposing as they are, were frequently overloaded; tiers rising one above the other of statues contracted for by the yard or ton, clusters of thin tapering columns, with towering arches above them beguiling the sight, and substituted for the massive and simple forms of a preceding age. Though well calculated to astonish the ignorant, they gave to the mass of the people a false impression of religious awe, which was no otherwise connected with religion itself, than as it served to instil a respect and terror for those who presided in them, and who preserved by these means a paramount controul over the architects, and their subordinates the painters and sculptors. What other view of the subject can satisfactorily account for the gorgeous churches raised in the midst of the poorest populations of distant villages? or for the useless and vain accumulation of pinnacles, and turrets, and spires, ramified windows, ornamented niches and canopies, falsely delicate traceries, grotesque and irreverent shapes, and the profusion of unmeaning excrescences lavished indiscriminately over every part of such buildings, offering as they did extravagant contrasts of gloominess and decoration, and not unmingled with the strangest combinations of Christian and Profane Idolatry? To such an extent was the system carried, that it often happened that bulls were issued from Rome which served to inflame the pious ardour of kings, nobles, and people, by holding forth absolution for penances for sin, as a reward to those who came forward with their contributions. That this is a correct conclusion is sufficiently evident from the doubts which have always existed as to the origin of the Gothic style of architecture; if it had been otherwise—if the towering and aspiring character-

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istics of the Gothic were essentially elements of a pure religious feeling, how could it have been attributed by some writers to the over-arching groves or wicker temples of our pagan ancestors in the north, by others to the Saracens of Spain, or to the mosques and palaces of Fez, by some to the buildings of Isphahan, and again to the splendid and monstrous monuments scattered over the peninsula of India? Where, then, in the present better times, can be the value of associations leading us back to those which, with a few splendid exceptions, were in various degrees and forms chiefly remarkable for the worship of stocks and stones.'—*Hamilton*, pp. 14-16.

Mr. Hamilton is undoubtedly supported in these opinions by many professional authorities, who, with Lord Orford, imitated the details of Gothic art, and neglected the principles on which its charm depended; as well as by those who discovering, with better taste, the incongruity with which such ornaments had been recently applied, too indiscriminately condemned the original models as well as their unsuccessful imitations. But against the verdict pronounced by such professors we are content to oppose one unprofessional opinion, of an author not ignorant or negligent of Grecian or Italian art, science, philosophy, or literature, but yet one who could love—

——' the high embowed roof  
And antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim *religious* light.'

Should Mr. Hamilton still think that the connexion of this gloomy mode of building with religious feeling arises from a false and fantastic prejudice, he will, we humbly hope, forgive us if upon that question, as well as the effect produced by Gothic architecture on minds of genius and sensibility, we prefer the testimony of John Milton to that of the ablest architectural professor that has flourished since the Tower of Babel.

We cannot allow its inferiority—the inferiority of Cologne, Strasburg, Amiens, and our own Gothic structures—to the Norman, or rather Lombard buildings which they superseded; or discern, in the subsequent architecture of 'the Elizabethan age,' superior taste, or an equal knowledge of mechanical science and recognised principles. We believe, on the contrary, as Mr. Hope and other recent inquirers have suggested, that the Gothic style grew out of the difficulties which in *Germany* opposed the complete development of the older and more massive manner of Lombardy, and which the increasing science of the free companies of architects alone enabled them to surmount. They deviated at once from every technical principle of Grecian or Italian growth, by adopting in the interlacing of their groined roofs a pointed arch, supported by rows of lofty corresponding pillars,

pillars, and counterpoised by the concealed arches of the aisles, or by the perforated buttress and its pinnacles; but surely they displayed superior science in mechanical arrangement, when they ventured to trust a vast incumbent weight to counterpoises so admirably adjusted. Nor was their taste inferior to their skill, or less guided by principle. They gained, and they appreciated the effect of, uncircumscribed *height*, the dimension of all others most impressive on the human mind and imagination—from which every language has adopted the term *sublimity*, or some cognate metaphor. To enhance that effect, they gradually, but systematically, discarded all the ornamental horizontal mouldings and entablatures, essential to the Grecian colonnade, but calculated to break their loftier elevation into measured parts, and to check the eye and fancy in their upward flight. By the small and delicate foliage which in proportioned masses garlanded their clustered pillars, or enriched their corbelled ceilings, they created a seeming distance, which contributed by its illusion to a still greater apparent altitude. We know that rich ecclesiastic corporations encouraged and directed the construction and decorations of these sumptuous edifices; and that men were found among them deeply and practically scientific in estimating the nice mathematical problems on which the execution and durability of such buildings must depend. Under their superintendence the ‘high embowed roof,’ the rich tracery, and storied windows arose in lavish profusion, commensurate only with the riches of their chapters, or the piety and credulity of their wealthy catechumens; but were these the men likely to adopt a barbarous and incoherent style of building, no otherwise connected with religion, or rather with religious feeling, than by inspiring terror or respect for those who presided over them? Such assuredly were not the spiritual politicians of the Romish church in the day of her ascendancy. No men, in any age, had more profoundly studied the natural feelings of mankind, or the associations through which such feelings could be most energetically excited or governed. They knew that great and unlimited elevation, and lavish ornament, seen dimly in artificial gloom, or tinged with coloured light, are not only calculated to impress the ignorant with reverence, but to rouse in minds most cultivated by literature and exalted by genius the same high imaginings which Gray experienced in the analogous scenery of the Carthusian forests—‘*Præsentior et conspicuus Deum*’ They knew assuredly, as well as their torch-bearing predecessors in the mystic temple of Eleusis, the natural and universal feeling which connects the indefinite with infinity.

In whatever age or country such effects have been produced by architecture, the patrons who encouraged and the artists who de-

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vised and carried such conceptions into execution, displayed more, —far more,—mechanical skill, and no less intellectual refinement, than had been exhibited in the construction of the most finished Grecian temple. The arbitrary principles of art were necessarily reversed when worshippers no longer remained in the ornamented portico and peristyle of the heathen structure, but under the Christian ritual were received into the interior halls of the basilica, newly decorated for a less sensual worship. The *classical* principles of symmetry and proportion were necessarily superseded where indefinite altitude had been selected as the object of attainment. But in truth the best patrons and admirers of Grecian art itself had never been insensible to the influence of similar associations. The torches that shed their mysterious light on the fuliginous statues of their deities, and the towering rocks over which some of their noblest temples domineer, unrivalled by more lofty contiguous buildings, alike attest the principles which actuated the Gothic architects in the universal impression produced by height and obscurity. Reversing the charm of symmetry itself by which mankind had been enchanted, these innovators sought and found, for feelings as strong and universal, a countervailing beauty in well-selected contrasts. Their rich and minute tracery of tombs and shrines, contiguous to the plainer and more massive piers and arches, was not the mere wantonness of barbaric ornament; they knew that the column would seem more majestic, and the tracery still finer and more delicate, from this collocation.

Externally they not only rejected the horizontal entablature of the Grecian colonnade, but reversed its form, and diminished, instead of increasing, the projection of every moulding as it ascended to the summit. To churches thus constructed the tapering tower or heaven-directed spire were natural and appropriate adjuncts; and so long as it continues to be thought indispensable that a steeple or lofty belfry should be annexed to such, we hope that the style will not be abandoned with which alone they are really compatible. In churches of the Grecian or Italian model the steeple is never an essential part, but usually an ugly and anomalous excrescence, whether stuck on to the principal façade, or bestriding with unwelcome weight the pediment of a portico. To these, if orthodoxy would allow us, we should infinitely prefer the detached towers or *campanili*, which in Italy are occasionally erected, as leaving the principal building unencumbered. Such towers, however, are frequently ugly in themselves; as the forms, though adopted in the later time of declining art at Rome, are incompatible with the principles of a purer and more classic age. The full effect of height can never be produced by a succession of little edifices, each retaining its own definite proportion, and each

each rising in successive stories on the top of its predecessor; but the immeasurable Gothic spire, or the bold and simple swell of the Italian dome, seem to carry the cross or ball which they support into

‘Regions pure of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
That men call earth.’

The dome, however, requires for its elevation a width of span totally inapplicable to the construction of a belfry.

The enlightened architects who carried Gothic forms to their perfection, and invested the scene of Christian worship with such associations, did not apply the same resources, or seek for the same sympathies, in devising the great public halls, or the domestic dwellings for purposes less sacred. Even in conventual or collegiate buildings the painted window, the arched roof, the buttress and the pinnacle, were chiefly appropriated to the chapel and chapter-house, or sparingly employed in the refectory. We believe that no better or earlier authority than Lord Orford or Mr. Wyatt can be adduced for diffusing such decorations over an extensive structure not immediately consecrated to religion. We hope they will long retain their place in our churches, for which they were invented; but we doubt, as much as Mr. Hamilton, whether they can be applied successfully to less majestic purposes. It would be almost as easy to adapt a chorus of Handel’s to a quadrille at a boarding-school.

What has been called the castellated Gothic, and the early domestic architecture adopted at Hurstmonceaux—and in conventual buildings long before the Tudors—as well as the varieties which were subsequently introduced, are not referrible to such fixed principles, and have little value as a style of architecture, though often interesting from historical recollections, and highly picturesque when surrounded by coeval and time-hallowed oaks, in the old park or forest that belonged to them. The engineer, not the architect, constructed the true feudal castle; and military skill, not taste, presided even over its decoration. It was long the residence and indication of power and opulence; and on that account its characteristic form continued to be retained, though perforated with larger windows, and enriched with clumsy and capricious ornament, after the necessity for defence had ceased. The quaint devices of the convent, and afterwards a profusion of incongruous Italian decoration of the later ages, were successively adopted and admired in the dwellings of an unrefined but affluent nobility, upon whom the efficient patronage of art devolved when the progress of reformation had impoverished the church, and the married clergy could perpetuate their name and memory in a

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manner more agreeable to their feelings than by bequeathing huge edifices to the posterity of their neighbours. The almost simultaneous suppression of that scientific corporation of freemasons, to whom Europe had been originally indebted for the design and execution of such elaborate structures, contributed still more immediately and summarily to their dereliction. The revival of a classic Roman style in Italy, (where art had been less progressive,) though easier of construction, and demanding less science in its imitation, superseded gradually, though in a fantastic taste, the bolder and more impressive inventions of the north—which were then decried as barbarous and Gothic, for precisely the same reason that induced every wine-merchant in Europe to discover how much new Hock was preferable to old, when Blucher and his army in their Rhenish campaign had exhausted the reservoir at Heidelberg, and swallowed the contents of the twelve renowned apostles.

No higher principles than those of military defence, convenient habitation, or individual display and temporary fashion, had been adopted for our civic halls and domestic dwellings; and none such appear to have been applied to them in the sumptuous patchwork of the Tudor times, till Inigo Jones and his contemporaries introduced from Italy a systematic architecture, not inconsistent with the regal magnificence of the palace, or the simpler elegance of a private mansion. Individual taste and professional genius, well worthy of its reward, have indeed been displayed in modern imitations of the older fashion; but the beauty they possess belongs rather to the painter than the architect, and those who would create it should take counsel from Gaspar, Claude, or Rubens, rather than from Palladio or Vitruvius. The general character and composition of the landscape is at least as essential to success as the dwelling which it accompanies; but, in the streets and squares of a town, we cannot fancy that a style of mere transition from ancient to modern manners should be entitled to any sort of preference, unless when the particular locality appears consecrated to historical recollections of a corresponding date.

We revert always with pleasure to those unmatched productions of the Greeks, which Mr. Hamilton so eloquently recommends to the attention of the student. They well deserve that attention; but here also the difficulty of comprehending and copying the details of their design is infinitely less, than that of applying its principles to modern exigencies. We have no dearth of artists who are familiar with its alphabet, but, with a few exceptions, their attempts to revive its language have been miserably unsuccessful. How different indeed was the mode of study, and the encouragement, by which the Greeks themselves attained the standard

dard of perfection to which they carried the arts of design! In architecture as in sculpture, in the form of a temple as in that of the Deity to whom it was consecrated, a beautiful type once selected was respected, and improved for ages by successive emulation, but never wantonly or capriciously abandoned, from mere thirst for change, or the pride of originality. The simple proportions of the wooden building in which their ancestry had worshipped, remained in their marble temples under every subsequent modification, whether enriched with Doric, Ionian, or Corinthian ornament, whether bounded by a simple portico, or a basement enriched with a surrounding peristyle of a hundred columns. Appropriate decorations and proportions soon were attained in each of the prevailing orders; but, admitting within certain limits the variations required by the local situation of each separate structure, the main principle was adhered to. Perhaps there are not two of the edifices we allude to which exactly correspond with each other, and yet the diversity never seems to have been capriciously invented. Columns and friezes, blocked out within prescribed dimensions, were completely finished from scaffoldings, after the temple was built, and the precise degree of diminution in the flutings, capitals, and entablature, were probably determined by the eye of the architect, under circumstances which then enabled him more exactly to appreciate the effect. With him—as with the painter and the poet—‘*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas* ;’ and yet all of them were restrained from unmeaning and random innovation. It was, indeed, only by these governing principles, which are alike essential to every one of the liberal arts, that they controlled the flight of genius; and it has been by neglecting these, for the narrower rules of technical dogmatism, that our failure has been rendered so conspicuous. The very axioms which Horace collects for poetry are equally applicable, and have been equally violated, in this kindred art. In her productions too ‘*desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne* ;’—in them too, with vain ambition and in discordant succession, ‘*latè qui splendeat unus et alter assuitur pannus*,’ in many a form of motley plagiarism.

The increasing opulence of our cities and great commercial towns has converted our narrow and ill-built lanes and crowded alleys into broad and spacious streets, and large open areas, well adapted for the display of all the talent which our architects could bring to embellish them. Our *coup d'essai* in Regent-street produced at least a noble street; and, though its component parts are often paltry, sometimes preposterous, it is not a dull one. Each separate façade of its stuccoed sham palaces and temples might be easily criticised or corrected; but, faulty as the component

parts

parts of its variety may be, we cannot prefer the chaste uniformity of our suburban edifices, or the newer parts of Edinburgh, Bath, and our growing watering places, where long rows of shops and houses, as dissimilar as possible in their appropriation,—the peer's and the pastry-cook's, the reading-rooms and riding-schools,—are tortured into strict uniformity, exactly of the same height, with the same thin 'slices of pilasters,' the same little flourishes of ornament, each perhaps with its own small portico, and a larger in the centre of the *division*, as tiresome as a regiment of almshouses or the sprawling Leviathan of an overgrown hospital. Again, when a spacious area is destined for a single large and public edifice, an agglomeration of minute parts is too often substituted as an equivalent for one grand and harmonious structure. No beauty is more conspicuous in the best and purest monuments of the Grecian age than the skill with which each subordinate member of their architecture is combined in the formation of one simple and majestic whole;—and yet how very seldom have we applied this leading principle with success, even in the construction of edifices where every part has been evidently studied and selected from the works of Greece and of her colonies. We, in truth, possess few memorials of that classic period except temples, choragic monuments, and propylæa; and most of these are on a scale comparatively small, and incommensurate with the spaces as well as with the purposes to which we apply them, in the construction of our complicated dwellings or our public offices.

In short, while many of our artists and amateurs would direct an almost exclusive attention to this justly valued style, we feel less apprehension of its being neglected than of its continuing to be egregiously misapplied. We cannot, in fact, copy it in its most beautiful arrangements. External colonnades, the luxury of a warm climate, exclude the sunshine, of which we can so rarely have too much, from ours; temples make but indifferent churches, and worse houses. Windows and chimneys have no prototypes in the buildings of Athens, Sicily, or Ionia. Nor are the '*disjecta membra*' of the Parthenon or Erectheum equally effective when strewed, or scattered piecemeal, over our perforated façades, with semicolumns or pilasters between rows of bald and innumerable windows. Little Dorian columns, supporting an arched basement, or surmounted by two or three rows of plain stuccoed stories, derive no benefit from being modelled on those of the Paestan temples. The beautiful little monument of Lysicrates, faithfully copied, has been in like manner perched on the top of four or five of our new churches; but though we have 'multiplied the number' we have not 'increased the joy' with which its singular elegance

elegance has ever been contemplated in its native station. The church of St. Pancras, indeed, is a successful adaptation of a very peculiar temple to the purposes of a modern place of worship, and, but for the incongruous and patched-up steeple, would retain much of the effect of its original.

The magnificent porticos, which so appropriately terminated the gabel ends of the oblong temples of antiquity with a highly decorated entrance, are easily copied, and easily transferred to the great central entrances of our modern structures, where light is less necessary, or can be obtained in some other direction; but in these transfers the effect is marred, unless they retain the characteristic termination of a real roof, and the projection of an integral and essential part of the building. In this form the Romans adopted it from their Grecian masters, while, in the progress of our improvements, we have lately chosen, in more than one instance, to exhibit it as an elaborate excrescence supporting its own thin and detached pediment unconnected with the roof, and apparently prepared for the first high wind that will deign to blow it from its station. Whoever has occasion to visit the Regent's Park will appreciate the merits of this ingenious innovation. When most perfectly executed—with an unobjectionable central portico—the difficulty remains of continuing along the extended front a richness and boldness of projection and of general ornament in unison with such a decoration, and above all, in proportion to it. Without this care, instead of being an accessory ornament to the edifice, it becomes a substantial incumbrance, and the rest of the structure seems an ugly, however necessary, appendage to it. We remember on such occasions a criticism once made to a friend of ours, who, on his return from a tour in Greece, was with his servant contemplating a modern building of this class. Our friend asked the man what he thought of it. The reply was, 'Why, Sir, it looks for all the world as if they had stuck on a row of barracks to one of *them there temples*.'

That the porticos themselves have been admired we need no other evidence than the universal fashion, we had almost called it mania, for their application. In our suburban streets we have seen salmon and mackarel lying in stately funeral under Doric pillars, and tripe surmounted with metopes, triglyphs, and guttæ of the most classical proportions. In some of our fashionable club-houses, after every interior accommodation has been provided for the members, a portico is superadded, apparently commensurate, not so much with the building itself, as with the unexpended residue of the subscription, and adorned, like the family picture of Dr. Primrose, with as many columns as the artist could afford for the money. While the undecorated windows are left, like Tilbu-

rina's

rina's maid, in primitive simplicity, a portico, the indispensable necessary of architectural life, is patched on to every visible wall of our rising *pseudo-palaces*.

The Athenian style is, indeed, the *source and fountain* of all good architecture, as Mr. Hamilton has most judiciously remarked; and at the source its waters have been pure and brilliant; but, alas! they are derived from the stream precisely at the point most distant from that channel into which we labour to divert them for our own wants. Its very perfection, in the symmetrical dependence of every separate ornament and proportion to the general design, unfits it for mutilation. The characteristic beauty of its colonnades, with their frequent pillars, and small intercolumniations—especially in the noblest and most majestic of its orders, the genuine Doric, supporting, and appearing fit to support, their own massive roof and projecting entablature—disappears at once when tortured into a different arrangement. Too important for mere decoration, it cannot, we think, be gracefully employed, except where it is, or at least seems to be, an essential and integral part, supporting the structure in which it is introduced, and crowned by its own rich and peculiar embellishments. When deprived of these, overshadowed by loftier buildings, or crushed into insignificance by the ranges of an upper story, nothing can atone for the meagreness and monotony of its effect.

Alive to the principles, though unfettered by the technicalities of art, the masters of Rome altered rather than corrupted the forms of architecture in their bridges, baths, and arched domes, the obvious models of reviving Italy; which Michael Angelo, Palladio, and others, were destined to apply with such admirable effect to the civil and domestic purposes of modern life. Naturalized in England by the genius of Jones and Wren, developed by their followers,—and refined by none more than by Lord Burlington,—it deserves, we think, to be well examined before we discard it, either for the fantastic incongruities of the Tudors, or the superior purity of a Grecian style which prevailed when arches and domes were not invented, and temples, not dwellings, were in question. No style has been so completely adapted to the abodes of modern opulence and luxury,—none invented in which the effect of richness and graceful grandeur can be better displayed in a large or public building, and elegance and propriety in a small one. Devised for habitation, there is no difficulty in its application, or appearance of imposture in its design. Its houses look like dwellings, its halls are civic, and its palaces are royal.

In their compositions also, no less than in the simpler edifices of the classic school, the artist may learn the pervading though neglected

neglected principle on which complicated proportions are so truly observed, that complete unity of design marks the limit of the whole, in the subordination of every part to the general effect. Bold projections and rich reliefs remove all meagreness and monotony. In many things, it is true, a purer and better selection of details may still be made; and to perfect these, would be an undertaking worthy of whatever genius a disciple of Phidias himself might be expected to display; but the artist who attempts it should be eminently cautious not to sacrifice, even for such an object, the powerful and rich effect of the original design. While the works of Jones and Wren remain in England we need not refer even to Italy for examples, equally to be found there in the palaces of their cities, their suburban villas, or the minor elegancies of the Casino, which amply justify our predilection.

In these, each building has, or may be made to have, its own distinctive and peculiar character; and that alone would be a great improvement. It might be attained, moreover, without adopting an innovation suggested in the pamphlet of the ingenious Mr. Purser, on which we are somewhat inclined to hesitate. Because the metopes and friezes of the ancient temples sometimes indicated by skulls of bulls and rams, festoons, wreaths of flowers, pateræ, &c., the sacrificial rites performed within, he would in like manner display the interior proceedings of every tenement possessing an architectural entablature—and he selects an hospital as an example of the propriety of his plan.\* Assuredly, a frieze well provided with amputations, gallipots, and implements of surgery, or decorated with a funeral procession from Finsbury to 'The Western Cemetery,' would be more 'germane to the matter,' than the Eleusinian rites from the Parthenon, or the wars of Theseus with the Amazons or Centaurs. With such a contrivance we should supersede altogether the already shorn and dwindled generation of sign-posts—and the *architecture* of our beer-shops might proclaim more intelligibly than even by a head of Shakspeare or the Duke of Sussex, the beverage to be expected within, and a licence 'to be drunk on the premises.' Our readers' imagination will readily supply the new devices in which sculptors might indulge in their progress through our various professions. It is, however, but fair to apprise them, that in painting the experiment has been tried. There still remain in most of the ancient towns in Scotland, frescoes on the walls of houses indicative of the employment

\* See the tract entitled 'Prospects of the Nation in the National Gallery.' Mr. Purser objects to the frieze designed for St. George's Hospital, because the wreaths have no possible reference to the '*purpose of the hospital*,'—and in architecture every building ought intelligibly to speak its purpose.' Would he have substituted a series of Wardrops polishing eyes, or Listons carving out new noses—or what?

of the occupier. Showers of little white globules shaped like tadpoles, but representing tears, are seen to fall over a coffin down the darkened façade of the undertaker; feet are induced with shoes or boots, on the cobbler's; beer is decanting itself in graceful curves over the doorway of Boniface—and a tempting portraiture of haggises and sheep's-heads denotes the butcher. But in spite of the propriety that dictated this decorative style, we cannot recommend it in an age of literature, when the Phonetic system of the alphabet is daily superseding the more venerable hieroglyphics.

We have desired to express the principles on which our own general opinions have been formed, rather than to take part in those controversies on the National Gallery, and the composition of the Commission that have awarded the prize to Mr. Barry, which occupy most of the pamphlets named at the head of our paper. Without either advocating or impugning that award in other respects, we can comprehend their preference, and account for his success, from the general unity of conception and design which pervades his drawing. This may be a beauty too dearly purchased; but we point it out as one that in other instances has been most conspicuously neglected; and we prefer the incorrectness even of Vanbrugh himself, when combined with it, as at Blenheim and Castle Howard, to the purest and most faultless assemblage of little Greek façades, substituted for a single large one, merely because they equally cover the allotted space of ground. As for the National Gallery, the voice of artists, amateurs, and the public at large speaks, we believe, but one opinion—we, at least, have never heard a single word uttered in favour of the building, either *per se*, or considered with reference to the magnificent position which it has been allowed to occupy.

We should be sorry to volunteer even our anonymous services as commissioners for constructing the houses of parliament, and more especially to pass judgment on their interior arrangement in the plan of Mr. Barry, which Mr. Wilkins has so keenly denounced; for, though we think an unprofessional tribunal quite as competent to admire the beauty of an elevation as a synod of architects, we should consult the latter in devising accommodation, ever since an amateur friend of ours designed for himself one of the prettiest houses imaginable, and proceeded with the utmost satisfaction till a stonemason reminded him that he had *forgotten the staircase*.

Our voice, however, is 'not for war,' and we think that opinions and criticisms, directed by the soundest knowledge, lose much of their weight from the needless asperity with which they have too often been expressed in the course of this controversy. In the variety of architectural styles proposed and professed, we may at  
least

least escape from monotony; but so long as the impatience of the public calls for hasty execution, and alternate extravagance and parsimony preside over the funds supplied for great buildings, it is impossible to expect perfection, which, as Burke beautifully observed of a constitution now so felicitously amended, and to be amended—

‘ Is not the hasty product of a day,  
But the well-ripen’d fruit of wise delay.’

We had written thus far—and intended here to close our paper—when Mr. Hamilton’s Second Letter to Lord Elgin reached us. We find in it the opinions of the first, re-enforced with the same vigour and elegance of thought and language—but nothing to tempt us into taking a more active part in the debate. We cannot, however, omit this opportunity of giving a wider circulation to some general reflections which ought, in our judgment, to arrest most seriously the attention of those with whom the ultimate decision as to the new Houses of Parliament still depends.

‘ Utilitarianism is the order of the day; *In pretio pretium*. What is it to fetch in the market? Everything is to be gauged by and sacrificed to the result: and what result? The fine arts are to be encouraged, that the vulgar, the mechanical arts may prosper, and bring wealth: this is the canon by which everything elevated, everything noble, all beauty, all that is excellent is to be measured. True it is that navigation has been improved by astronomy, watchmaking by the profound investigation of the laws of mechanics; Bramah’s pump is the consequence and triumph of hydrostatical experiments; we search with less loss of time and labour for coal and other minerals since we have become geologists—and the country is groaning under railroads with the progress of metallurgy, a greater command of the powers of credit, and a deeper insight, as we are assured, into the principles of political economy. But Kepler and Galileo and Newton spent their laborious days, and their nightly oil, without thinking of these results; they were inspired with the pure love of science—with an ardent curiosity to learn, to know, and to instruct—and feeling that knowledge was power, they left the arts to find their own way; Davy was amongst the first of chemists, before he thought of inventing a safety lamp, or of applying his philosophy to agriculture. So must we do now—spread a knowledge of what is good in art amongst your statesmen and legislators and the wealthy portion of the community, and the rest will instantly follow; and the more certainly, the less it is avowedly aimed at.

‘ Our mode of instruction in the literature of the ancients is a case in point; though within a few years there are in some establishments striking exceptions to the truth of the position, and there is a dawn of still greater improvements. But in general, attention is exclusively bestowed, and at too early an age, on the difficulties of grammar, the niceties of criticism, and the laws of prosody; and much time is misspent in fruitless endeavours to teach the art or rather knack of composition in languages,

languages, which are no longer of any application for that purpose; and therefore not only useless, but mischievous in its effect, from giving to the pupil the notion, that he is toiling for that which he will never be called upon to put to account, and which if he were to attempt, he should be laughed at for his pedantry. In the meantime years roll on, and the youth has lost all feeling for the real beauties of the books he reads, because they are only put into his hands to teach him a knowledge of words, of long and short syllables, of accents, and the varieties of dialects. Though it cannot be denied that some history, some geography, some mythology are at the same time taught, these studies are too often treated as subservient to a knowledge purely of the language; and the one is so mixed up with the other, "the drilled dull lessons" form such a confusion in the young mind, that he becomes sick of the most beautiful works of man, before he has got half through them; and the natural consequence is, that he throws them away the moment he becomes his own master. We are too early accustomed to a familiarity with these beauties to feel a proper relish for them, and when we might relish them, they pall upon the appetite. Even Homer, the great legislator of the Greek mind, is neglected because too early taught. To learn the dead languages is certainly the first element of a gentleman's education, but how much better, how much easier would they be learnt, if they were taught, as we are taught living languages, and as the great learned of past days were taught—from simple books, from dialogues, from vocabularies, by interrogatories, prælections, in familiar conversation, by which in a few short years, during which the accompaniments of this elementary education might also be attended to, and well imprinted upon the memory, such as history, &c.—the ordinary difficulties of a strange language would be conquered, a large command of words and inflections would be obtained, and the youth would gradually encounter the higher works, with ardent curiosity to become acquainted with their beauties—and with a sufficient stock of information to enable him to understand, and fully to appreciate them. As it is, how often does it happen, that whilst engaged in reading the sublime choruses of Æschylus, or the splendid periods of Demosthenes, or the nervous harangues and narratives of Thucydides, he is at once brought to a stop, because he does not know who was the father of Agamemnon, by what different principles Pericles and Cleon led the people of Athens, or the duties and liabilities of a Trierarch.

'We learn from Vasari, in his life of Sansovino, that "the construction of the library of St. Mark at Venice, which had already in his time cost 150,000 ducats, was the signal for the nobles of that republic to improve their own private palaces; previous to this great work, their houses and palaces were all of one character; the same ornaments, the same proportions, and old fashioned, without consulting the peculiarities of the site, or the purposes required; but after this time the public and private houses were constructed upon new plans, and an improved arrangement; nor was money spared—the Palazzo Cornaro alone cost 70,000 ducats." Ought we not therefore also to bear in mind, that the building which is now under consideration, and which is to be the most

important in its destination, and the largest in size, of any which this island can boast, is to supply the means of transacting the legislative business of this vast empire, and will be daily and hourly frequented by the *élite* of our countrymen, in every class of society? Whatever it may ultimately become, it will be regarded as a part and parcel of the intellect of the age, as the model *par excellence*, the example in character, art and decoration, of what is to come after. We ought to be aware too, that there is a certain dependence of genius itself upon the public taste, and consequently, that if we give a wrong direction to this taste, the former will be equally led astray, and we may be unwittingly guilty of checking in their first budding the brightest and most aspiring gifts of nature. Let us then be more than usually careful of what this exemplar is to be. We are not only building for our own purposes, and for those of posterity, but we are professedly, by the very fact of opening a competition, proclaiming to the present and future ages, that our most accomplished and best-informed gentlemen have prescribed and judged what they thought to be the best, and that it was the best which our artists could execute.'—*Hamilton's Second Letter*, pp. 46-50.

Mr. Hamilton's hints on classical education derive great importance from the fact that he is himself one of the ripest scholars of his time; and as to his architectural advice, whether prejudiced in favour of Greek, of Tudor, or of Gothic art, assuredly no British legislator, whose vote is about to be called for on this question, ought to approach it without giving his most serious consideration to the views and feelings expressed in the last of these admirable paragraphs.

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ART. IV.—*The Dispatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington*. Compiled from official and authentic documents by Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to his Grace, as Knight of the Bath. Vols. II. and III. London, 1835.

OUR strict duty, we know, would have been to have attended to these volumes as they came out; had they appeared at greater intervals, perhaps we might have adopted this course; and it may seem strange that we should now take up Volumes II. and III. when IV. V. VI. and VII. are also lying before us. This may appear still more strange, when it is considered that these latter detachments relate to the war in Portugal and Spain, in which our readers take the deepest, indeed almost a personal concern; whereas the two which stand at the head of this article, are confined to India, in which country, in spite of anything that has been written and said, it is scarcely possible to scourge up either ourselves or our readers to feel any vivid or enduring interest.

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It is, however, precisely because the topic itself is *not* generally interesting that we have selected these two volumes for discussion; or rather, with a view to drawing on them for the gratification of our readers; for, in truth, nothing is further from our thoughts than discussing the Indian subjects to which they refer. It is because we know too well the utter impossibility of rendering such matters popular, and the disgust with which ninety-nine in every hundred readers turn from a book (or an article) disfigured by such barbarous names of places and persons as fill these volumes, that we venture to assure our friends who may be disposed to skip them, in order to get the sooner to the Portuguese and Spanish ones, that by so doing they will lose a prodigious mass of curious, lively, and certainly most instructive matter, not merely relating to military affairs, but to an infinite variety of other subjects, in which every person of reflection must take an interest.

We have already (No. CII.) called the attention of our readers to some of the most characteristic features of the Duke of Wellington's military character—but we had not space at that time to give specimens of his varied talent in writing, and the power he displays of grappling successfully with every subject, great or small—whether it be far from him, or near at hand—intricate or simple—familiar to his habits, or totally new to him. He describes a battle with the same confidence he fights it; always goes straight to his point, says not a word too much or too little, and when the fight is done, sets about treating with his subdued enemy, in the same direct spirit of fair and manly dealing. On no occasion do we see him assume anything which is not quite reasonable—the least trace of a wish to profit unhandsomely by his advantages; on the contrary, we see him staying his powerful hand, and ordering his army to halt, lest by advancing too rapidly he might utterly destroy his enemy's government, which it was *not* the policy of the East India Company to bring about; and yet how difficult to stop at the very moment of conquest, or all but conquest. 'The fort of Gawilghur,' he writes, 'is to be restored, but not till the countries ceded are taken possession of. It was impossible to avoid giving it up without ruining Ragojee altogether.'—(vol. iii. p. 397.) He even seems to derive personal satisfaction from making such conciliatory sacrifices to his subdued enemy. In a letter to Colonel Close he says, 'I have the pleasure to inform you that I have settled the question with the Rajah of Berar, and have given him the fort of Gawilghur.'—(vol. ii. p. 69.) Next, we see him engaged in disentangling the intricate mysteries of oriental intrigues and

Marhatta trickery, compared to which our most complicated European diplomacy is plain sailing. But in his hands all is rendered simple—the secret motives of the wily and experienced natives are penetrated, and their designs counteracted; after which the honest truth and the advantages of fair dealing are urged upon them in such a manner, that it becomes as irresistible in regulating the treaty of peace, as his artillery had been in bringing the war to a conclusion.

Sir John Malcolm, writing on this point, says,—

‘The march of a British force through this distracted country has had the happy effect of reconciling its contending chiefs, and of giving confidence to its oppressed inhabitants; and the union of all ranks in a sentiment of respect for the English name has occasioned an abundance of supplies of every description. The discipline and conduct of the English troops have, no doubt, contributed much to this favourable general impression. But the confidence and respect of every class in the provinces to the south of the Kistna is in a very great degree personal to the Honourable Major-General Wellesley. To the admiration which the Marhatta chiefs entertain of that officer’s military character, and the firm reliance which the inhabitants place on his *justice*, the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended the progress of this force must be principally attributed.’—vol. i. p. 127.

It is clear to us, and we think it will be so to every attentive reader of these dispatches and letters in India, that the mind of the Duke of Wellington, even at that early period of his career, was in its full vigour, though, probably, the *extent* of his capacity was not fully known even to himself. It may be, in one sense, true, that during these Indian campaigns,—according to the expression of one of his own great brother officers in after-times,—‘he was only just ripening into a soldier;’ but he must nevertheless have been, in point of fact, and from the first day he set foot on the shores of Hindustan, immeasurably superior to the ablest warriors and statesmen amongst the natives. So much so, that without feeling less admiration for him, (quite the contrary,) we cannot help experiencing a sort of pity for those quondam formidable chiefs, who had heretofore given absolute law to that part of Asia. When we see the Scindiahs, and Ragojees, and Holkars presuming to draw their swords,—and still more their pens against him,—we smile involuntarily; just as we do when the hero of an Arabian romance is involved in apparently inextricable difficulties, being sure that he will get out of every scrape, and that the wicked giants must be overthrown. All this it is easy enough for us now to look back upon, and to say it must have been so; but it is unspeakably interesting to have thus laid before us, in its whole

whole details, the worked-out problem of the ascendancy of virtue and genius over lawless and unprincipled force.

It is particularly pleasing to remark the manner in which, when a war was over, he invariably acted, as if there never had been a quarrel between him and the persons he was treating with. 'When war is concluded,' says he, 'I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten.' (vol. ii. p. 155.) But we need scarcely say that he was seldom if ever met half way in this principle by his enemies; and still less did he find it easy to convince his native allies of the expediency of acting upon these wise and generous maxims, so foreign to Indian habits of warfare. In a dispatch to Colonel Close, the officer stationed with the most troublesome of all his allies, the Peshwah, he says,—

'I have received another letter and message from Baba Phurkiah; he throws himself upon the mercy of the company, and asks only for a place in which his life will be in safety.

'The war will be eternal if nobody is ever to be forgiven, and I certainly think that the British government cannot intend to make the British troops the instruments of the Peshwah's revenge. You must decide what is to be done with this person. I have ordered him to quit the Nizam's territories, and not to come near this army. The answer of the Vakeel is natural—it is, where is a man to go who is not to be allowed to remain in the territories of the company, or of the company's allies? When the empire of the company is so great, little dirty passions must not be suffered to guide its measures.'—vol. ii. p. 69.

This same Peshwah, who by the way owed everything to the Company and to General Wellesley's exertions, appears to have been but an ungrateful and treacherous fellow: indeed, though in strict alliance with the British government, he gave them fully more trouble by his intrigues with his and their enemies, and by his own tergiversation, than their avowed antagonists did by open hostilities. In order to give an idea of the character and conduct of this sorry wretch, with whom, however, it was his duty to act, we beg to refer to the dispatch at page 115 of vol. ii., in which nine facts are given by the Duke of Wellington, of which he and others had a perfect knowledge. The whole letter furnishes a curious picture of an Indian sovereign, and the lengths to which treachery, meanness, and rascality of every kind, may be carried openly in that country. What light, too, is thrown on the Duke of Wellington's *temper* in negotiation, when we consider that his native allies as well as his avowed foes were, almost without exception, such persons as *he* could write of in the following terms:—

'I acknowledge that I have always been induced to view his highness the Peshwah's conduct as the effect of weakness and folly; and I believed him to be sincere in his alliance with the company; but while I encouraged

encouraged this belief, I shut my eyes against the facts of which I had a knowledge, and which I have above detailed; and against his highness's notorious treachery, which was the theme of all the public dispatches, previous to his signing the treaty of Bassein; and I considered nothing but what I wished to be true, and what I knew to be the Peshwah's interests.'—vol. ii. p. 117.

What follows is not less characteristic of the Duke, who, as the dullest or most prejudiced reader must see, is at all times willing and ready to sacrifice his own interests and objects for the public service. In writing to the Governor-General's private secretary, he says:—

'From many circumstances I am induced to believe that the Peshwah is very jealous of me, and of the influence which he imagines the British government maintains through my means; notwithstanding all that I have done for him, his declared sense of it, and the confidence he has expressed. If this be the case, we shall never be able to prevail upon him to do anything which can be beneficial, either to his own government or to the common cause; and if to maintain our influence in the Marhatta empire be an object, the sooner I withdraw from the scene, and the sooner his jealousy is allayed, the better. In fact, this influence can be maintained only by conferring benefits on the persons who are the objects of it; and it is now fed and upheld by hope—but as soon as people shall find that my recommendation is the road to disgrace instead of favour, they will not follow our fortunes much further. I therefore think, that as soon as I shall have settled everything that I have to do, I should withdraw.

'I certainly have a bad opinion of the Peshwah; he has no public feeling, and his private disposition is terrible. I have no positive proof that he has been treacherous, but I have strong suspicion of it; and I know that since he signed the treaty of Bassein, he has done no one thing that has been desired—either with a view to forward his own interest, or the views of the alliance, or the common safety during the war.

'It may be asked, will you leave a fellow of that kind in possession of the government? I answer, I have no remedy; I cannot take it for the British government, without a *breach of faith*.'—vol. ii. p. 86.

Talking of the national faith, it may be important, before entering upon minor matters, to select one or two passages out of any number which might be given, by which it will be seen that, under all circumstances, the paramount importance of preserving his own and the national honour was the uppermost thought in the Duke of Wellington's mind, not only as an inherent sentiment of his own nature, but as forming the soundest principle of all policy. After the peace which followed the great battles of Assye and Argaum was concluded, with Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, it was not unnatural, considering the well-known character of the Marhattas for double dealing, that many disputes should arise as

to the spirit of various articles in the treaties ; and, of course, the general who negotiated those treaties was often involved in troublesome discussions with the native powers, who wished to get more than they had a right to. Nothing, indeed, can be more interesting to persons who are curious in such matters, than to watch the manner in which this great statesman disentangles the purposely ravelled skein of every one of these questions raised by the natives, and not only lays bare the whole truth, but insists upon that truth being acted upon.

On the other hand, it would sometimes most unfortunately happen that, on our side, unfair or at least seemingly unreasonable pretensions were advanced, not of course by the general himself, but by his superiors, including even the Governor-General ; and the difficulty in this case was ten times greater than when the error lay with the natives. For, however wrong he might think the Governor-General, he could not doubt the honesty of the spirit in which the claim was set up ; and it became necessary, therefore (as the government at Calcutta possessed the power of doing as they pleased), really to convince them that they were in error ; a delicate and often a difficult task, rendered no doubt doubly delicate from the nearness of the relationship and the deep mutual respect and admiration subsisting between these two great men.

A question of this kind arose respecting the fort of Gwalior, which we had got possession of, but which Scindiah claimed under the 9th article of the treaty with him. It is needless to go into the details of this question,—it is sufficient for our present purpose to mention, that General Wellesley considered that Scindiah had a strong claim to the fort, according to the spirit and intent, if not according to the letter of the article—while, on the other hand, his brother, the Governor-General, who was extremely desirous of retaining so powerful a fortress, took a different view of the matter. General Wellesley's anxiety, and even distress, upon this occasion, are strongly depicted in his letters :—

‘ My dear Malcolm,’ says he, ‘ we shall have another war, and the worst of it will be, that these questions will not bear enquiry. I declare I am dispirited and disgusted with this transaction beyond measure ; however, I can say no more on it. The orders are called final ; but my public letters, written in February, show my opinion of it.’—vol. iii. p. 502.

And again at page 514, vol. iii., he adds :—

‘ I am disgusted beyond measure with the whole concern ; and I would give a large sum if I had nothing to do with the treaties of peace, and if I could get rid of all anxiety on the subject. All parties were delighted with the peace, but the demon of ambition appears now to have

have pervaded all, and each endeavours, by forcing constructions, to gain as much as he can.'

Throughout the whole series of these despatches and letters, there never drops one word of anxiety or impatience from this great soldier and statesman—whatever be the amount of dangers or of difficulties by which he is opposed—excepting only when there is some risk of his being made, however indirectly, the instrument of a breach of faith. *Then* all his patience, fortitude, and forbearance give way, and, like the giant in the fairy tale at the touch of the magician's wand, his strength is reduced to that of a pigmy:—

'If Gwalior belonged to Scindiah, it must be given up, and I acknowledge that whether it did or not, I should be inclined to give it him. I declare,' he adds with a degree of warmth which he very rarely gives way to, 'that when I view the treaty of peace, and its consequences, I am afraid it will be imagined that the moderation of the British government in India has a strong resemblance to the ambition of other governments.'—vol. iii. p. 440.

'I would sacrifice Gwalior, or every frontier in India ten times over, in order to preserve our credit for scrupulous good faith, and the advantages and honour we gained by the late war and the peace; and we must not fritter them away in arguments, drawn from over-strained principles of the laws of nations, which are not understood in this country. What brought me through so many difficulties in the war, and the negotiations for peace? The British good faith, and nothing else.'—vol. iii. p. 488.

We shall advert only to one other instance in which he dwells upon this point, which, after all, is the key-stone of our Indian power. It appears that a native chief was to be given up to us on our paying a certain sum as his ransom; but, owing to some clerical omission of a form, the chief was got hold of by our people without the money being paid to the parties who brought him. Of this transaction he writes thus:—

'The plan of getting possession of Futty Sing's person, before paying his ransom, may be called what they please; but as the "patans" must have brought Futty Sing to Baroda with a small escort, with the hope of receiving the ransom, and in the certainty that they would not be attacked, it is, in fact, a breach of faith, than which nothing can be more unfortunate and injurious to us. Besides, the consequence of it will most probably be, that Hurky Khan, and a parcel of blackguards who are hanging upon the ghauts, and waiting only for Holkar's signal to begin their operations, will enter the Attavesy upon the excellent pretence of punishing this act of perfidy of the English, and of collecting the ransom which had been promised to them. Thus they will find us unprepared; and whatever may be the result of our negotiations with Holkar, we shall be engaged with some of his chiefs.

'I do not impute any blame to you,' he adds in his letter to the mili-  
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tary officer of the district; 'you acted with propriety in complying with the resident's requisition, but *I tremble for the result.*'—vol. i. p. 378.

In the sacred writings there occur few passages more impressive than the simple announcement that 'Felix trembled.' But from how different a cause were *his* nerves shaken! The consciousness of detected guilt shook the frame of the profligate Roman, while the mere possibility of his country being, for one moment, suspected of acting otherwise than with the purest integrity, unmanned the firmest warrior of the age!

Most of our readers are already aware, from the perusal of the Duke of Wellington's 'General Orders,' how anxiously he always studied to preserve the peace amongst his officers, that he, and they, and the army at large, might successfully act together against the enemies of their country.\* Amongst these letters many touches of the same kind occur. Above all things, he appears to have deprecated the appeal to courts-martial in cases of personal disputes.

'I have long observed,' he remarks, 'that the subjects which have come under the consideration of general courts-martial in this country are in general referable to private quarrels and differences, with which the public have no concern whatever. The character of the officers of the army is undoubtedly a public concern; but in many instances it would be much more proper, and more creditable for both parties, to settle these differences by mutual concession, than to take up the time of the public by making them the subject of investigation before a general court-martial.'—vol. i. p. 375.

Again, he observes—

'These courts-martial are distressing indeed at present. We must endeavour to stop these trifling disputes, and turn the attention of the officers to public matters, rather than to their private concerns.

'It occurs to me that there is much party in the army in your quarter; this must be put an end to. And there is only one mode of effecting this, and that is for the commanding officer' (N.B. it is the commanding officer he is writing to) 'to be of no side excepting that of the public, and to employ indiscriminately those who can best serve the public, be they who they may, or in whatever service. The consequence will be, that the service will go on; all parties will join in forwarding it, and in respecting him; there will be an end of their petty disputes about trifles, and the commanding officer will be at the head of an army instead of a party.'—vol. i. p. 378.

In the same spirit he urgently inculcates upon his officers the duty of patient obedience and submission to the government they

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\* The Duke's Orders, we need hardly remind our readers, were published separately, by Colonel Gurwood, several years ago, in a single volume, which is, or ought to be, in every officer's possession, naval as well as military, for it constitutes an invaluable manual of the general science of discipline.

are serving under, even in cases where the officer may be in the right. And truly admirable is the promptitude with which he sets an example of the docile spirit of genuine subordination—not doggedly, but cheerfully, complying to the utmost of his power with all the wishes of his superiors.

Addressing an officer who had written a testy letter, he says firmly, but courteously and kindly,

‘I have read with the utmost concern, the copy of a letter which you wrote to General Nichols on the 12th November. This paper was hastily drawn and dispatched, to say no more of it; and I strongly recommend you to desire to withdraw it. It contains some strong censures upon Mr. Duncan personally, and upon his government; and a hope is expressed in it which I am convinced you never could entertain, that the day was not far distant when the government, and of course the British interests, would be involved in difficulties.

‘An officer in the service of a government, let his rank be what it may, has no right to, and cannot with propriety, address such sentiments to that government, even supposing they were merited, and had been excited in his mind by a long course of injurious treatment by that government.’—vol. ii. p. 541.

On another occasion it would seem that an officer had ventured to remonstrate on being ordered to take command of a detachment, in consequence of the nature of the force not being exactly what he took upon him to think the fittest. The calm but decided manner in which the Duke reproves this insubordinate spirit, is quite a model in its way, of what a gentlemanlike reprimand ought to be:—

‘In regard to the detachment to be left here, I intend that it shall be composed of those troops; and that it shall have such equipments as will enable it to perform the service which I expect will be required from it: and in forming this detachment, as well as the division which will march from hence under my command, I have exercised a discretion for which I am aware that I am responsible to my superiors. But I do not see any necessity for altering these arrangements; and I should certainly deem it very improper to alter them, only that I might have an opportunity of gratifying the private feelings of the officer whom I should leave in command here, by giving him a better description of troops than I think will be required for the service. In regard to your future prospect of commanding the corps to be stationed in the Peshwah’s territories, I must decline, at present, to give any answer upon that subject.

‘In general, I imagine that it is not intended by the Commander-in-Chief, that an officer shall keep his leave of absence in his pocket, in order to avail himself of it at any moment that he may think proper, however inconvenient to the service. But I am aware that there is no use in detaining an officer in an employment to which he has a dislike, and therefore you will avail yourself of your leave when you may think proper; only I request you to give me timely notice of your intention. In case  
you

you should have anything further to say to me upon this subject, I request you to do me the favour to call upon me at any hour that may be convenient to you. I have the honour to be, &c.'—vol. iii. p. 138.

Nothing is more interesting than to observe the very different manner in which the Duke himself takes the unmerited censure of his superiors. It seems he had made a report to the Bombay government of some circumstances relating to the camp followers, the truth of which that government did not choose to take upon his authority, but sent him a letter on the subject received from an officer under his own orders. In his answer to the 'Secretary of Government, Bombay,' he adverts to the circumstance in the following paragraph, which, while it is as calm as possible, includes all the reproof which, according to his views, it was respectful in him to offer:—

'I have to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch of the 26th October, which contained a copy of a letter from Colonel Woodington upon the subject of camp followers. Upon this subject I have only to observe, that I might have hoped that a fact which I reported might have been considered as true, without the necessity of referring to Colonel Woodington for an opinion regarding its probability.'—vol. i. p. 494.

Speaking of a petty native chief, who had failed to comply with an article of the treaty of peace, and otherwise behaved in a manner deserving of punishment at the hands of his own immediate superiors, but which they appeared unwilling to inflict at his suggestion—he writes as follows:—

'As far as I am personally concerned, it is a matter of indifference to me whether this man is punished or not; but if it is to be a principle of British policy to introduce among the native powers, the allies and dependents of the British government, the principles of good faith and political moderation; and if it is intended effectually to check the depredations of the Marhatta powers, not connected with the British government, of all freebooters, it is necessary to begin by preventing the nominal servants of our allies from infringing the treaties of peace, and from committing hostilities, and carrying on petty warfare under the shadow of the British power, in direct disobedience of orders. This object can only be effected by punishment where it is deserved.'—vol. ii. p. 218.

And there he leaves the question in the hands of those whom it more immediately concerns; for it may be remarked in every part of these volumes, as a most striking characteristic of the author, that he never says a word too much or too little—never exhausts his topic on the one hand, nor leaves his meaning obscure on the other—and, above all, never worries his people with unnecessary minuteness of instructions. In short, he takes it for granted that the persons he is addressing have some sense, and do not require to be told *everything*, nor to have that which has once made

made clear told over and over again. The genuine simplicity and precision of his style are due, essentially, to the simplicity of his own mind, and the singleness of purpose with which it is obvious from every line of his writing that he was influenced. It is the strong sense of duty and disinterestedness which pervades these dispatches,—in short, their incidental interest as laying bare the writer's mind, in which, as we conceive, lies the chief recommendation of the Indian part of this collection. The incidents to which these volumes relate are almost forgotten, even by the few persons in this country to whom they were ever well known. But the maxims contained in them can never be forgotten, for they belong to no particular country or time; and they may be rendered available for the conduct of affairs, not only by military men, and by statesmen, but even by persons in more private walks of life. His views, indeed, of everything relating to the intercourse between man and man are so well based, so sound, and so applicable to real business, that in reading these dispatches we perpetually forget that they were written for any particular purpose, and are forced, as it were, to reflect, generalize, and apply their wisdom as well as we may, to our own circumstances.

Every person, who has been engaged in any way in public life, is aware of the great importance of reserve, or even secrecy, in the conduct of official business; and those who have not themselves been so occupied, can readily believe that almost every description of affairs is better carried on where the knowledge of its details, while it is in progress, is confined to those whom it directly and immediately concerns. We do not remember, however, to have seen the 'rationale' of this established maxim of official life so distinctly reasoned out as it is in the following letter. It was addressed to Colonel Wallace, an excellent officer in the field, but as yet not much accustomed to the management of official business.

'I believe that in my public dispatches I have alluded to every point to which I should wish to draw your attention, excepting one, which I will mention to you; that is, the secrecy of your proceedings.

'There is nothing more certain than that of one hundred affairs, ninety-nine might be posted up at the market-cross without injury to the public interests; but the misfortune is, that where the public business is the subject of general conversation, and is not kept secret as a matter of course, upon every occasion, it is very difficult to keep it secret upon that occasion in which it is necessary. There is an awkwardness in a secret which enables observing men (of which description there are always plenty in an army) invariably to find it out: and it may be depended upon, that whenever the public business ought to be kept secret, it always suffers when it is exposed to public view.

'For this reason secrecy is always best, and those who have been  
long

long trusted with the conduct of public affairs are in the habit of never making public any business, of any description, that it is not necessary that the public should know. The consequence is, that secrecy becomes natural to them, and as much a habit as it is to others to talk of public matters, and they have it in their power to keep things secret or not, as they may think proper.

‘I mention this subject to you, because, in fact, I have been the means of throwing the public affairs into your hands, and I am anxious that you should conduct them as you ought. This is a matter which would never occur to you, but it is essentially necessary.

‘Remember that what I recommend to you is far removed from mystery; in fact, I recommend silence upon the public business upon all occasions, in order to avoid the necessity of mystery upon any.’—vol. iii. p. 563.

Colonel Gurwood takes occasion, but much too seldom, to introduce short notes of his own, in order to elucidate circumstances which the text of the letters does not explain. We greatly wish that he would be less diffident on this score, since he must have ample means, in consequence of his communications with his illustrious chief, independently of his own extensive professional knowledge, to furnish us with many valuable anecdotes and traits of character relating to the persons to whom the dispatches are addressed. How much, for example, is the interest of this friendly and important letter of the Duke’s enhanced by the following truly military story, which Colonel Gurwood has introduced about Col. Wallace :—

‘A characteristic trait of this officer is recollected by those who served with the army in the Deccan. At the siege of Gawilghur, he had been charged with the execution of certain details necessary to the capture of that place. A heavy gun had been directed to be conveyed by night to an important point, and its transportation over the most rugged mountain so long baffled all endeavours, that the artillery officer, in despair, reported the accomplishment of it to be impossible. “Impossible, Sir!” exclaimed Colonel Wallace, who had all his life maintained the most rigid adherence to obedience; “impossible! let us see.” He then called for a light, pulled the instructions from his pocket, and having read them, said, “Oh no, not impossible; the order is positive.” The result evinced the efficacy of the order, and also afforded another proof that implicit obedience, when accompanied by devoted zeal, will in general overcome every difficulty.’—vol. iii. p. 563.—*Note.*

There has occurred a curious circumstance respecting this publication, which we ought to have mentioned sooner, as it materially affects not only the reader’s interest in the work generally, but his comfort and convenience in its perusal. It appears from the preface to the third volume, that after the first was published, and the greater part of the second printed, a further collection of papers

papers was placed in the hands of Colonel Gurwood. All of these, had he received them sooner, would of course have been woven into the first two volumes; and, in order to read the whole book with advantage, it is necessary to mark off the new documents on the *dated index* at the beginning of Vol. III., and peruse each after the letter of immediately preceding date in Vol. I. or II. This inconvenience, however, will no doubt disappear in the new edition which we see advertised.

Colonel Gurwood, however, is mistaken when he says, in allusion to these additional documents, that 'the repetition may not interest the general reader;' at least we have found, in almost every one of these fresh letters, some new and pleasing light thrown upon the subjects treated of in the old ones. Indeed we cannot conceive anything more interesting than the different manner, or rather different shades of manner—for the same sincerity pervades them all—in which the Duke addresses the many different persons to whom it is his duty, or his pleasure, or for the advantage of the service in some way, to detail the transactions in which he is engaged. We are thus furnished with a very considerable variety of new views of each transaction, and at length come to see it with a degree of distinctness which it would be impossible to derive from any letter addressed to a single individual. According to the relative station of the person he writes to—the degree of intimacy between them—the extent of his correspondent's experience and abilities—the obligation he is under to be particular in his report—or that he is at liberty to generalize, he, of course, writes with more or less confidence, or minuteness, or familiarity. We, however, enjoy the benefit of all these phases of the writer's mind; and the advantage and pleasure of thus getting so completely behind the scenes is very great. To the Governor-General he writes officially and formally; to the Governor-General's private secretary he writes demi-officially, and relates a 'great many things, and enters into innumerable discussions, which we presume were not intended, at all events in the first instance, for the council board, and still less for their present fortunate publicity. Occasionally he writes, about the very same matters, quite privately to the Governor-General, as his brother,—'Dear Mornington,'—or to the Hon. Henry Wellesley (now Lord Cowley),—'My dear Henry.' And on the same day that he sends off these letters, he probably writes an official one to Colonel Close, beginning 'Sir,' accompanied by another intended for his confidence, beginning, 'My dear Colonel.' He adopts the same course with his second in command, Colonel Stevenson, in the field with him, or near him, and with his own commanding officer, General Stuart,

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at the distant presidency of Madras. For it is very curious to learn, that during the whole of the mighty wars which he carried on in India, and during the still more difficult operations in which he was engaged in negotiating the treaties of peace and in arranging the countries afterwards, he was not strictly the Commander-in-Chief of his own army, but all the time nominally under a senior officer stationed at Madras.

It was of course provided for by the Governor-General that the efficient leader should not be interfered with by the mere official Commander-in-Chief; but the interesting and highly-instructive point for military men to observe is, that although General Wellesley was really and truly charged with the exclusive conduct of the war, and with the multifarious diplomatic arrangements connected therewith, he never for a moment presumes upon this lofty authority vested in him by the sagacious Governor-General, but throughout the whole campaign goes on corresponding with and reporting to General Stuart, with the most unaffected respect, according to the strictest forms of military etiquette. General Stuart, on his side, appears to have behaved with singular discretion and good taste. An inferior mind might have been jealous of the prodigious success of an officer his inferior in rank; but that no such feeling entered his breast is evident from the following expressions in one of the Duke's letters to him, and which shows, by a pleasing sort of reflected light, that General Stuart had very early made the discovery of that transcendent ability which the world at large were not aware of till many years afterwards:—

‘I had yesterday,’ says he, ‘the honour of receiving your letter of the 20th, and two letters of the 22nd, of March.

‘I must first take the liberty of expressing my acknowledgments for the handsome manner in which you have been pleased to notice my services in your dispatch to his Royal Highness the Duke of York and to His Majesty’s ministers.

‘In the course of the operations intrusted to me, I certainly had difficulties to encounter, which are inseparable from all military service in this country. But I enjoyed an advantage which but few have had in a similar situation; I served under the immediate orders of an officer who was fully aware of the nature of the operations to be performed, and who, after considering all that was to be done, gave me his full confidence and support in carrying into execution the measures which the exigency of the service might require. Under these circumstances, I was enabled to undertake everything with confidence; and if I failed, I was certain it would be considered with indulgence.

‘I declare,’ he adds, with the true warmth of a generous mind, ‘that I cannot reflect upon the events of the last year without feeling for you the strongest sentiments of gratitude, respect, and attachment; and to  
have

have received these marks of approbation has given me more real satisfaction than all I have received from other quarters.'—vol. iii., p. 506.

Surely Colonel Gurwood will agree with us in thinking that we ought to be told by him who the officer was, and what became of him, who drew forth such strong expressions of regard from the Duke of Wellington. We trust that he received some substantial reward from the Company, to increase the comforts of honourable repose on his laurels, enjoyed by our Indian heroes in that European Elysium of Asiatics—the streets north of Cavendish and Portman Squares—yclep'd 'Little Bengal.'

We must confess that, when these volumes were first announced, we did not venture to anticipate the connected and dramatic interest which they assume when read consecutively, and by virtue of which we are told the whole story, with almost as little break as if the Duke had actually undertaken to write Commentaries of his wars, in imitation of a high authority. The title of *commentaries*, indeed, might have suited the book better than this of *dispatches*; and though that word must have provoked a dangerous comparison in any other case, the companionship of Cæsar and Wellington would certainly not have appeared unsuitable. At the same time we have no manner of doubt that the Duke has done better to authorize the publication of the letters he actually wrote on the spur of the moment, when he was full of his subject, and possessed of an infinite mass of information which must long since have passed from his memory. Nor must we here forget our obligations to Colonel Gurwood, with whom the idea of giving this collection to the world originated; for it will be obvious to any one who considers the variety, and consequently, various sources, of its materials, that had the present time been allowed to pass, no compilation nearly so complete could ever have been made. In reading these dispatches, we are carried along with the general from day to day—we become his companions—we live in his tent—we are present at every interview with Scindiah's Vakeels—on a march, we listen while his scouts are making their reports—in his study, we look over his shoulder and see what he writes to his brothers, or to his equally confidential friends, Elphinstone, Malcolm, and Barry Close—or in the bustle of war, we hear him giving orders to his gallant second in command, Colonel Stevenson, for the battle next day. We are told all the details by which the army is fed, and clothed, and paid—we learn the difficulties of getting up huge supplies of rice, and the still greater difficulty of getting up those numberless lacs of rupees, without which, as he frequently says, 'the war cannot be carried on.' We are admitted into his private consultations with his officers as to the discipline of the army, and, what is still more interest-

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ing and important, we have laid before us the method of disciplining, so to call it, the native courts with which we were in alliance. Some of these were to be coaxed—some to be threatened—some to be deliberately bribed; and we venture to say, that in the whole course of recorded diplomacy, there cannot be found a series of documents so curious as some of those to which we have just alluded; we mean, particularly, the dispatches addressed to the political residents at the courts of Poonah and Hyderabad, and at the Durbars of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. In short, it is quite a mistake to suppose that the contents of this book are at all similar to those brilliant, but often unsatisfactory official documents, which we may remember to have seen printed in the ‘Gazette,’ from time to time, during the war, when it became necessary to communicate to *the public* some striking result: Here we have *daily* accounts transmitted to *government*, and to a number of its functionaries, military and civil, in order not only to keep them in full acquaintance with all that had passed, and was actually going on, but with what it was proposed to do, and why. Thus we are admitted completely behind the curtain, and are allowed to see the minutest workings of the machines of war and diplomacy, as well as their grander operations. Here we have the whole system displayed before us under a hundred different aspects, by one of the most competent witnesses that ever lived, an actor in the scenes, and one of whose perfect candour and integrity it is impossible for any man not to feel convinced before he has read a dozen of the letters.

We suppose there are few persons so pacifically disposed, as not to take an interest in knowing what directions the Duke of Wellington would give to an officer under him how to fight a battle with a regular army of the natives. Writing to Colonel Stevenson, he says—

‘There are three lines of operation to be adopted; to attack the enemy, to stand his attack, or to draw off towards me. Supposing you determine to have a brush with them, I recommend what follows to your consideration. Do not attack their positions, because they always take up such as are confoundedly strong and difficult of access; for which the banks of the numerous rivers and nullahs afford them every facility. Do not remain in your own position, however strong it may be, or however well you have intrenched it, but when you shall hear that they are on their march to attack you, secure your baggage, and move out of your camp. You will find them in the common disorder of march; they will not have time to form, which, being but half-disciplined troops, is necessary for them. At all events you will have the advantage of making the attack on ground which they will not have chosen for the battle. A part of their troops only will be engaged; and it is possible you will gain an easy victory. Indeed, according to this mode, you

might choose the field of battle some days before, and might meet them on that very ground.

‘There is another mode of avoiding an action, which is, to keep constantly in motion; but unless you come towards me that would not answer. For my part I am of opinion, that after the beating they received on the 23rd of September (the battle of Assye), they are not likely to stand for a second; and they will all retire with precipitation. But the natives of this country are rashness personified; and I acknowledge that I should not like to see again such a loss as I sustained on the 23rd September, even if attended by such a gain.’—vol. iii. p. 329.

So much for the contact of regular troops—what follows refers to one of those formidable bodies of freebooters which at that time overran and scourged the country, and which, indeed, during all times of Indian history, antecedent to the period when the British government set seriously about suppressing this monstrous oppression, formed the crying evil of oriental misrule.

‘The account you give of the state of Holkar’s army,’ says he, in a letter to Lord Lake, the commander-in-chief of the army in the north, ‘is very satisfactory. I have served a good deal in this part of India against this description of freebooter; and I think that the best mode of operating is to press him with one or two corps capable of moving with tolerable celerity, and of such strength as to render the result of an action by no means doubtful, if he should venture to risk one. There is but little hope, it is true, that he will risk an action, or that any one of these corps will come up with him. The effect to be produced by this mode of operation, is to oblige him to move constantly and with great celerity. When reduced to this necessity, he cannot venture to stop to plunder the country, and he does comparatively little mischief: at all events, the subsistence of his army becomes difficult and precarious, the horsemen become dissatisfied, they perceive that their situation is hopeless, and they desert in numbers daily. The freebooter ends by having with him only a few adherents; and he is reduced to such a state as to be liable to be taken by any small body of country horse, which are the fittest troops to be then employed against him.

‘In proportion as the body of our troops, to be employed against a freebooter of this description, have the power of moving with celerity, will such freebooter be distressed. Whenever the largest and most formidable bodies of them are hard pressed by our troops, the village people attack them upon their rear and flanks, cut off stragglers, and will not allow a man to enter their villages; because their villages being in some degree fortified, they know well that the freebooters dare not wait the time which would be necessary to reduce them. When this is the case, all their means of subsistence vanish, no resource remains excepting to separate; and even this resource is attended by risk, as the village people cut them off on their way to their homes.’—vol. iii. p. 536.

By far the greater number of these dispatches, as may well be supposed, relate either to successful operations, or to measures more or less calculated to secure success, in the event of almost every

every contingency likely to occur. It is not possible within our limits, even to refer to more than a few of the most important of these. But we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few sentences from a private communication to Colonel Wallace, in which a detailed account is given of the retreat of Colonel Monson, one of the most unfortunate affairs which ever occurred to tarnish the renown of the British arms in India.

The Duke was never a man to sit down and lament to no purpose over past disasters—and addressing a friend, who held a command where the troops might be called upon to act under similar circumstances, his words are as follows:—

‘The Commander-in-Chief has taken the field, and it is to be hoped that he will have an early opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which we have suffered. It is worth while to review the transactions, in order that we may see to what these misfortunes ought to be attributed, that in future, if possible, they may be avoided. In the first place, it appears that Colonel Monson’s corps was never so strong as to be able to engage Holkar’s army, if that chief should collect it; at least, the Colonel was of that opinion. Secondly, it appears that it had not any stock of provisions. Thirdly, that it depended for provisions upon certain rajahs, who urged its advance. Fourthly, that no measures whatever were taken by British officers to collect provisions either at Boondy or Kota, or even at Rampoorra, a fort belonging to us, in which we had a British garrison. Fifthly, that the detachment was advanced to such a distance, over so many impassable rivers and nullahs, without any boats collected, or posts upon those rivers; and, in fact, that the detachment owes its safety to the rajah of Kota, who supplied them with his boats.

‘The result of these facts is an opinion, in my mind, that the detachment must have been lost, even if Holkar had not attacked them with his infantry and artillery. In respect to the conduct of the operations, it is my opinion that Monson ought to have attacked Holkar in the first instance. If he chose to retire, he ought to have been the rear-guard with his infantry, and to have sent the irregular horse away with the baggage. When he began to retreat, he ought not to have stopped longer than a night at Muckundra; because he must have been certain that the same circumstances which obliged him to retire to Muckundra would also oblige him to quit that position. The difference between a good and a bad military position is nothing when the troops are starving. The same reasoning holds good respecting Monson’s halt at Rampoorra, unless he intended to fight: as he had been reinforced, he ought to have fallen back till he was certain of his supplies; and having waited till Holkar approached him, and particularly as Holkar’s army was not then in great strength in infantry and guns, he ought to have vigorously attacked him before he retired. When his piquets were attacked on the Banas, he ought to have supported them with his whole corps, leaving one battalion on the northern bank, to take care of his baggage: and if he had done so, he probably would have gained a victory, would have saved his baggage, and regained his honour.

'We have some important lessons from this campaign. First; we should never employ a corps on a service for which it is not fully equal. Secondly; against the Marhattas in particular, but against all enemies, we should take care to be sure of plenty of provisions. Thirdly; experience has shown us that British troops can never depend upon rajahs or any allies, for their supplies. Our own officers must purchase them; and if we should employ a native in such important service, we ought to see the supplies before we venture to expose our troops in the situation in which we may want them. Fourthly; when we have a fort which can support our operations, such as Rampoorah to the northward, or Ahmednugger or Chandore in your quarter, we should immediately adopt effectual measures to fill it with provisions and stores in case of need. Fifthly; when we cross a river likely to be full in the rains, we ought to have a post and boats upon it; as I have upon all the rivers south of Poonah, and as you have, I hope, upon the Beemah and the Godavery.

'In respect to the operations of a corps in the situation of Monson's, they must be decided and quick; and in all retreats, it must be recollected, that they are safe and easy, in proportion to the number of attacks made by the retreating corps. But attention to the foregoing observations will, I hope, prevent a British corps from retreating.'—vol. ii. p. 389.

How complete and how delicately given, is this lecture of consummate wisdom and prudence!

There is nothing in these volumes which excites our interest more, than the power which the writer exhibits of abstracting his mind from the crowd of objects by which he was surrounded, and applying his faculties to the particular point to which, for the time being, it was his most immediate duty to attend, and which must have seemed to those about him to be the only thing he cared for in the world. Whether it be to anticipate, and if possible, prevent, the evils of famine—(vol. iii. p. 330); or to devise means for alleviating the misery of the inhabitants when that dreadful scourge of India had fallen upon them—(vol. ii. p. 202); or to lay all the particulars of an important treaty of peace before the Governor-General—(vol. i. pp. 557-561); to discuss the most intricate questions of exchanges—(vol. iii. p. 321, and vol. ii. p. 210); to regulate the currency of his camp—(vol. ii. p. 450); or to enter minutely into extensive and complicated questions of finance (see a long and curious letter to Lord W. Bentinck on this subject, vol. ii. p. 254); or to chalk out the plan of a campaign—(vol. ii. p. 232); to describe the operations of a siege—(vol. i. pp. 551-554); or to descend to the details of the formation of a body of cavalry—(vol. iii. p. 357); or to report the particulars of a forced march of sixty miles in thirty-two hours, with a fight at the end of it—(vol. ii. pp. 97. 100); with a hundred other topics,—it is all one to him, for each and all of these services are described

described with a degree of familiarity and spirit, only equalled by the energy with which they were undertaken and executed.

It is pleasing to notice the gentleness of the expressions in which the strongest and most positive orders are couched. He scarcely ever uses the word 'order;' and the word 'command,' or even 'desire,' is not to be found anywhere. It is always 'I request you will do so and so:' 'You will be so good as to do so and so.' See, for instance, vol. iii. pp. 370, 379, 395. Neither does it matter whether he is writing to the Governor-General, at Calcutta,—or to the Commander-in-Chief, at Madras,—or to a native rajah,—or to one of his own officers commanding a detachment,—or, finally, to one of his own familiar friends and coadjutors;—the same uniform mildness in the expression, accompanied with clearness and force of diction, pervades the whole. Even when it is manifest that he is highly displeased with some blundering blockhead, whether high in office or in a subordinate station, he appears to take the utmost care to avoid wounding the feelings of any man; or, if it be necessary to find fault, it would seem to be his study to inflict the minimum of punishment necessary to accomplish the salutary purpose in view. Nothing seems to give him more pleasure than making up a quarrel. The following sentence shows how well he understands the springs of human nature. He is speaking of two natives who were at daggers drawn, and whom it was important to bring to good terms:—'In order to bring the parties to a decent state of reconciliation and friendship, it will be necessary to save the honour of both parties, and that there should be *no formal stipulation*.'—(vol. i. p. 547.) On another occasion, when two British officers, one in charge of the civil arrangements of a district, the other of the military, were not on cordial terms, he writes to one of them as follows:—'This arrangement will be convenient, as it will save you much time and trouble;—provided there is a perfect understanding between you and Colonel Walker, and a sincere desire on both sides to carry on the service, and no wish in either to raise his individual personal consequence above that of the other, all will go right, and the natives will not perceive that there is a divided authority.'—(vol. i. p. 548.)

The delicacy with which, in the above passage, he hints at the tendency amongst officers so situated to put their own consequence before the interests of the public service, is singularly adroit; but we could quote a hundred instances of similar good feeling and dexterity in his discipline.

In defending his officers unjustly attacked, or in supporting their just claims to advancement, or to remuneration for losses incurred

incurred in the course of the public service, he displays a degree of generous warmth which must have greatly attached both officers and men to him :—

‘ I am concerned,’ he says, in answering a letter from the Bombay government, ‘ to inform you, that Captain Mackay was killed in the action of the 23rd September (Assye). It was unfortunate that I was not at first apprized of the precise objections to Captain Mackay’s accounts, because I could, by return of post, have transmitted the declaration in honour required from him by the regulations of the Bombay government. All I can now say on the subject is, that as far as it is possible for one man to answer for another, I will answer for Captain Mackay, that the money laid out was honestly and fairly laid out for the public service, and that Captain Mackay derived no benefit from it whatever.’—vol. iii. p. 333.

The same amiable anxiety is well shown in the following paragraph, relating to an officer of high and estimable character, the late General Macauley :—

‘ I do not recollect,’ he writes, ‘ whether anything was done respecting Major Macauley. There is not a doubt but that the mode in which he brought forward his proposition regarding the tobacco was unguarded. But Major Macauley is an honest and deserving servant of the public; one who, I know, is attached personally to the Governor-General, and to the good principles of government in India; and it is evident he has felt the censure which he has received. The explanation he has given of his conduct is satisfactory, and there is nothing against him, except that he did not at first sufficiently explain the transaction which he brought under the view of the Governor-General. That being the case, he no longer deserves the censure of the government; and as it is certain that these censures never fail to damp the zeal and cool the attachment of the public servants of the government—and as the attachment of a man such as Macauley must always be of use, I most anxiously recommend that some measure may be adopted to soothe his feelings. In fact, if it be true that Macauley did not deserve the censure, and received it only because he made an erroneous or imperfect statement of a transaction in which he had been concerned, which I believe to be the case, to recall or cancel the censure is only a matter of justice.’—vol. ii. p. 473.

We may here take notice of a small circumstance, similar in taste and feeling to that above alluded to. It will be seen, in many places in these letters, that the names of the persons found fault with are left blank, and we have reason to believe that such omissions have been made in every case where, by possibility, any unnecessary pain might have been given to the parties concerned, or to their friends.

We have already mentioned that the Duke never takes offence, although we can often perceive that he must have been provoked

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voked by receiving no answers to the most urgent letters. In writing, for instance, to General Lake, he says,—‘I have never received any letter from you; but I concluded that you had been so much occupied as to have wanted leisure to answer the letters which I addressed to you, or that your letter had been intercepted. I am very sensible,’ he adds, ‘of the favours conferred upon me and the officers who have served under my command, in the promotion of Lieut.-Col. Wallace, and others, whom I had the honour of recommending to your notice.’—(vol. ii. p. 279.) Yet, in spite of all his gentleness, he seems to have been keenly alive to the unaccountable neglect of government in the case of his own advancement. In a letter to the Governor-General’s private secretary, dated 8th June, 1804, he expresses a wish to return to England, and says,—

‘My principal reason for wishing to go is, that I have served as long in India as any man ought who can serve anywhere else;’—[he had then been seven years and a half in that country]—‘and I think there appears a prospect of service in Europe, in which I should be more likely to get forward. Another is, that I have been good deal annoyed by rheumatism in my back, for which living in a tent during another monsoon is not a very good remedy; and a third is, that I do not think I have been very well treated by the King’s government. It is now about two years since I have been a major-general, and nearly as much since I was appointed to the staff at Fort St. George, by General Stuart. Since that time it has been perfectly well known that I had led a body of troops into the Marbatta territories; and supposing that I had no other pretensions to be placed on the staff, I might have expected a confirmation of General Stuart’s act, under those circumstances. The staff in India had been under consideration, and another officer had been appointed to it.’

He then gives various other strong reasons for wishing to go home; but, true to the principles of discipline and public spirit, which appear to reign paramount in his mind at all times, he winds up his letter thus:—

‘I need scarcely add, that if the Governor-General should think that I can be of the smallest use to his plans, I shall remain with pleasure.’—vol. ii. p. 294.

He appears to have been taken at his word, for we find him writing, six months afterwards, in the following terms. It appears, from the beginning of this letter, and from others which we do not quote, that after he had left the Deccan affairs did not prosper so well as they had done when he was there to guide them; and, besides that, Holkar, whose transient success against a detachment of the British army has already been mentioned, had caused serious alarm in the north. These, and other circumstances, induced the Governor-General to wish his brother to return to the Deccan, and off he set accordingly. But before  
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he reached his destination various incidents occurred to detain him on the road. An attack of fever at Seringapatam was the first cause of detention. Then he heard of the redoubtable Holkar being defeated; and lastly he learned that the troops in Guzerat were running, as he says, the Lord knows where, in obedience to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief.

The letter above alluded to is addressed to the Governor-General's private secretary, and bears date the 4th of January, 1805. After recapitulating the reasons which had induced him to set out on his return to the scene of his great Marhatta campaigns, the well-nigh exhausted general proceeds:—

‘Upon the whole, I conceive I am justified in not going into the Deccan, by the accomplishment of one object in view in sending me there—by a concurrence of circumstances which render another impracticable, useless, and dangerous—and by the sentiments of the Governor-General.’

He continues in the following words, which will be read, we are sure, with interest by every class of readers, as giving a picture of the Duke's mind at a moment when he could little have dreamed of his subsequent renown:—

‘I acknowledge, however, that I have determined not to go into the Deccan, not without a considerable degree of doubt and hesitation. I know that all classes of people look up to me, and it will be difficult for another officer to take my place. I also know that my presence there would be useful in the settlement of many points which remain unsettled, and which will probably require time and peace to bring to a conclusion. But these circumstances are not momentary; whenever I should depart, the same inconveniences would be found in an increased degree, and very possibly the same state of affairs which now renders my presence in the Deccan desirable, will exist for the next seven years. I certainly do not propose to spend my life in the Deccan, and I should not think it necessary, in any event, to stay there one moment longer than the Governor-General should stay in India. I conclude that he intends to go in February, as he proposed when I left Calcutta, in case Holkar should be defeated and the peace should be certain: and upon this point, having considered whether my presence in the Deccan, for one, two, or three months, would answer any purpose whatever, I am decidedly of opinion that it would not.

‘In regard to staying longer, the question is exactly whether the Court of Directors or the King's Ministers have any claim upon me strong enough to induce me to do anything so disagreeable to my feelings (leaving health out of the question) as to remain for a length of time in this country.

‘I have served the Company in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors; although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the governments, and in communication with all the political residents and

and many civil authorities; and there is not a single instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts, or a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill-temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities in communication with whom I acted.

‘The King’s Ministers have as little claim upon me as the Court of Directors. I am not very ambitious, and I acknowledge that I never have been very sanguine in my expectations that military services in India would be considered in the scale in which are considered similar services in other parts of the world. But I might have expected to have been placed on the staff in India; and yet, if it had not been for the lamented death of General Fraser, General Smith’s arrival would have made me supernumerary. This is perfectly well known to the army, and is the subject of a good deal of conversation.

‘If my services were absolutely necessary for the security of the British empire, or to ensure its peace, I should not hesitate a moment about staying, even for years; but these men, or the public, have no right to ask me to stay in India merely because my presence, in a particular quarter, may be attended by *convenience*.

‘But this is not the only point in which this question ought to be viewed. I have considered whether, in the situation of affairs in India at present, my arrival in England is not a desirable object. Is it not necessary to take some steps to explain the causes of the late increase of the military establishments, and to endeavour to explode some erroneous notions which have been entertained and are circulated upon this subject? Are there not now a variety of subjects in discussion relating to this country, upon which some verbal explanation is absolutely necessary? I conceive, therefore, that in determining not to go into the Deccan, and to sail by the first opportunity for England, I consult the public interests not less than I do my own private convenience and wishes.

‘I have now detailed the grounds upon which I have formed my plans, and determination to go home. However, I must inform you that I am not in a hurry to carry them into execution. I am prepared for everything, and in five days I can be at Madras; and on the other hand, if I should see any solid necessity for going into the Deccan, I shall not be remiss in my duty. But I can tell you that I shall not be drawn there by mere suspicions and unfounded surmises.

‘Believe me,’ &c.—vol. ii. pp. 519-521.

We see in this letter, and indeed in every other, that, however urgent the personal motives might be which urged him to follow any particular course, his sense of public duty formed the principle by which his conduct was eventually guided. Of this, the Duke’s high-spirited and able Editor, in one of those *notes* the rarity of which we have already lamented, furnishes an interesting example:—

‘On the return of the expedition from Hanover (in the beginning of 1806), he was appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry stationed

tioned at Hastings, in the Sussex district, to the discipline, manœuvre, and minute details of which he paid the most scrupulous attention.

‘There is no situation,’ adds the gallant Colonel, ‘and there are no circumstances, in which an officer of the army may be placed, that will not, in some manner or other, be stamped with the superior principles of a thorough soldier. An intimate friend having remarked in familiar terms to Sir Arthur Wellesley, when at Hastings, how he, having commanded armies of forty thousand men in the field; having received the thanks of the British parliament for his victories; and having been made Knight of the Bath, could submit to be reduced to the command of a brigade of infantry!

“For this plain reason,” was the answer; “I am *nimmuckwallah*, as we say in the East, that is, I have ate of the King’s salt, and therefore I conceive it to be my duty to serve, with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and where the King or his government may think proper to employ me.”

‘This maxim,’ observes Colonel Gurwood, ‘has the more force from there being officers in the army who, unfortunately for them, having declined subordinate employ from flattering themselves with superior pretensions, have repented their decision during their professional lives. And it is for this reason that the compiler has presumed to draw the attention of those who may hereafter be placed in similar circumstances, to this great military principle, as well as to the example of the Duke of Wellington.’—vol. ii. p. 616, *note*.

But we must hasten to bring our extracts to a conclusion. The following general view of the state of the British power in India in the beginning of 1804, after the great Marhatta war, and still greater peace which the Duke concluded, will, especially as coming from his hand, be read with equal pride and pleasure:—

‘The British government has been left, by the late war, in a most glorious situation. They are the sovereigns of a great part of India; the protectors of the principal powers; and the mediators, by treaty, of the disputes of all. The sovereignty they possess is greater, their power is settled upon more permanent foundations, than any before known in India. All it wants is the popularity, which, from the nature of its institutions, and the justice of the proceedings of the government, it is likely to obtain, and which it must obtain after a short period of tranquillity shall have given the people time and opportunity to feel the happiness and security they enjoy.’—vol. ii. p. 47.

We learn, just as we are finishing our paper, that a valuable discovery has recently been made in India, consisting of several volumes of letters in the Duke of Wellington’s handwriting, found in the records of the Mysore Residency. These documents embrace the period immediately subsequent to the Duke’s taking command of Seringapatam, up to his illness at Bombay in 1801; in short, the period of his Mysore Government. They are all addressed to the late Colonel Barry Close.

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We are assured that these papers afford new and striking proofs of the versatility and extent of his capacity, and are of great interest, as showing how early in life he had mastered all the difficulties that presented themselves to him ;—and it must be remembered by every attentive reader, that as to this government, there occurred a most disappointing chasm in Vol. I. We therefore hope to see the whole of the new treasure worked up into Colonel Gurwood's next edition ; and we heartily wish it might be found possible to give that edition in a cheaper form—and above all, with *copious* editorial notes *in usum vulgi*. The dispatches already published have excited in India an interest, we are told, far beyond that caused by anything which had heretofore appeared, and, in the opinion of the best authorities there, must do great good, by showing in what manner those countries may be successfully governed, and our power firmly consolidated, by the strictest adherence to the principles of good faith, fair dealing, and moderation in everything. But we must repeat, that the great charm and value of this collection in our eyes is, that it affords such a complete yet artless portraiture of the greatest of contemporary minds and characters—such a vivid picture of the Duke as *a man*, as we firmly believe the world never before possessed, of a really first-rate historical personage. It is well worth all the autobiographies, that ever were penned with a view to publication, put together.

We conclude by adopting the language of one who never writes feebly, but who has been inspired to a more than common energy of eloquence by this subject. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, in a note to a recent essay on matters of a far different description, takes occasion to say of Colonel Gurwood's book—

‘ If you only read one portion of these letters, you might fancy the writer to have been bred in a merchant's counting-house ; if another, you would say he was a *commissaire de guerre*, or a professed diplomatist, a financier or a jurist, or that he had travelled all the world over to collect historical and geographical knowledge ; he is the able counsellor of his equals ; the honest adviser of his superiors ; the merciful chastiser of the erring ; the warm friend of the brave, and the best practical politician and moralist of his time ; he is throughout the true lover of his country, and if there is one quality more prominent than the rest, it is his inimitable singleness of heart and soul.\*

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\* Second Letter to Lord Elgin, on the Architecture of the New Houses of Parliament, p. 61.

ART. V.—1. *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.* By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. Second edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1826.

2. *Imaginary Conversations.* Second Series. 2 vols. 8vo. 1829.

3. *Pericles and Aspasia.* 2 vols. 12mo. 1836.

4. *Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems.* London. 12mo. 1831.

5. *Idyllia Heroica.* Pisis apud S. Nistrium. 4to. 1820.

6. *A Satire on Satirists.* London. 8vo. 1836.

IT is a perilous service to approach an author who challenges his critics to write dialogues. 'My four volumes,' says Mr. Landor, 'contain more than seventy dialogues; let the sturdiest of the *connexion*'—(meaning some of his critics, we know not whom, nor why thus distinguished),—'take the *ten worst*; and if he equals them in ten years I will give him a hot wheaten roll and a pint of brown stout for breakfast.' The offered reward may possibly be not unsuitable to the task proposed. If to equal the *ten best* had been the challenge, whatever might still have been thought of the singularity of such a defiance, no man could slight, and no modest man would willingly accept it; for the more excellent of Mr. Landor's dialogues contain specimens of eloquent composition,—pure, concise, imaginative,—such as it may be safely affirmed no living writer has surpassed. To attempt a rivalry with the *ten worst* would require an impudence of another description,—a brazen front, the exaggeration of caricature, and wit bordering on buffoonery. Let us hope that our notice of Mr. Landor's works will submit us to neither sort of competition.

Why will not this writer bear in mind,—what the simplest observer of our nature could suggest to him,—that he who wishes us to believe the sincerity of his contempt, ought to express the sentiment but rarely? The mere language of contempt is that which anger always uses; it is the first retort of vexation and resentment. Why will he, on every occasion, under whatever name he is writing, Demosthenes, or Aristotle, or Pericles, betray the same exacerbation of feeling towards persons and things professedly puny and indifferent? Why must the greatest and most successful orators be represented as smarting with the sense of unmerited censure or neglect? Why, in opposition to all dramatic propriety, must the head and features of Pericles be painted on the naked body of a St. Sebastian, all wounds and writhing? 'You are anxious,' it is thus that the most fortunate of Athenians addresses the fair Aspasia,

'You are anxious that I should be praised as a writer, by writers who direct the public in these matters. Aspasia! I know their value. Understand me correctly and comprehensively; I mean partly the intrinsic

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worth of their commendations, and partly (as we pay in the price of our utensils) the fashion. I have been accused of squandering away both the public money and my own ; nobody shall ever accuse me of paying three obols for the most grandly embossed and most sonorous panegyric. I would excite the pleasure (it were too much to say the admiration) of judicious and thoughtful men ; but I would neither soothe nor irritate these busybodies. I have neither honey nor lime for ants.'—*Per. and Asp.*, vol. i. p. 245.

We take no pleasure in pointing out the triumph which, it will be suspected, has been obtained over this author's irritability. We would rather have watched him in his quiet efforts to establish an enduring reputation, to be gained, we cheerfully acknowledge, by other means than are sufficient to acquire the popularity of the day. The love of posthumous fame no writer has better vindicated. 'Fame they tell you is air ; but without air there is no life for any ; without fame there is none for the best.' And in a beautiful passage, very appropriately assigned to Cicero, he thus describes and justifies this love of glory :—' Everything has its use ; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal object, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth.' We regret that one capable of feeling, and of so accurately appreciating, this passion for a lofty and enduring fame, could not secure to it a less divided empire over his own mind. Neither his habits nor his position in life rendered valuable to him the little buzz of temporary renown ; he should have raised his mind to its highest elevation, and kept it there,—should have written his best, and his best only—and given it forth for critics to discover in it what they could, or what they pleased.

There is a never-dying feud, it seems, between those who write for praise, and those who take upon themselves the somewhat invidious office of its public distribution ; nor is it an easy task to decide which party in the contest has exhibited the most unfairness, or betrayed the worst temper. But whatever the comparative force, or bitterness, which the rival factions may bring into the field, we may note, if the matter be worth an observation, that the victory will always ostensibly remain with the authors. Bad critics and bad authors are equally abundant ; but while the despised author dies quickly out of sight, and is altogether forgotten, the hapless and transgressing critic is not always allowed the same refuge of oblivion. His name becomes attached to that which he vainly attempted to disparage ; his disgrace is perpetuated ; and rarely

is a celebrated poet led forth in triumph but a crowd of these unhappy caitiffs, with hands bound behind their backs, are doomed to make part of the procession. The writer who perishes leaves behind no materials for a trophy; he who survives holds up, as it hangs from his shield, the ineffectual weapon that had assailed him. The successful blow is inevitably forgotten in its own result, and in the frailty of the material on which it fell; the idle and presumptuous stroke is alone commemorated,—the axe lies in splinters at the root of the impenetrable oak.

At the risk of sharing, in this unenviable manner, the immortality of Mr. Landor,—at the hazard of being classed with those who, occupying themselves with the good compositions of others only to produce indifferent matter of their own, are here wittily enough described as exactly reversing the progress of the sculptor, —‘for this last begins with dirt and ends with marble, the critic begins with marble and ends with dirt,’—in the face of all this, of the rude chastisement or utter contempt that await us, we shall endeavour to form an impartial estimate of the merits and demerits of this writer,—a writer who deserves to be much better known than he is, but who, however his celebrity may increase, can never be allowed to escape from censures, many and severe.

Every extensive work presents us with parts of unequal merit, but nowhere do we remember to have met with so singular a discrepancy of this kind, as in the *Imaginary Conversations*. The light and darkness lie together in strong and frequent relief. The few passages we have already quoted, display the writer who can, on some occasions, as recklessly violate all the rules of taste, as, in other instances, he can fully comply with their most rigid demands. The same man who can deliver moral sentiments, or reflections upon human life, in language rarely excelled, whether in beauty of metaphor, in tenderness, or dignity, can be coarse in his allusions, absurdly extravagant, and forget all temperance whether of thought or of expression. Lampoon, and caricature, and the dialogue of a dull farce, are found mingled with conversations which would not have disgraced the lips of those celebrated sages and orators of antiquity to whom he has thought fit to attribute them.

The discordant materials of these dialogues leave upon the mind an impression equally mixed of the character of their author; we alternately honour and recoil, admire and denounce. Grossly unjust in his strictures upon others, and himself rankling with the sense of undistinguished merit, he seems to have engrafted on a morose disposition all the petty irascibility of a Sir Fretful. Yet the writer of the *Imaginary Conversations*, (and as such only are we acquainted with his character,) amidst his atrabilious humours,

humours, his pitiable arrogance, his offensive intemperance, displays a certain generosity, and a chivalrous independence of opinion, to which we would willingly do ample justice. He is prepared at all times to be the champion of the weak, the ally of the defeated, the applauder of the unregarded or disesteemed. If to be fortunate, if to have attained popularity, or rank, or power, be manifest provocations of Mr. Landor's hostility, let it be also admitted that the neglect or censure of the world, or the impediment of adverse circumstances, are equally effective in securing his approbation or alliance. If our cynic growls, it is at the rich man, not the beggar: purple and fine linen he flies at and worries—he is tame and civil—he fawns on the tatters of adversity.

The poetry of Byron does not exhibit more wayward and untameable passion than the prose of Landor. Both of these fugitives to Italy are fond of parading their love of seclusion and their indifference to the opinion of their countrymen, sentiments which are sometimes sincere, but never when uttered in a loud or angry voice: they are then the efforts only of a proud spirit to *transmute* some vexation or disappointment which it cannot overcome. They who really love seclusion do not find it necessary to raise a quarrel with the world in order to reanimate their content; nor is the man who can live without the praise of others, very solicitous to convince them of the fact. 'I,' says Mr. Landor in one of his prefaces, 'I, who never ask anything of any man.' A heartless boast, if true. He who is unable to receive, as well as to give, has learnt but the half of friendship.

But from the character of the man, which can rarely be ascertained with accuracy from his writings, we return to the works themselves of our author. In attempts at humour or gaiety—in all efforts to raise laughter or excite mirth—the writer of the *Imaginary Conversations* is signally unfortunate. The dialogue between the *Duke de Richelieu*, *Sir Fire Coats*, and *Lady Glen-grin*, is one of the longest in the collection; it is intended to be pleasant and facetious; we question whether ten readers have been able to make a fair progress from the commencement to the end. What wit Mr. Landor possesses (and he is not without wit) is such as is calculated, not to raise a smile, but to cut and wound. He is too violent, too intolerant in his censures, ever to admit of the playfulness of satire. The animosity by which he appears to be actuated against every statesman of the time, is as injurious to his witicism as it is dishonourable to his judgment. If it be true (as he himself assures us, and we will not here take upon ourselves to dispute) that his *Conversations* are destined for immortality

tality—if those ‘two fingers’ and that ‘pen’\* mark out whomsoever he pleases for eternal applause or infamy—what black, hideous, and distorted portraits of some of the most illustrious of his contemporaries are fated to descend to future generations! ‘Alas!’ he exclaims in a penitential note to the dialogue between Bishop Burnet and Humphrey Hardcastle, ‘Alas! my writings are not upon slate; no finger—not of Time himself, *who dips it in the clouds of years and in the storm and tempest*—can efface the written.’ Alas, then—for it is left us only to re-echo the lamentation—that calumny and ill-humour should be destined to endure so long, that invective so unjust, and so little animated by wit, should be imposed so irremediably upon all posterity!

Neither is our author happy in his *descriptions*. In these, whenever he attempts them, he is, with few exceptions, laboured and ineffectual, abrupt, overstrained, obscure. What was probably conceived with feeling has been executed with mere rhetoric, and ends in a sort of frigid bombast. As an instance of this unfortunate species of writing, we select the brief introduction—and where failures are to be exemplified the briefest instance is the best—to the Conversation between *General Kleber and some French officers*.

‘An English officer was sitting with his back against the base of the Great Pyramid. He sometimes looked towards those of elder date and ruder materials before him, sometimes was absorbed in thought, and sometimes was observed to write in a pocket-book with great rapidity. “If he were not writing,” said a French naturalist to a young ensign, “I should imagine him to have lost his eyesight by the ophthalmia. He does not see us: level your rifle—we cannot find a greater curiosity.” *The arts prevailed: the officer slid with extended arms from his resting-place; the blood, running from his breast, was audible as a swarm of insects in the sand.* No other sound was heard. Powder had exploded; life had passed away; not a vestige remained of either.’—vol. i. p. 197.

But if descriptive powers are not manifested in the pages of Mr. Landor;—if humour is absent, and wit but thinly scattered over them—if good taste is violated in many ways—if fair and equitable estimation of human character is seldom to be found,—yet, as we have already intimated, the ‘Imaginary Conversations,’ when the theme is grave or lofty, and the speaker dignified, display a congenial and appropriate eloquence—perspicuous, pow-

\* ‘*Pallavicini*. Your houses of parliament, Mr. Landor, for their own honour, for the honour of the service and of the nation, should have animadverted on such an outrage: he should answer for it, he should suffer for it.

‘*Landor*. These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?’—vol. i. p. 194.

erful, and rich with happy metaphor and well-considered remark. Whatever may be thought of the project of reviving—of bringing into familiar conversation, and in a modern tongue, such men as Cicero, and Aristotle, and Plato, it must be allowed that a language unworthy of them is seldom put into their lips. Great skill is also manifested in the conduct of the dialogue. The page is not encumbered with matter merely introductory of that which the author has at heart to express. The conversation passes with ease from one topic to another: there is no abruptness in the transition; and no idle and intrusive attempt to explain at every turn why one subject is taken up and another dismissed. We are not wearied, as in the dialogues of Shaftesbury, with impertinent detail to introduce what, as being the manifest object of the composition, needed no such formality. Enough that two men are conversing—that they discourse on a subject likely to occupy their thoughts—and that, one topic being exhausted, a new but kindred one is started. In some of the earliest dialogues there is a want of fluency in the style, and of easy connexion in the ideas; the reader is apt to suspect that the author is bringing together, not without violence, sentences separately produced, and perhaps at long intervals. But this aspect of constraint—this detection of mosaic workmanship (and it is the detection alone which at any time constitutes the fault) does not accompany us far. The style assumes as much of the freedom of conversation as is perhaps compatible with its strength and accuracy. At least we ourselves should be unwilling to barter any portion of these qualities for a more tripping measure, or more flowing cadence.

The Conversations in which Mr. Landor introduces the celebrated personages of antiquity, please us most; and to these we shall first turn for instances of those happier efforts we have been commending. Phocion is made to converse in a manner very suitable to one who was a Greek in philosophy, and a Roman in virtue. There is one argument, however, which is assigned to him against allowing citizens to determine by will the descent of their property, which is too frivolous for any but a sophist by profession. He is made to object against wills, that in receiving a bequest we take to ourselves *what nobody has given*—‘for he whom you call the giver does not exist, can do nothing, can accept nothing, can exchange nothing, can give nothing.’ This might be very appropriate in the mouth of a quibbling sophist, but ill accords with one who—we quote Mr. Landor’s own pithy eulogy—‘conquered with few soldiers, and convinced with few words.’ A will was never thought to be the act of the dead, but of the living man; it is the gift of his shield and spear when he shall no longer be able to carry them, of his house when he shall no longer inhabit it.

The conversation between Phocion and the orator Eschines, by a very natural transition, turns upon the rival of the latter—Demosthenes.

‘*Eschines.*—Oh! could I embody the spirit I receive from you, and present it in all its purity to the Athenians, they would surely hear me with as much attention as that invoker and violator of the gods, Demosthenes, to whom my blood would be the most acceptable libation at the feasts of Philip. Pertinacity and clamorousness, he imagines, are tests of sincerity and truth; although we know that a weak orator raises his voice higher than a powerful one, as the lame raise their legs higher than the sound. Can anything be so ridiculous as the pretensions of this man, who, because I employ no action, says, *action is the first, the second, the third requisite of oratory*, while he himself is the most ungraceful of our speakers, and, even in appealing to the gods, begins by scratching his head?

‘*Phocion.*—I smile at reflecting on the levity with which we contemporaries often judge of those great authors whom posterity will read with incessant admiration: such is Demosthenes. Differ as we may from him in politics, we must acknowledge that no language is clearer, no thoughts more natural, no words more proper, no combinations more unexpected, no cadences more diversified and harmonious. Accustomed to consider as the best what is at once the most simple and emphatic, and knowing that whatever satisfies the understanding conciliates the ear, I think him little if at all inferior to Aristoteles in style, although in wisdom he is as a mote to a sunbeam; and superior to my master Plato, excellent as he is; gorgeous indeed, but becomingly, like wealthy monarchs. Defective, however, and faulty must be the composition in prose which you and I, with our utmost study and attention, cannot understand. In poetry it is not exactly so: the greater part of it must be intelligible to the multitude; but in the very best there is often an undersong of sense which none beside the poetical mind, or one deeply versed in its mysteries, can comprehend. Euripides and Pindar have been blamed by many, who perceived not that the arrow drawn against them fell on Homer.

‘Let us praise, my Eschines, whatever we can reasonably: nothing is less laborious or irksome—no office is less importunate, or nearer a sinecure. Above all others, praise those who contend with you for glory, since they have already borne their suffrages to your judgment by entering on the same career. Deem it a peculiar talent, and what no three men in any age have possessed, to give each great citizen or great writer his just proportion of applause. A barbarian king or his eunuch can distribute equally and fairly beans and lentils; but I perceive that Eschines himself finds a difficulty in awarding just commendations.

‘A few days ago, an old woman, who wrote formerly a poem on Codrus—such as Codrus, with all his self-devotion, would hardly have read to save his country—met me in the street, and taxed me with injustice towards Demosthenes.

‘*You do not know him*, said she; *he has heart, and somewhat of genius: true, he is singular and eccentric; yet I assure you I have*

seen

seen compositions of his that do him credit. We must not judge of him from his speeches in public: there he is violent; but a billet of his, I do declare, is quite a treasure.

'Lady, replied I, Demosthenes is fortunate to be protected by the same cuirass as Codrus.

'The commendations of these people are not always what you would think them, left-handed and detractive: for singular must every man appear who is different from his neighbours; and he is the most different from them who is most above them. If the clouds were inhabited by men, the men must be of other form and features than those on earth, and their gait would not be the same as upon the grass or pavement. Diversity no less is contracted by the habitations, as it were, and haunts and exercises of our minds. Singularity, when it is natural, requires no apology; when it is affected, is detestable.

'Come, a few more words upon Demosthenes. Do not, my friend, inveigh against him, lest a part of your opposition be attributed to envy. How many arguments is it worth to him, if you appear to act from another motive than principle! True, his eloquence is imperfect: what among men is not? In his repartees there is no playfulness, in his voice there is no flexibility, in his action there is neither dignity nor grace: but how often has he stricken you dumb with his irony! how often has he tossed you from one hand to the other with his interrogatories! Concentrated are his arguments—select, and distinct, and orderly his topics—ready and unfastidious his expressions—popular his allusions—plain his illustrations—easy the swell and subsidence of his periods—his dialect purely Attic. Is this no merit? Is it none in an age of idle rhetoricians, who have forgotten how their fathers and mothers spoke to them?

Praise him, my Eschines, if you wish to be victorious; if you acknowledge that you are vanquished, then revile him and complain. In composition I know not any superior to him; and in an assembly of the people he derives advantages from his defects themselves, from the violence of his action, and from the vulgarity of his mien. Permit him to possess these advantages over you: consider him as a wrestler whose body is robust, but whose feet rest upon something slippery; use your dexterity, and reserve your blows. Regard him, if less excellent as a statesman, citizen, or soldier, rather as a genius or demon, who, whether beneficent or malignant, hath, from an elevation far above us, launched forth many new stars into the firmament of mind.

'Eschines. O, that we had been born in other days! The best men always fall upon the worst.

'Phocion. The gods have not granted us, Eschines, the choice of being born when we would; that of dying when we would they have. Thank them for it as one among the most excellent of their gifts, and remain or go, as utility or dignity may require. Whatever can happen to a wise and virtuous man from his worst enemy—whatever is most dreaded by the inconsiderate and irresolute, has happened to him frequently from himself, and not only without his inconvenience, but without his observation. We are prisoners as often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as we walk to Munychia, and dead as often as we sleep.

It would be a folly and a shame to argue that these things are voluntary, and that what our enemy imposes are not: they should be the more so if they befall us from necessity, unless necessity be less a reason with us than caprice. In fine, Eschines, I shall then call the times bad when they make me so: at present they are to be borne, as must also be the storm that follows them.'—*Imag. Convers.* vol. i. p. 124.

The concluding paragraph is to be understood, we presume, as an imitation of those bold and heroic sophistries in which the ancient moralist delighted; and as such it is an admirable specimen. The panegyric upon Demosthenes is very eloquent. The great orator himself is twice introduced in the course of these *Conversations*, but, we are sorry to add, with no remarkable effect. It is singular that Mr. Landor has made him abound in metaphor and that not always of the most accurate description:—

'*Demosthenes.* Language is part of a man's character.

'*Eubulides.* It is often artificial.

'*Demosthenes.* Often both are so. I spoke not of such language as that of Gorgias and Socrates, and other rhetoricians, but of that which belongs to eloquence—of that which enters the heart, however closed against it—of that which pierces like the sword of Perseus—*of that which carries us away upon its point, easily as Medea her children, and holds the world below in the same suspense and terror.*'—vol. i. p. 328.

As those whom the orator carries away are all who hear him, who are they that remain below to constitute that world which is held in 'suspense and terror' at the awful abduction? Besides which, to speak of carrying away a whole audience—or even any considerable part of it—on the point of a sword, is presenting an image to the mind, it must be confessed, somewhat too violent and improbable. Demosthenes continues:—

'Aristoteles and Thucydides were before me; I trembled lest they should lead me where I might raise a recollection of Pericles, whose plainness and conciseness and gravity they have imitated, not always with success. Laying down these qualities as the foundation, I have ventured on more solemnity, more passion; I have also been studious to bring the powers of *action* into play, that great instrument in exciting the affections, which Pericles disdained. He and Jupiter could *strike* any head with their thunderbolts, and stand serene and *motionless*; I could not.'

It is hard to conceive how Jupiter himself could *strike* and be *motionless*.

There lie scattered throughout the *Conversations* several strictures on Plato, his character, and his works. The courtier is not forgiven in the philosopher, and the philosopher is too rigidly estimated by the practical value of his writings. Metaphysics do not appear to have been a favourite study with Mr. Landor; if they

they had he could hardly have exercised so singular a self-denial as not to have introduced the subject more directly in some of his dialogues. We apprehend that the opinion attributed to Diogenes on this matter is also his own. He says in the person of the cynic, with much of truth and still more felicity of diction :

‘ You metaphysicians kill the flower-bearing and fruit-bearing glebe, with delving and turning over and sifting, and never bring up any solid and malleable mass from the dark profundity in which you labour. *The intellectual world, like the physical, is inapplicable to profit, and incapable of cultivation, a little way beyond the surface,—*of which there is more to manage and more to know than any of you will undertake.’—*Second Series*, vol. i. p. 485.

Not seduced, therefore, by the subtleties of Plato, Mr. Landor has given such a view of his writings as would naturally be taken by one on the look-out for available and practical results ; and if the writings of that philosopher were likely to exert an influence on the customs or governments of modern nations, he would be justified in taking this view of them exclusively. But Plato is of value and of interest to us now—not from the immediate utility of his politics, his laws, or his ethics—but because his dialogues preserve for us those early vigorous attempts at mental philosophy, wherein the most subtle of human speculations went hand in hand with a fancy the most vagrant, and a dogmatism the most adventurous.

In the dialogue between Aristotle and Calisthenes the former criticises, with very sound judgment, the *Republic* of Plato.

‘ Plato would make wives common, to abolish selfishness ; the very mischief which, above all others, it would directly and immediately bring forth. There is no selfishness when there is a wife and family ; the house is lighted up by the mutual charities ; everything achieved for them is a victory ; everything endured for them is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed that there may be no bad example ! How many exertions made to recommend and inculcate a good one ! Selfishness, then, is thrown out of the question. He would, perhaps, make men braver by his exercises in the common field of affections. Now bravery is of two kinds, the courage of instinct and the courage of reason : animals have more of the former, men more of the latter ; for I would not assert, what many do, that animals have no reason, as I would not that men have no instinct. Whatever creature can be taught, must be taught by the operation of reason upon reason, small as may be the quantity called forth, or employed in calling it, and of however coarse matter may be the means. Instinct has no operation but upon the wants and desires. Those who entertain a contrary opinion are unaware how inconsequently they speak, when they employ such expressions as these,—*We are taught by instinct*. Courage, so necessary to the preservation of states, is not weakened by domestic ties, but is braced by them. Much is gained both on the side of in-

instinct

stinct and on the side of reason. All creatures protect their young while they know it to be theirs, and neglect it when the traces of that memory are erased. Man cannot so soon lose the memory of it, because his recollective faculties are more comprehensive and more tenacious, and because, while in the brute creation the parental love, which in most animals is only on the female side, lessens after the earlier days, his increases as the organs of the new creature are developed. . . .

‘To complete the system of selfishness, idleness, and licentiousness, the republican triad of Plato, nothing was wanting but to throw all property where he had thrown the wives and children. Who, then, should curb the rapacious? Who should moderate the violent? The weaker could not work, the stronger would not. Food and raiment would fail; and we should be reduced to something worse than a state of nature.’—vol. ii. p. 508.

Plato is brought into conversation himself with Diogenes. Most men would have been disposed to give to the former the preeminence in the dialogue; for which reason, amongst others, Mr. Landor readjusts the scales, and bestows the largest portion of wit and eloquence on the cynic. The following is dramatic:—

‘*Plato*. There are great men of various kinds.

‘*Diogenes*. No, by my beard, are there not.

‘*Plato*. What! are there not great captains, great geometricians, great dialecticians?

‘*Diogenes*. Who denied it? A great man was the postulate. Try thy hand now at the powerful one.

‘*Plato*. On seeing the exercise of power a child cannot doubt who is powerful, more or less; for power is relative. All men are weak, not only if compared to the Demiurgos, but if compared to the sea, or the earth, or certain things upon each of them, as elephants and whales. So placid and tranquil is the scene around us, we can hardly bring to mind the images of strength and force, the precipices, the abysses—

‘*Diogenes*. Prythee hold thy loose tongue, twinkling and glittering, like a serpent’s, in the midst of luxuriance and rankness.’—*Second Series*, p. 469.

There are two other conversations in which the philosophers of antiquity are revived, from which we would willingly, if space permitted, make larger extracts than we shall be able. In one of these Epicurus, in the other Cicero, is the chief speaker. Epicurus discourses with two of his fair pupils, Leontion and Ternissa; and the amenity of the philosopher and the spirit of his doctrine are well sustained and exemplified. An endeavour to add to this a certain gaiety of manner—a *debonnair* deportment—is not equally successful. There is some awkwardness, and a little ridicule, we fear, in the gallant attempt which is made by our very self-possession philosopher, to salute the pretty Ternissa.

‘*Ternissa*. For shame! what would you with me?

‘*Epicurus*.

'*Epicurus*. I would not interrupt you while you were speaking, nor while *Leontion* was replying; this is against my rules and practice: having now ended, kiss me, *Ternissa*.'

This dialogue, however, is one of the most beautiful in the collection. An ideal of the *terrestrial* philosopher, whose object is to take from death its terrors and from life its agitations, whose noblest instruction is to sacrifice the low pleasures for the higher, the violent and brief for the tranquil and continuous, is very ably and very elegantly delineated.

'Very good men,' says *Epicurus*, 'may differ widely from me, and very wise ones misunderstand me: for, their wisdom having raised up to them schools of their own, they have not found leisure to converse with me; and from others they have received a partial and inexact report. My opinion is, that certain things are indifferent, and unworthy of pursuit or attention, as lying beyond our research and almost our conjecture; which very things the generality of philosophers (for the generality are speculative) deem of the first importance. Questions relating to them I answer evasively, or altogether decline. Again, there are modes of living which are suitable to some, and unsuitable to others.'

... Having seen that the most sensible men are the most unhappy, I could not but examine the causes of it: and finding that the same sensibility to which they are indebted for the activity of their intellect, is also the restless mover of their jealousy and ambition, I would lead them aside from whatever operates upon these, and throw under their feet the terrors their imagination has created. My philosophy is not for the populace, nor for the proud: the ferocious will never attain it: the gentle will embrace it, but will not call it mine—I do not desire that they should: let them rest their heads upon that part of the pillow which they find the softest, and enjoy their own dreams unbroken.'—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 199.

This is a very agreeable sketch of the philosophy of the garden. A little further on our complacent sage thus proceeds:—

'All schools of philosophy, and almost all authors, are rather to be frequented for exercise than freight: but this exercise ought to acquire us health and strength, spirits and good humour. There is none of them that does not supply some truths useful to every man, and some untruths equally so to the few that are able to wrestle with them. *If there were no falsehood in the world*, there would be no doubt; if there were no doubt there would be no inquiry; if no inquiry, no wisdom, no *knowledge*, no genius. Fancy herself would lie muffled up in her robe, inactive, pale, and bloated.'

The two last sentences are not very accurate. If there were no falsehood in the world there might be no genius, or very little; we may even say there would be no wisdom, because by wisdom is understood a *tried* attachment to truth; but we cannot assert that there would be no *knowledge*, for this would imply an absence of all mental existence whatever. Neither is it easy to see why

why fancy should be entirely banished from the scene. Stinted she certainly would be in the materials of which she forms her combinations; but the inventions of fancy do not always require falsehood for their production, and as long as they are recognised to be inventions, introduce no falsehood themselves. He who frames the image of a *golden mountain*, puts together two ideas, both true, of gold and a mountain, and, while the image is understood to be a mere figment of his brain, has imposed no falsehood either on others or himself. To speak of Fancy, who is supposed to be perishing for lack of sustenance, as *bloated*, was not a happy choice of expression.

The conversation between *Cicero* and his brother *Quinctus*, will probably leave some feeling of disappointment on the reader's mind; if so much has been done for *Epicurus*, more, it will be thought, might have been performed for *Cicero*. It contains, however, many excellent passages, and the style (which is saying a great deal) is well adapted to the speaker; it is more relaxed than usual, more ample and euphonious. This conversation *Cicero* is supposed to hold at the extremity of life, and in the last days of the Republic. It is thus he speaks of *Cæsar* :—

‘It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on *Caius Cæsar*. O! had his heart been as unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succour his country, as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great were he! Then, perhaps, at this hour, O *Quinctus*, and in this villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so reasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! How unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods.’—vol. ii. p. 556.

Here is an ethical reflection finely expressed.

‘The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary *between desire and delight*, and stands firmly on the higher ground; he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.’—*ibid.* p. 592.

Even in these dialogues between ancient and Attic personages, however, the author has not been able to refrain from allusions to the political characters of his own times—allusions which, harsh and little refined in themselves, are rendered intolerable by the connexion in which they appear. *Aristotle* is made thus to glance at the death of *Lord Londonderry*—

‘and our negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was, that exposure alone is ignominy, at last *severed his reason with an ivory-handled knife*.

‘*Callisthenes*. On this ivory the goddess of our city will look down with more complacency than on that of which her own image is composed;

posed; and the blade should be preserved with those which, on the holiest of our festivals, are displayed to us covered in their handful of myrtle, as they were carried by Harmodius and Aristogiton.'—vol. ii. p. 517.

And even Epicurus departs from his placid and temperate character, which throughout the dialogue has generally been preserved to him, to launch forth the following diatribe upon Mr. Canning and her late Majesty Queen Caroline :—

' Even a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls and of songs on the grease of platters, for attempting to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, who soon afterwards was more successful in doing it himself, is not only called our citizen, but elected by a large proportion of our tribes, as the most worthy to administer our affairs. He has nothing now to acquire but a little purity of language, and somewhat of order and ratiocination. Unhappily one of the last things he uttered before the judges, showed his want in all its nakedness : it was a eulogy of a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler men ; one whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky, fat, floating in semiliquid rheum : he called her the *pride, life, and ornament* of polished society.

' *Leontion*. Hardly a Bœotian bullock-driver would wedge in *life* between *pride* and *ornament*.'—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 194.

The sages of modern times have been treated with less ceremony than their classic predecessors, being too frequently introduced to display some weakness in their character, or to converse on some subordinate topic. Bacon exhibits nothing of himself but his unfortunate love of money ; and Newton has contrived to combine the foibles of his youth and of his old age, bashfulness, and a timidity of religious faith which showed itself too easily alarmed. Milton talks a little with Marvel on dramatic poetry and the introduction of the chorus into comedy. A writer is, and ought to be, left at liberty to choose that topic on which he can make the best display of his powers ; nor do we presume to exercise the least dictation upon this point. But as it was evident that Milton could not be brought forward in his character of poet without creating disappointment, we are rather surprised that, if introduced at all, he was not represented in his civil or political relation. If Mr. Landor had seized upon that period of time when our great poet,—having discovered that

' New presbyter was but old priest writ large '—was sore beset both by the bigotry of parliament and his terror of kingship, he would have found ample scope, and no uncongenial topics, we suspect, for his eloquence.

Amongst the moderns, Barrow and Sir Philip Sidney appear, in these dialogues, to the greatest advantage. But something too much of the author's own spirit has been infused into the divine.

' I should

'I should entertain,' says the most admired preacher of the first age of the English pulpit,—'I should entertain a mean opinion of myself, if all men, or the most part, praised and admired me; it would prove me to be somewhat like them. Sad and sorrowful is it, to stand near enough to people for them to see us wholly; for them to come up to us and walk round us leisurely and idly, and pat us when they are tired and going off. That lesson which a dunce can learn at a glance, and likes mightily, must contain little, and not good. Unless it can be proved that the majority are not dunces, are not wilful, presumptuous, and precipitate, it is a folly to care for popularity. There are indeed those who must found their fortunes upon it; but not with books in their hands. After a first start, after a stand among the booths, and gauds, and prostitutes of party, how few have lived contentedly, or died calmly! One hath fallen the moment when he had reached the last step of the ladder, having undersawed it for him who went before, and forgotten that knavish act; another hath wasted away more slowly, in the fever of a life externally sedentary, internally distracted. . . . .

'Isaac! Isaac! the climbing plants are slender ones. Men of genius have sometimes been forced away from the service of society into the service of princes; but they have soon been driven out, or have retired.'—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 13.

This dialogue between Barrow and Newton concludes with some advice of a practical nature on friendship and on matrimony. We quote it for the benefit of our readers, without venturing any comment of our own.

'*Newton*. Is it not a difficult and a painful thing, to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship?

'*Barrow*. It withers the heart; if indeed his heart were ever sound who doth it. Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you; give him everything but your time and your glory. Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him. Yes! Isaac! there are men born for friendship; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity; as the making of honey is to bees. Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would gather; and do not think to live upon those sweets. Our corrupted state requires robuster food, or must grow more and more unsound.

'*Newton*. I would yet say something; a few words; on this subject—or one next to it—

'*Barrow*. Speak it out, man! Are you in a ship of Marcellus under the mirror of Archimedes, that you fume and redden so? Cry to him that you are his scholar, and went out only to parley.

'*Newton*. Sir! in a word—ought a studious man to think of matrimony.

'*Barrow*. Painters, poets, mathematicians, never ought: other studious men, after reflecting for twenty years upon it, may.

'*Newton*. Supposing me no mathematician, I must reflect then for twenty years!

. 'Barrow.

'Barrow. Wait. Begin to reflect on it *after* the twenty; and continue to reflect on it all the remainder—I mean at intervals and quite leisurely. It will save to you many prayers, and may suggest to you one thanksgiving.'

Sir Philip Sidney, in a dialogue with Lord Brooke, has some eloquent passages assigned to him. We must contemplate him as the author of the *Arcadia*, and then the following sentiments are not inappropriate:—

'God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented; hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the duller may contribute most to our genius: what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us; perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant: perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me, while I am speaking, with whatever I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure as I receive from the description of it; or that even in their loves, however innocent and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment . . . . Poets are nearly all prone to melancholy; yet the most plaintive ditty has imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian. A bottle of wine bringeth as much pleasure as the acquisition of a kingdom, and not unlike it in kind; the senses in both cases are confused and perverted.'—vol. i. p. 25.

A moral reflection is well compressed in the ensuing sentence:—

'We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment: the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.'

To Queen Elizabeth and James I. has been given the dialect of their own times. This we observe is a royal privilege, for it is shared by none but crowned heads. We question whether the experiment were wise. There was no more necessity that Elizabeth should speak in an antiquated style of English, than that Aristotle should converse in Greek, or Cicero in Latin; and the imitation in one instance induces us to look for it in others, where it was equally within the power of the author. Even if we suppose that the author has *translated* the language of his Romans and Grecians, this will only make it still more difficult to explain why Sir Philip Sidney should speak a dialect so much more modern than Queen Elizabeth.

Dramatic propriety is by no means invariably sustained through these Imaginary Conversations. A strain of sentiment is sometimes attributed to a speaker not very suitable to his character,

or to that of the age in which he lived. When we listen to Wallace, as he debates with his conqueror, Edward I., we almost imagine ourselves in the company of some venerable stoic, or some Christian martyr, so patient is he, so forgiving. 'Few have a right to punish, all to pardon.' A cast of thought like this who would expect from the rude, ruthless, and baffled champion of the independence of a dark and barbarous country? It is still less likely to have proceeded from the Scotch Guerrilla-chieftain than from the haughty Plantagenet, to whom such sentiments are so foreign, that he cannot even understand the language of his philosophical contemporary. At other times, the speaker in the dialogue is made to express a sentiment, or avow a motive of action, to which, even if he entertained them, it is highly improbable that he would give utterance. This error is committed not only in the more light and farcical dialogues—not only in those broad caricatures, such as the conversation between Pitt and Canning, where no truth of any kind whatever is adhered to—but also on those graver occasions where probability has been consulted, and where the manner of the author has been regulated by his association with the character he personates. Thus, in order to convey his own impression of the conduct and motives of Cicero, he obliges that orator,—never too much disposed to speak or think disparagingly of himself,—to utter the following avowal:—

'I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause for *no other reason* than that my dignity was to depend on it. Had the opposite party been triumphant, and the senate been abolished, I should never have had a Catilinarian conspiracy to quell, and few of my orations would have been delivered. Without a senate what Verres?'—vol. ii. p. 558.

It is very problematical that Cicero, at the period of history alluded to, could have anticipated the abolition of the senate as a consequence of the success of any political party; but if he did, and if the vanity of delivering speeches before that body was his sole motive for sustaining the ancient institutions of his country,—what probability that he would ever have uttered so humiliating a confession?—Why should the candour of conversation belie the whole tenour of his epistolary correspondence?—What probability is there that he, who in his political adversity was accustomed to solace himself with exaggerating his claims to the character of a patriot, would have made this pitiable acknowledgment even in the privacy of his own thoughts?—what probability that, if true, he would have believed it of himself?

We hold it also to be some violation of dramatic propriety that our countryman Chaucer (albeit he is not at all times the most lively

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lively of narrators) should be called up to tell a tale about 'Sir Magnus' of most unconquerable tediousness. To Boccaccio our author has been far more liberal. The story which the Italian relates, in the same dialogue, might pass for a translation from the Decameron, so exactly does it resemble, in spirit and manner, the tales of that collection. There is another story, of *Amadeo and Monna Tita*, related by Boccaccio in a former conversation with Petrarch, which only differs from those tales by being superior to them. It is founded on a more subtle observation of human nature than the Decameron ever displays; contains higher excellences of thought and of sentiment; and is admirably told, though not in the same simple diaphanous manner which distinguishes the Italian novelist.

We have shown, in the course of our observations, no reluctance whatever to yield to Mr. Landor the utmost license of that dramatic form into which he has chosen to cast his thoughts—we have even required that his characters should be consistently maintained—but it would be absurd, and is indeed impossible, to extend this immunity so far as the author appears in his preface to demand, and to attribute to himself none of the *opinions* expressed in these imaginary conversations. In dialogues supposed to be sustained by men of widely different principles it is evident that much must be introduced for the sake only of supporting the character of the speaker; and the difficulty of discriminating, in all cases, what is merely dramatic from that which is the genuine sentiment of the author, and intended to work on the conviction of the reader, is, we apprehend, a great impediment to the popularity of this species of writing. But when dialogue after dialogue is calculated to leave the same impression—when the same statement is repeated, and on occasions distinguished by no peculiar dramatic propriety—when, moreover, the language of the dialogue is fully corroborated by that of prefaces and notes delivered in the writer's own person; in all these cases it may safely be concluded that we are not dealing with mere inventions and imitative reasonings, but with sincere opinions, which it is the object of the author to propagate. Indeed, we may remark, that the dramatic license enjoyed by a writer of dialogues enables him—in spite of the doubt which will occasionally hang over the genuineness of the sentiment—to exhibit to intelligent readers a more faithful portraiture of his own mind than could be given in the more usual and didactic method of composition. He can find a place in his intellectual drama for different shades of sentiment entertained by himself on different occasions—he can make avowals to which he would be unwilling openly to pledge his consistency—can indulge his genius in an extravagance of statement to which it would not be

be desirable at all times to adhere—can move this way or that—can neutralize his dogmatism by opposing dogmas—can give his doubts, his hesitations, his half-accredited opinions, and, favoured by his mask, find an outlet for his most secret cogitations. By all these facilities he is induced, perhaps unintentionally, to exhibit a more complete and faithful representation of himself than would have been given in a straightforward, methodical treatise, which frequently obliges the writer to appear more consistent than he really is—more fixed, precise, resolved—and which always, more or less, conceals the man himself in the formalities of the author. Mr. Landor seems to have an inveterate partiality to writing under the name of others, yet no one has impressed his personal feelings more distinctly on his compositions, or given in them a more vivid representation of his own character and opinions.

That a writer should oppose our church establishment, or any national provision whatever for religious worship, is, in the present times, no peculiar mark of distinction; nor do we intend, on this occasion, to enter, at any length, on the defence of our ecclesiastical institutions. But there is one assertion on this subject which Mr. Landor several times repeats, and never more violently than when speaking in his own person, which tempts from us a reply. We take the objection as stated in language ascribed to William Penn—language, on the whole, much more suited to Mr. Landor than the quaker:—

‘*Peterborough*. If we had no establishments we should still have sects?

‘*Penn*. What then? Whom would they fight for? Who would pay them? Although there were no establishments, there might indeed be sects in religion, as there anciently were in philosophy: yet either we must suppose that Christianity is prouder, and crueller, and more avaricious than philosophy—or we must admit that establishments, and not Christianity, have, wherever they existed, raised such tumults, seized upon such wealth, and shed such torrents of human blood. . . . If philosophy has not done it with her sects, neither would Christianity have done it with hers, without her purple and pretorians. These are as unfriendly to the one as to the other; and while they exist upon earth, the more civilized parts of it can expect no better state, long together, than external wars, internal discord, and universal oppression. Revolutions may for a while relieve them; chastisement, and the fear of it, may render the princes more conciliatory and submissive: but the poison will be poured again into the drowsy ear, by those upon whose pillow they slumber.’—*Second Series*, vol. ii. p. 338.

When philosophy and religion are thus put in antithesis, they are but other words for doubt and belief. To run a parallel between the operation of things so contrary is manifestly absurd.

How

How can philosophy, whose knowledge here is a professed ignorance, stimulate the same passions as the dogmatic certainty of a religious faith? But the charge, and it is an old one, still remains. To church establishments are owing, it is said, the strife and oppugnancy of religious sects. If certain tenets had not become implicated with the wealth and worldly prosperity of their professors, would they, it is asked, merely by their own interest and importance, have given rise to the animosity and bloodshed they have, at times, occasioned? In some instances, certainly not. But wealth and worldly prosperity become implicated with religious belief by other means than by an ecclesiastical establishment. Religious teachers (and religious teachers of some kind there will be as long as the world lasts) who maintain themselves by contributions from their disciples, are not without danger of a sinister attachment to the doctrine they profess; and it has been frequently urged by men far more acute than Mr. Landor, and quite as indifferent to the controversies of theologians, that such religious teachers must inevitably be more anxious to inflame the zeal of their several hearers, depending as they do immediately on that zeal for their subsistence, than a clergy supported upon revenues, secured to them by a legal title, and to be shaken only by the great and public revolutions of religious sentiment. Of two evils which cannot possibly co-exist, it is surely enough that our establishment bear the burden of one. If its sectarian opponents loudly exclaim that it destroys zeal—that it makes dead and unprofitable the office of the preacher—with what justice can its philosophical adversary, and within hearing of this very accusation, lay also to its charge that it infuses too great an ardour in the faith, and affixes too great an importance to the tenets, of those whom it undertakes to instruct?

Why should a *philosopher*—to concede the title—seek the overthrow of our established church? Were he to sweep away that polemical learning which so much offends him, he would next arrive at that broad basis of public opinion on religious matters, not so much the creation, as the support of ecclesiastical institutions? What would he gain by coming into close contact with the multitude? They deceive him egregiously. They cheer him when he points to the envied wealth of churchmen; but when he shall proceed to attack or enlighten their own faith—when, not a bishop, but their own creed is the subject of his ridicule—will they cheer him *then*? In the hour of popular frenzy—of religious terror excited by a dearth, a plague, or a prophecy—they would stone him in their streets. He might soon have occasion to wish for the interposition of a clergy.

Turn whichever way he might, the philosopher would find he  
had

had gained nothing by the destruction of that ecclesiastical establishment which had so often excited his indignation. The opinion of the more reputable portion of society would press more heavily upon him than ever. The hope of prolonging life—of carrying our existence into a scene more favourable to happiness than this world is found to be by (to speak modestly) the vast majority of mankind—the dread of invisible power, and of future consequences incalculable—the desire to preserve unimpaired over their fellow-citizens a restraint upon passion of greater cogency than the interests of human life, brief and uncertain, can afford—these motives alone are sufficient to uphold in a civilized community some religious belief—which belief, as it is to operate on human conduct, must be something more than the doubtful suggestions of what Mr. Landor calls *philosophy*. Now, to confirm this faith by a state establishment is not to increase, but to diminish that jealousy which the public mind must entertain at occasional instances of examination or denial. The consciousness of security permits to be liberal. Around the pillars and beneath the arches of a strong and venerable church, a few meditative loiterers may be allowed to walk unmolested. But if pillar and buttress are to be removed, and nothing left to denote religion but the uplifted hands of its living worshippers, who then will be suffered to appear unconcerned, to stand apart or differ from the throng? If the creed which the nation generally believes to be both true and salutary, is to find support altogether in the immediate force of opinion—if there are no permanent institutions to uphold it in seasons of laxity and indifference till affection and reverential feeling revive—if at all times, and at every moment, its security must rest on the gathered votes of its constituents—how manifest that a lively jealousy will be felt at every symptom of doubt or alienation!—that every man will incessantly be canvassed—every voice be wanted—every vote proclaimed! *Philosophy*, under such circumstances, would be far more constrained. Her boldest disciples would be the first required to swear allegiance to the national creed. Like Kehama and his brother rebels, they must advance, how reluctantly soever, to their post, and the throne of a religion they do *not* reverence must rest on the burning brows of these its unwilling and enslaved supporters.

We are now looking, of course, at only one aspect of this question, and regarding it from the station of an adversary. Experience corresponds with our theoretical reasoning. At the present time there is no country where the speculations of philosophy are so utterly discountenanced as in the United States—the land of ecclesiastical freedom.

It is remarkable that the form of the dialogue has never been taken

taken advantage of by Mr. Landor, in order to investigate any one subject thoroughly; either by giving to one speaker all the objections, and furnishing the other with all the replies and explanations, or by animating with equal intelligence and ardour the champions of two opposite opinions. His thoughts are, for the most part, detached, desultory, and manifesting more vigour than patience of reflection. The nearest approaches to regular discussion of any one subject are the dialogues between Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke—(wherein the latter, in spite of the doctor's incivility and doggedness, continues, in the most imperturbable manner, to display the contents of his philological budget)—and that between Peter Leopold and the President Du Paty, in which the conversation is maintained for some time on various topics of jurisprudence. Some of the opinions broached upon this last subject are very weak and immature.

'I pay taxes,' says the President Du Paty, 'for the security of my person, my property, and my character: every farthing I pay beyond for law, if I can demonstrate the equity of my cause, is an injustice.'—vol. i. p. 230.

The same opinion is expressed more than once. In the dialogue between Cromwell and Sir Walter Noble there is the following passage:—

'Cromwell. You have paid, I see, chancery fees, Walter.

'Noble. I should then have paid, not only what is exorbitant, but what is altogether undue. Paying a lawyer in any court, we pay over again what we have paid before. If government has neglected to provide that our duties be taught us, and our lives, properties, and station in society be secured, what right has it to one farthing from us? For what else have our forefathers and ourselves been taxed? For what else are magistrates of any kind appointed.'—vol. i. p. 106.

This opinion is always conveyed in a tone of discontent, as if not only an error in legislation but a grievous injury were committed. That nothing more is requisite to the administration of the laws than a solitary judge sitting under a tree or on a bench, is a notion too childish to attribute to Mr. Landor. To what, then, does his complaint amount? To this only—that all other persons employed in the business of litigation, such as barristers and attorneys, are not, like the judges, remunerated for their services out of the public purse; that they do not constitute a body of government-functionaries, paid by the state—but are generally rewarded for their labours by the suitor himself who employs them. Whether such an institution as a vast corps of lawyers, salaried by the public exchequer, would be favourable to the pure administration of justice—whether it would not be open, towards the suitor, to bribery, and exposed, towards the govern-

ment, to arbitrary control—whether the client would find that he had beneficially exchanged his friendly conferences with his own solicitor for the official negligence and official presumption of an independent functionary;—these are questions which, as Mr. Landor has not raised them, it is not necessary for us to discuss. This, at least, is clear, that such an institution must be paid for. To say that we are taxed already is idle—worse than idle—for it is palpable that some new source of revenue must be found for this novel expenditure. Mr. Landor, then, complains, censures, and inveighs, because his countrymen do not receive that as a public service which as a public service they have not paid for, and probably would never be induced to pay for.

A little farther in one of the dialogues last quoted we have the following passage. The President Du Paty has been objecting to a too great lenity towards minor offences—

‘*Leopold.* In England great crimes escape through the intensity of the law; in Italy, small ones through its relaxation. Which is the worst?’

‘*President.* I dare to answer that the latter is; because great crimes do not run into smaller, but smaller into greater; and because if there were not this reason, multitude turns the scale against magnitude.’—*ibid.*, p. 239.

The President here decides that it is safer to be lax in the punishment of great offences than those of less enormity—an opinion which no society, we think, will ever be induced to act upon. Small crimes would certainly ‘grow into great ones’ if the latter might be committed with comparative impunity, while the former were encountered with certain punishment. The President proceeds—

‘I must here observe to you that the privilege of pardon in a prince is the most flagrant of usurpations; it belongs for the greater part to the person injured, but not entirely.’

It ought not to belong at all to the person injured. The right to pardon is already virtually exercised by the sufferer whenever he forbears to prosecute, and the law, at least in our own country, allows at this stage of the proceedings quite sufficient indulgence to personal feeling. If after conviction, when resentment has cooled and commiseration succeeded, the criminal might hope for pardon from those he has injured, all certainty of punishment would be at an end, and the safety of the public would be committed to the caprice or weakness of individuals. To call the right of pardon when exercised by the sovereign, ‘a flagrant usurpation’—that right being recognised by the laws and subservient to the ends of jurisprudence—can be characterised as nothing better than a peevish abuse of language.

The

The next opinion which the President gives is one on the use of fines as a mode of punishment—an opinion not certainly the most luminous we have ever met with.

‘Fines and halters, the minions of English jurists, are the *most summary and the least summary* of chastisements, and by far the worst. A great fine does no harm whatever to a man of great fortune: it is a bribe to the laws, and ought as much to be prohibited as a bribe to the judge. It ruins, not the poorer man, but the poorer man’s children: it deprives him of what he perhaps may do without, but what they cannot without an injury to society.’

The author himself, in a subsequent observation, neutralizes the last of these objections by admitting that ‘all punishments must in some degree touch the innocent.’ For the rest, Mr. Landor has discovered that a fine does no harm whatever either to the rich or the poor man on whom it is inflicted. A process of reasoning which leads to the conclusion that the abstraction of a sum of money can prove no detriment to any one, is not, in these times, we suspect, likely to gain much attention. We may be excused, perhaps, for passing this over as ‘the most summary and the least summary’ of juridical opinions. A bribe, too, and a fine—since money is certainly paid away in both instances—are found to be no longer distinguishable!

He who can write in this hasty, confused, and quibbling manner upon the science of jurisprudence has no hesitation, however, in assuming the utmost severity of censorship—

‘The laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many learned and sagacious men. I have read them repeatedly, and pondered them attentively. I find them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole, they always make another. *There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or, where property is to be defended, so slowly.* I have hardly the courage to state these facts, and want it totally to hazard a reflection on them. Can we wonder that, upon a bench under so rotten an effigy of Justice, sate a Scrogges, a Jeffreys, a Finch, a Page!’—*ibid.*, p. 231.

The passage in italics, though uttered in the style of reprobation, contains, in fact, a compliment upon the laws of England. A case of criminal jurisprudence requires, and admits of, speedier decision than a disputed title to property. It would have been a real cause of triumph to the author if he could have reversed his sentence—if he could have exclaimed, ‘There is no country in which the laws move with such velocity if a *falling shed* is at stake, or where *life is to be protected, so slowly.*’

Whilst upon this subject there is a suggestion respecting capital punishments

punishments which it may be worth while to take notice of. It is put into the mouth of Diogenes—

‘It is not, O Plato! an absurdity of thine alone, but of all who write and of all who converse on them, to assert that they both are and ought to be inflicted publicly for the sake of deterring from offence. The only effect of public punishment, is, to show the rabble how bravely it can be borne; and that every one who hath lost a toe-nail hath suffered worse. The virtuous man, as a reward and a privilege, should be permitted to see how calm and satisfied a virtuous man departs. The criminal should be kept in the dark about the departure of his fellows, which is oftentimes as reluctant: for to him, if indeed no reward or privilege, it would be a corroborative and a cordial. Such things ought to be taken from him no less carefully than the instruments of destruction or evasion. Secrecy and mystery should be the attendants of punishment, and the sole persons present should be the injured, or two of his relatives, and a functionary delegated by each tribe, to witness and register the execution of justice.’—*Second Series*, vol. i. p. 484.

Secrecy, or rather privacy, there may be,—and this, in spite of precautions, may give occasion to the popular surmise that partiality has been shown, and that some offenders have escaped their punishment;—but there is very little room for *mystery* in the simple execution of a criminal by a mode prescribed by the laws, and publicly announced. A mystery hung over the prisons of the Inquisition because tortures of an unknown description were supposed to be inflicted. Instead, therefore, of *seeing* the execution, the public would only *hear* of it. If the first appears to have little influence in deterring from crime, the second must have still less. Besides which, the exposure to the multitude, forms, in the majority of cases, no inconsiderable part of the punishment.

What is done by the laws with human life ought to be done openly, solemnly, with the manifest sanction of society—that the act, even in external circumstances, may be separated in the popular imagination, as far as possible, from the deed of assassination, which it probably punishes. It should be made palpable to the most vulgar apprehension that, not a judge and an executioner, but the whole community, are putting the miserable criminal to death, and that no other reason than the general safety justifies the extinction of his life. The bowstring appears to us very naturally to associate with the dagger and the bowl.

There are some opinions upon other subjects scattered through these volumes which the world, in general, will dignify with no higher names than *whims* and *crotchets*. Mr. Landor advises the modern Greeks (and if the Greeks why not the English) to substitute in war the bow and arrow for the musket and bayonet;—he proposes cork-armour, which, at all events, would make robust soldiers,

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soldiers, and men of a terrible magnitude to the enemy ;—he is resolved that the Emperor Nero, whose name has been a synonym for cruelty, shall no longer be considered as a weak man destroyed by his own unrestrained passions, but shall be fairly protected under the plea of insanity ;—he thinks it also a singular instance of blindness in the readers of Don Quixote to suppose, as they have, that that work was written in ridicule of the romances of chivalry, since the sole object at which Cervantes seriously aimed was to teach the folly of religious persecution—the Knight of the Woful Countenance representing Charles V., and his Dulcinea the Virgin Mary,—though whom Sancho Panza typifies we are not informed. We doubt not that the readers of the ‘ Fairy Queen ’ have been, in Mr. Landor’s opinion, guilty of a similar perversity, who, while they have acknowledged certain allusions to Queen Elizabeth and her court, have persisted in tracing throughout the poem, as its ostensible purpose, certain allegories on faith, and temperance, and justice. Our author proves that Cervantes could not have ridiculed these romances, because, with the exception of theology, they composed almost exclusively the literature of his country.\* It is just when an absurdity has passed its zenith height of popularity and begins to wane, that it affords the most propitious subject for the exercise of wit ; and in the time of Cervantes this was the case with the topics of chivalry, which had been brought into some disparagement, if not by books and authors, by what was still more effective, the spirit of trade and commerce then rising into influence. A subject must have some interest still clinging to it—must have, or be supposed to have, some remaining popularity—or the jest becomes flat and insipid. Mr. Landor has, indeed, overlooked this fact even in his own compositions. Nothing has surprised us more in reading the *Conversations* than the elaborate jocularity which has been expended on the follies of popery—follies which, to his countrymen and readers, are long ago worn out and defunct. For any poignancy which the wit gathers from the interest of the subject, he might as well have revived the pleasantries of Lucian against the pagan religion.†

After

\* The merit of the best of these romances, such as the *Amadis de Gaul*, Cervantes has never been suspected of decrying ; the Curate, in his criticism of the *Don*’s library, makes great distinctions ; and the writer of the first of mock-heroics had himself formed a design, which death only interrupted, of writing a serious piece which would have taken the shape of a chivalrous romance. But that the host of imitators, and the prevailing folly and extravagance of knight-errant literature, were the objects of his ridicule, is as certain as that there were windmills in those days and wine-skins.

† Amongst the *crotchets* of Mr. Landor will, perhaps, be ranked his peculiar method of spelling certain words—reforms amongst our vowels and our consonants, the

After the quotations we have made from the Imaginary Conversations, we need not say that there are better things to be found in them than the specimens we have just been commenting on. There are especially many admirable observations of a critical nature, well conceived and beautifully expressed. While he confines himself to general remark, Mr. Landor is an excellent critic: when he proceeds to affix praise or censure to any individual name, he is apt to become intemperate, and sometimes commits gross injustice. Mr. Landor delights—he revels—in derision of the critics. He who, in the writer of *Guy Mannering*, could find nothing to criticise but some trivial inaccuracies of language, and could then dismiss him from notice with contempt, (note to the conversation between Dr. Johnson and Horne Tooke,) has himself afforded no very bright example to those whom he would castigate, and shown that a man of great ability may be so biassed by prejudice and ill-humour as to become a sorry critic.

In his strictures also upon individual passages of writing there is more of *carping* than we should have expected from Mr. Landor, and occasionally a very intemperate and violent chastisement is bestowed on some slight or doubtful offence. Wordsworth, in his 'Laodamia,' has the following exquisite passage:—

'He spake of love, such love as spirits feel

In worlds whose course is equable and pure,

No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,

The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;

the greater part of which in his later writings he seems, however, to have abandoned. In the alterations he has attempted to introduce into our orthography no steady principle is preserved. He disclaims the project of spelling words according to their pronunciation—yet on what other grounds would he oblige us to write *establish*? The next reform has for its object to preserve distinct and perceptible this very termination *ed*, by which we form our participle; he would write *averr*, *admitt*, because the participle is *averr'd*, *admitt'd*. We suspect—however reprehensible it may be—that people will be more easily induced to correct this anomaly by dropping a consonant from the participle than by replacing one in the present tense. The introduction of an *e* in monstrous is likely to gain as little favour, especially as it would oblige us to introduce it into some other words, such as *disasterous*. He would spell *grandor* for *grandeur*—adopting what is now felt to be a vulgarism in pronunciation; and *invey* for *ineigh*—dropping the aspirate which, when emphasis is laid on the word, is always given—anywhere, at least, out of the land of Cockneydom. But of all these alterations the most disagreeable to the reader is a return to the old and exploded custom of striking out the two first letters of the word *them*; he writes *have'em*, *know'em*, *without'em*. Whatever may have been the fashion a century ago, the sound of the *theta* is never now omitted in these cases. When, indeed, the previous word ends in *th* as in *with them*, we dwell on the termination of the first word, and make it answer for the commencement of the second. But, even in this case, the sound is not represented by *with'em* any more than by *wi'them*. Besides which there are other words under the same predicament. Mr. Landor never writes *with'ese* for *with these*; which, however, would be just as reasonable as *with'em* for *with them*. If our orthography is to be amended, the task must be assigned to some more considerate person, who will condescend to pay a little regard to the pronunciation of his contemporaries.

Spake

Spake as a witness of a second birth  
Of all that is most perfect upon earth.'

Now the expression *second birth*, being appropriated to the exposition of a Christian doctrine, was not fortunately chosen; but it is palpable that the poet did not use it in its scriptural sense; he applied it only to signify a restoration to existence in another world. The term *witness* was certainly not employed, if we may so express ourselves, in any technical manner. Mr. Landor fastens on these words, and speaking under the name of Porson, thus vents his disapprobation:—

'In a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own, and in a stanza, the former part of which might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions it describes, how unseasonable is the allusion to *witness* and *second birth*! which things, however holy and venerable in themselves, come stinking and reeking to us from the conventicle. I desire to see *Laodamia* in the silent and gloomy mansion of her beloved *Protesilaus*, *not elbowed by the godly butchers in Tottenham-court Road*, *nor smelling devoutly of ratafia among the sugar-bakers' wives at Blackfriars*.'—vol. i. p. 90.

This is truly pitiable.

*Pericles and Aspasia* is not inferior to the best among the conversations, and abounds with passages of a chaste and glowing eloquence; but the structure of the work is extremely unfortunate. We have fictitious letters, speeches, poems, dialogues, all written, delivered, held, by historical personages and on historical occasions. Meanwhile no narrative has awakened our interest in these persons and occasions,—no train of incidents has artfully combined the inventions of the author with our old reminiscences; and the inevitable consequence is, that the whole work bears the aspect of a series of themes, and exercises, and literary imitations. The page, moreover, is overrun with verses, invariably inferior to the prose, and which are not a whit more acceptable by being introduced occasionally with some expression of slight or contempt. What little there is of narrative is not successful; and the appearance of Cleone at the conclusion of the piece, might be quoted as a justification of a remark we have previously made on this author's deficiency in descriptive talent.

The work shares, in common with the *Imaginary Conversations*, this signal disadvantage, that names are introduced which excite expectations greater than it is always in the power of the author to satisfy. To *Aspasia* none of that wit is assigned which the conversational fame of the Attic beauty leads us to anticipate. Some of the most distinguished men of antiquity are revived to little purpose. We have *Aristophanes*, and not a jest; *Thucydides*,

dides, and a compliment to Aspasia; and Sophocles appears for little else than to throw confusion on all our Mitchells by confessing, of some verses of his own, that he had forgotten what he meant when he wrote them.

The character of Pericles, the statesman and orator, refined, ardent, collected, has been ably sustained throughout; but Anaxagoras, the philosopher, is the man of greatest genius in the piece. How full of feeling and of thought is the following reflection, which we extract from a letter of his to Aspasia:—

‘I hardly know what I am treading on when I make a single step toward philosophy: on sand I fear it is; and whether the impression be shallow or profound, the eternal tide of human passions will cover and efface it. There are many who would be vexed and angry at this, and would say in the bitterness of their hearts that they have spent their time in vain. Aspasia! Aspasia! they have indeed if they are angry and vexed about it.’—vol. ii. p. 232.

Anaxagoras has been banished to Lampsacus, whence he writes these letters to Aspasia: we shall make some further extracts from them. He has been counselling his correspondent against any attempt to divert Pericles from public business—

‘Age is coming on; this will not loosen his tenacity of power—it usually has quite the contrary effect; but it will induce him to give up more of his time to the studies he has always delighted in, which, however, were insufficient for the full activity of his mind. Mine is a slug-gard: I have surrendered it entirely to philosophy, and it has made little or no progress; it has dwelt pleased with hardly anything it has embraced, and has often run back again from fond prepossessions to startling doubts. It could not help it.

‘*But as we sometimes find one thing while we are looking for another; so, if truth escaped me, happiness and contentment fell in my way, and have accompanied me even to Lampsacus.* . . . .

‘Believe me, I am happy: I am not deprived of my friends. Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects, but it rests longer on them, and sees them better. Pericles first, and then you, and then Meton, occupy my thoughts. I am with you still; I study with you, just as before, although nobody talks aloud in the school-room.

‘This is the pleasantest part of life. Oblivion throws her light coverlet over our infancy, and soon after we are out of the cradle we forget how soundly we had been slumbering, and how delightful were our dreams. Toil and pleasure contend for us almost the instant we rise from it, and weariness follows whichever has carried us away. We stop awhile, look round us, wonder to find we have completed the circle of existence, fold our arms and fall asleep again.’—vol. ii. p. 130.

Here is the last letter which the philosopher writes.

‘*Anaxagoras to Aspasia.*

‘We are now so near winter that there may not be, after the vessel which

which is about to sail, any more of them bound for Athens, all the remainder of the year. And who knows what another may bring or take away.

'I remain in health, but feeble. Life slips from me softly and imperceptibly. I am unwilling to tire myself by blowing a fire which must soon go out, whether I blow it or not. Had I any species of curiosity to send you, were it pebble, sea-weed, or new book, I would send it; not (for it is idle to talk so) as a memorial of me. If the friend is likely to be forgotten, can we believe that any thing he has about him will repose a longer time on the memory?

'Thus far I had written, when my memory failed me. Stesicles and Apollodorus have told me I must prepare for a voyage. The shore is neither so broad or so stormy as the Hellespont. . . . .

'Think me happy that I am away from Athens—I who always lose my composure in the presence of crime or calamity. If any one should note to you my singularities, remembering one a year hence, as I trust you and Pericles will do, add to them, but not aloud, a singularity of felicity, "*He neither lived nor died with the multitude!*" There are, however, some Clazomenians who know that Anaxagoras was of Clazomenai.<sup>2</sup>—vol. ii. p. 232.

The close of the life of Pericles is also one of the most select passages in the book. It is related by Alcibiades.

'When he had ended, and I was raising my head from above the pillow (for I continued in that posture, ashamed that he, who spake so composedly, should perceive my uncontrollable emotion), I remarked I knew not what upon his bosom. He smiled faintly and said—

'Alcibiades! I need not warn you against superstition: it never was among your weaknesses. Do not wonder at these amulets: above all do not order them to be removed. The kind old nurses who have been carefully watching over me day and night, are persuaded that these will save my life. Superstition is rarely so kind-hearted: whenever she is, unable as we are to reverence, let us at least respect her. After the good patient creatures have found, as they must soon, all their traditional charms unavailing, they will surely grieve enough, and perhaps from some other motive than their fallibility in science. Inflict not, O Alcibiades! a fresh wound upon their grief, by throwing aside the tokens of their affection. In hours like these we are the most indifferent to opinion, and greatly the most sensible to kindness.'

'The statesman, the orator, the conqueror, the protector, had died away; the philosopher, the humane man yet was living—alas! few moments more.'—p. 291.

Our next quotation shall be of a more sprightly kind. It is from a letter of Aspasia to Anaxagoras.

'No writer of florid prose ever was more than a secondary poet. Poetry, in her bright estate, is delighted with exuberant abundance, but imposes on her worshipper a severity of selection. She has not only her days of festival, but also her days of abstinence, and, unless upon some that

that are set apart, prefers the graces of sedateness to the revelry of enthusiasm. She rejects, as inharmonious and barbarous, the mimicry of her voice and manner by obstreperous sophists and argute grammarians, and she scatters to the winds the loose fragments of the schools.

'Socrates and his disciples run about the streets, pick up every young man they meet with, carry him away with them, and prove to him that everything he ever heard is false, and everything he ever said is foolish. He must love his father and mother in their way, or not at all. The only questions they ask him are those which they know he cannot answer, and the only doctrines they inculcate are those which it is impossible they should understand. He has now fairly reached sublimity, and looks of wonder are interchanged at his progress. Is it sublime to strain our vision into a fog? and must we fancy we see far because we are looking where nobody can see farther?'—p. 141.

Aspasia is an excellent critic;—and yet there have been exceptions to her opening rule—for example, is not one of the most florid of old English prose-writers the author also of the 'Paradise Lost?' The following remark upon the attempt to distinguish between truth and fable in the early traditions of a nation, is judicious and beautifully illustrated.

'On an accumulation of obscure deeds arises a wild spirit of poetry; and images and names burst forth and spread themselves, which carry with them something like enchantment far beyond the infancy of nations. What is vague imagination settles, at last, and is received for history. It is difficult to effect and idle to attempt the separation: it is like breaking off a beautiful crystallization from the vault of some intricate and twilight cavern, out of mere curiosity to see where the accretion terminates and the rock begins.'—vol. ii. p. 80.

It will be seen that we are bent upon selecting only what is pleasing and excellent from this little book. It would be no difficult matter, were we disposed, to find examples of stiff and stilted composition, of laboured pleasantry, and ineffectual efforts at pathos. There are instances, also, of a negligent use of metaphorical language hardly to be anticipated in a work composed upon the whole with so much accuracy. Here is image upon image in singular confusion—

'As in the ocean that embraces the earth, whatever is sordid is borne away and disappears in it, so the flame of Love purifies the temple it burns in.'—vol. i. p. 132.

At the conclusion of this work there is a sort of appendix or essay, entitled, 'Reflections on Athens at the Decease of Pericles,' which is, however, far more concerned about the politics of England, than with either Pericles or Athens. It is written with an asperity of disposition extremely repulsive, and with a perversity

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sity of opinion that quite baffles and eludes all argumentative reply. Strange! that he who had supplied an appropriate eloquence to Pericles, should reserve for himself the language of Cleon—that he who can write for another with elegance and a temperate judgment, should compose his own orations of ‘mud from the Nile,’ rife with things noisome and prodigious. He finds that England is governed by an oligarchy:—

‘To this likewise,’ he says, ‘must be assigned our periodical wars, tenderly protracted and carefully husbanded; and what is more iniquitous than the most iniquitous war, and produces more strife and hatred, our bloated overwhelming church establishment. Every rising generation requires a ten years’ war to support the younger branches of the dominant faction; and the public must pay the servile polishers of golden tufts with deaneries and bishoprics.’ (As he proceeds he betrays, it will be suspected, some personal feeling of offended vanity.) ‘Hence the descendants of persons whose chief merit was subserviency, and whose knowledge was confined within the covers of a Greek classic, raise up their heads in society above the ancient gentlemen and heraldic nobility of the land. The Greek is not a more difficult language than the Welsh. I had a groom who acquired the Welsh of a scullion, in seven or eight months, and yet never rose by merit or interest to become a doctor of divinity.’

In politics Mr. Landor is not a democrat; it is hardly necessary to say that he is not the advocate of arbitrary power. One would think that such a man might rest contented with the constitution of this country, under which he may live with as little molestation as possible from king or populace. But some cause of displeasure, it seems, lies rankling in his mind, and he has presented us here with his own project for its amendment. This plan of reform is announced in a manner somewhat rambling and discursive, but we must do our best, on a subject of so much importance, to convey the writer’s proposition in his own language:—

‘I would not, as matters are, destroy the House of Lords: I would not, as in his *drunken democracy* Mr. William Pitt did, conspire to bring it into contempt. Here, as everywhere else in polity, we should avoid all possible innovations. To remove abuses is indeed to innovate, in our government; but my meaning is, that we must introduce nothing which wants analogy in practice or in principle.

‘Mr. Fox would have reduced the peers to a series of cyphers. He was unlucky in all his projects. On one occasion he said he had a *peace in his pocket*, when he no more had a peace in it than he had a guinea. He was, however, less democratic, less subversive of social order and national dignity, than his rival. To descend from Pericles to such as these, is like descending from the downs of Clifton to the streets of Bristol. The better of the two had an equaler match in Cleon: the latter before he left us *tossed up a serpent into the air, which went off with a fizz*

*fizz in Canning.* May we never see again such a wasteful expenditure of gunpowder and coarse paper! \* . . . .

'The legislature, at two epochs widely distinct, has recognised, devised, and framed, an elective peerage. This has been done for two parts in three of the empire. Had it been for only one there would have been guide and authority enough: it has been done for two, and by ministers called the most constitutional and conservative: he surely who shall bring it about for the third, cannot fairly be called otherwise. The body should be so constituted as to be the stay and support of the agricultural interest, which the invention of machinery and the spirit of speculation have depressed. Unless it be so, it will, under any form, become a by-word, and be scarcely more respectable in itself than the rabble of lawyers and literators tricked out for stage effect in the millinery of the Palais Royal, and holding courts for the trial of hang-dogs and incendiaries. Provided our peerage never exceed nine hundred, nor the portion elected as functionaries more than three hundred, why should not gentlemen distinguished by wealth and *abilities*, and possessing hereditary landed property to the low amount of only a hundred thousand pounds, be called, or stand in a situation to be called, to the high council board of their country?'

The scheme of a representative peerage here laid down, though it appears but a slight departure from the form of our constitution, is not the less utterly impracticable; for who that is at all conversant with the state of public opinion in this country, would propose to draw a *new* line of distinction between the possessor of hereditary landed property, and the proprietor of wealth of every other description—of land not inherited but acquired, or of transmitted riches in factories or commerce? To mention *abilities* as a separate qualification for the new peerage, is futile; unless we are also told by what means and by whose decision these are to be discriminated—unless some additional test is also provided, beside the old presumption which connects intelligence with property.

If the upper house is to become a representative body, and wealth to be admitted to rank its possessor amongst those who elect the members of that house, and are eligible themselves, it is manifest that no species of opulence could be excluded from the distinction; and our first step of reform conducts us to an elective peerage chosen by the wealthy orders of society. This may appear to some a very attractive scheme; it would be a very

\* Mr. Landor's political heats have a strange influence upon his figures of speech. Here is another instance. Mr. Pitt is boasting how he pillages the country. 'What is any man's private purse, other than that into which he can put his hand at his option? Neither my pocket nor my house, neither the bank nor the treasury, neither London nor Westminster, neither England nor Europe, are capacious enough for mine: it swings between the Indies, and it sweeps the whole ocean.'—*Second Series*, vol. i. p. 85.

Pitt is speaking with great seriousness at the time—is this pendulous prodigy intended to illustrate the style of that minister's rhetoric?

hazardous

hazardous experiment. It would array one class of the people distinctly against another. If any serious opposition should arise between two legislative assemblies, representing distinct sections of society, and composed, both of them, of men who had merged their personal responsibility in their representative character, it is difficult to foresee how the contest could be terminated but by the utter prostration of one of the two rivals. An upper house, constituted as we have been imagining, must either sink into insignificance or it would be *too strong*. The house of peers, in its present state, will never carry opposition to an extent ruinous to the peace of the country. Its members, acting with a sense of individual responsibility, seek for their support that general opinion of society which does not always display itself even at popular elections—and, although they may oppose a house of commons, will never stand in array against the people of England. Let us rest assured that we must either keep the house of lords we now possess, or have none at all.

Enough of the turbid stream of Mr. Landor's politics. Let us turn to his poetry. The verses scattered through his prose compositions are such as rarely give an additional interest to those works—rarely invite to a second perusal. They are cold, constrained, unattractive performances. But Mr. Landor has also published a separate volume of poems, in which, though a singular harshness of style pervades them, there are evident traces of genuine poetic feeling.

The tragedy of *Count Julian* is, both from its length and merit, the prominent piece in the volume. The plot is not very skilfully devised; the catastrophe is mainly formed by the death of Count Julian's sons, of whose existence we have never been informed till we hear of their execution; and throughout the drama there is a painful indistinctness in the events which are supposed to be passing before us. Southey's 'Don Roderick' has familiarized all readers of poetry with the historical facts on which the play is founded—otherwise we verily believe they would have great difficulty in extracting them from the abrupt and rugged verse of Mr. Landor. With respect to the characters of this drama, we detect nothing faulty in their original conception; but the idea of the artist is seldom adequately executed. *Egilona*, for instance, the wife of Roderick—the spoilt, amiable, jealous, miserable woman—we perceive the author to have accurately understood, but not vividly to have portrayed. We read her speeches without emotion, and see exercised in the composition before us the powers rather of the critic than the poet.

As *Count Julian* is not very generally known—nor likely ever to become so—it would be a mere weariness to enter into a minute criticism

criticism of its blemishes. It will be a more acceptable service if we select from it some of the passages of most signal merit.

Here is a description of Egilona which we give as it stands in the poem, though there are some lines whose omission would be an improvement:—

‘Beaming with virtue inaccessible  
 Stood Egilona ; for her lord she lived,  
 And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high :  
 All thoughts were on her—all beside her own.  
 Negligent as the blossoms of the field,  
 Arrayed in candour and simplicity,  
 Before her path she heard the streams of joy  
 Murmur her name in all their cadences,  
 Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,  
 Reflect her image ; but acknowledged them  
 Hers most complete when flowing from her most.  
 All things in want of her, herself of none,  
 Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet  
 Unfelt and unregarded : now behold  
 The earthly passions war against the heavenly  
 Pride against love, ambition and revenge  
 Against devotion and compliancy :  
 Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted ;  
 And coming nearer to our quiet view,  
 The original clay of coarse mortality  
 Hardens and flaws around her.’—p. 138.

The grief of Julian is finely portrayed in the following image—

‘Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,  
 Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men ;  
 As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun  
 Throws o’er the varying earth his early ray,  
 Stands solitary, stands immovable  
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,  
 Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,  
 In the cold light.’—p. 164.

A battle is fought, and Rodrigo falls into the hands of Count Julian, who sentences his enemy (the violator, it will be remembered, of his daughter, here called Covilla) to the perpetual imprisonment of a monastery. This dismissal of the king is regarded by the victorious Moors, who had been called in to execute this revenge, as an act of treachery towards them ; and Muza, their leader, condemns first the children of the Count to be executed, and then himself.

‘*Muza.* Away with him.

‘*Julian.* Slaves ! not before I lift  
 My voice to heaven and man : though enemies  
 Surround me, and none else, yet other men

And

And other times shall hear: the agony  
Of an oppress and of a burning heart  
No violence can silence; at its voice  
The trumpet is o'erpowered, and glory mute,  
And peace and war hide all their charms alike.'

And at the conclusion he exclaims,—

'And my Covilla! dost thou yet survive?  
Yes, my lost child, thou livest yet—in shame!  
O agony, past utterance! past thought!  
*That throwest death, as some light idle thing,  
With all its terrors into dust and air.'*

This collection of poems opens with one entitled 'Gebir,' a youthful production—a thing distressing to read, and of an unconquerable obscurity—and yet containing glimpses of poetic thought. We quote the following lines—though, unlike most of Mr. Landor's, they have been often quoted before—not only for their own beauty, but because they present a rather singular coincidence with a passage in *The Excursion* :—

'And I have sinuous shells of pearly hue ;—  
Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.'

The passage from 'The Excursion' is this—

'I have seen  
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within  
Were heard—sonorous cadences ! whereby,  
To his belief, the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.'

Wordsworth makes a moral application of the image, but in the mere description of the fact or incident we prefer, in this instance, the preceding and inferior poet.

Some brief pieces complete the volume. The stanzas addressed to 'Ianthé' have this merit, that they appear to have been dictated by a sincerity of feeling. There is one entitled a 'Fæsulán Idyl,' which contains materials for a light and elegant poem, but they are not disposed in a natural or lucid order. The expression of any genuine feeling, taste, or inclination of a writer is almost sure to interest—and accordingly these lines will be read with pleasure:—

And

'And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
 To let all flowers live freely and all die,  
 Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,  
 Among their kindred in their native place.  
*I never pluck the rose; the violet's head*  
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,  
 And not reproacht me; the ever sacred cup  
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.'

The polished trifle that follows shall conclude our quotations.

'*Imitation of the manner of Catullus.*

'Aurelius, sire of Hungrinesses!  
 These thy old friend Catullus blesses,  
 And sends thee three fine water-cresses.

There are who would not think me quite  
 (Unless we were old friends) polite  
 To mention whom you should invite.

Look at them well; and turn it o'er  
 In your own mind;—I'd have but four—  
 Lucullus, Cesar, and two more.'

Mr. Landor has also published a volume of Latin poems, entitled '*Idyllia Heroica Decem, Librum Phaleuciorum Unum.*' The work was published at Pisa, that it might more certainly create for the author a reputation amongst the Italian literati. He tells us in his characteristic manner, '*Scriptum in Italiâ edidi (cur dissimulem? quæ ambitio enim innocentior?) quia nolui turmalis esse, nolui opinione hominum cum ceteris Britannorum peregrinantium, cujuscunque sint ordinis, conturbari.*' But it is not a European reputation only that Mr. Landor proposes to himself; he scarcely disguises from us that he adopts the Latin language in order to secure an imperishable name when the English shall be forgotten; so that when the planks of the British vessel fail him, he may step on the *terra firma* of the imperial literature of Rome. How long Mr. Landor's works may last in his own language we are not disposed to prophesy. He has himself an ardent faith—a pleasant one—and we have no wish, and are quite aware that neither we, nor any other, have the power, to disturb it. That true salt lies scattered through his works, is certain; whether sufficient, or of savour strong enough to preserve the whole mass from decay and dissolution, we will not venture to assert or deny. But if his fame in after-ages is to depend on these Latin productions, we have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing the futility of his hopes.

The poems are accompanied by an essay inquiring '*Cur poetæ Latini recentiores minus legantur?*' Judging from this, Mr.

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Landor appears to us to be not altogether aware of the extremely disadvantageous position in which a writer places himself who composes poetry in a dead language. Perhaps no task in letters could be devised more difficult than to obtain the lasting protection of the Roman language for modern genius. We read the poems of the ancients, and our remotest posterity, and the posterity of the most distant nations of the earth will probably read them, not only for their intrinsic merit, but because they were really written by Greeks and Romans. The perusal of works produced under the influence of a totally different religion, of a different polity, and in a condition of human knowledge and the arts of life which never can again return, must always be highly interesting, highly beneficial. It corrects the prejudices of times and countries, and is to the intellect a species of foreign travel, liberalizing even still more than it enlightens. But the modern, though he may write in an ancient language, can attach to his work no portion of this interest;—he foregoes the use of words which have grown up with, and been modelled to, the thoughts and feelings of his age;—adopts a language loaded with associations from a distant era;—he must not see, or hear, or know, what an ancient has not left him a term to express; he becomes unavoidably an imitator; he belongs to no period, to no country,—he is neither Roman nor Englishman, he is merely linguist. To compose under these disadvantages anything which, merely from its essential merit, should be cherished and preserved by a different people, in a distant age, would require far more than the genius of Virgil or of Horace; and such genius who would not regret to see exercised under so great restraints, and deprived of its best resources?

At the revival of letters poets wrote in Latin, and naturally, because so large a portion of the ideas they sought to express were immediately derived through the medium of that language; to them, as writers, it was a native tongue; and the ablest of them all, Buchanan, had no other in which he could have expressed the higher and more elegant movements of his mind. Yet even these have obtained no footing on the soil of ancient times; the worst poet in the worst age of Roman literature is more secure of his position than the best of these imitators; their works live but as part of modern literature—must share its fate whatever that may be, and will lie neglected in the meantime, or be read only to be pillaged. As a scholar-like accomplishment—as the graceful amusement of a literary leisure—Latin poetry will at all times be written; nor as such do we seek for a moment to disparage it. But to anything higher than this, we do not expect, and hardly wish it to be carried.

Mr. Landor's volume, viewed in this subordinate character, will do him credit. In his imitations of classic fable, whether mythological or heroic, he has caught the air of antiquity; and he uses the language as one perfectly familiar with its resources. But his line is not melodious, the metre and the thought seldom flow in harmony together, and, above all, there is nothing in the substance itself of the poems to challenge admiration, nothing to render it any loss to the English reader that it was not composed in his native tongue.

We meet with little in the *Idyls* that tempts us to quotation. If we are wearied with reproductions, by a modern, of heathen mythology or Homeric fable, is the case much mended by having the same thing presented to us in the Latin language? But there is a book of *Hendecasyllabics*, many of which are occasional poems composed on events of our own time, and which, if they have no other interest, are at least very characteristic of their author. We, however, willingly confine ourselves to a single specimen. It is in this amiable and graceful fashion that Mr. Landor thinks fit to disport himself over the grave of Mr. Fox:—

‘*Epitaphium C. Foxii.*

‘Torrens eloquio, inque præpotentes  
Iracundus et acer, et feroci  
Vultu vinculaque et cruces minatus,  
Placandus tamen ut catellus æger  
Qui morsu digitum petit protervo  
Et lambit decies—tuis amicis  
Tanto carior in dies et horas  
Quanto deciperes magis, magisque—  
O Foxi lepide, O miselle Foxi,  
Ut totus, me ita dii juvent! peristi!  
Tu nec fallere nec potes jocari,  
Tu nec ludere mane vesperi-ve.  
Quâ nemo cubitum quatit, quiescis!  
Jacta est alea, et heu! silet fritillus.’—p. 24.

We have brought ourselves to the conclusion of Mr. Landor's volumes. They leave upon the mind of the reader impressions singularly discordant of displeasure and admiration; and these we have endeavoured impartially to convey. If praise and blame have alternated somewhat abruptly through our pages, the inconsistency is not in us; if the scales of criticism have vacillated more than usual, this must not altogether be attributed to weakness in the hand that held the balance. Where we have praised we have quoted largely; where we have condemned we have often trusted to our reader's candour, or his memory, for the justification of our censure. Why should we be engaged in

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in scraping refuse into a heap? He who loves such occupation may find employment in Mr. Landor's works. He who, on the contrary, shall set aside what is really excellent in them, and return to a second perusal of this alone, will be abundantly rewarded for his labour.\*

ART. VI.—*The Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by her Great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe. 3 vols. 8vo. London. 1837.

THESE volumes will, we fear, disappoint in some degree the public expectation; indeed it could hardly be otherwise. When a work is known to have been published with certain prudential restrictions, there is always a strong curiosity excited about the suppressed parts; and it is supposed that what has been concealed must be much more *piquant* than what has been published. This feeling exists especially with regard to private letters and memoirs, and in no case was it more likely to be pushed to its extreme than with regard to the gay, witty, and superabundantly frank correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley. 'When such things

\* After concluding, as we thought, our notice of Mr. Landor's works, we received another production from his pen—a pamphlet in verse—entitled *A Satire upon Satirists and Admonition to Detractors*. The author, by a strange principle of calculation, seems to reckon upon its very poverty of merit as a passport at least to its circulation. 'It is only our intimate friends,' says the preface, 'who like us best when we write well; the greater part of readers are complacent at imagining their superiority as they discover our aberrations.' The greater part of readers care for little else than to be pleased with what they read; but, if there are others of an opposite temper, it cannot be denied that Mr. Landor has here written with sufficient mediocrity to secure their attention.

Not having ourselves a taste for aberrations into dulness, we should not have alluded to this trifle, but for the injurious mention that is made in it of names which must awaken an interest in every one at all acquainted with English literature. The reader of the *Imaginary Conversations* must have observed that their author professes a somewhat clamorous friendship for Mr. Southey. To one who is a lover of peace it cannot be very agreeable to find a stout fellow by his side—ever and anon protesting that he is the properest man alive—and defying all the world to gainsay it. Yet such is the attitude which Mr. Landor assumes by the side of his friend Mr. Southey. In the present instance he has signalized this amicable zeal by bringing before him, as the calumniator of his worth, another friend of his own, Mr. Wordsworth. For this purpose, and under pretence of keeping peace between the two poets, he 'cracks the satiric thong:—

'Under my wrist ne'er let the whip be crackt  
When poet leaves a poet's fame intact.  
When from their rocks and mountains they descend  
To tear the stranger or to pluck the friend,  
I spring between them and their hoped-for prey,  
And whoop them from their fiendish feast away.'—p. 24.

The author of the *Excursion*, it seems, is reported to have spoken disparagingly of the author of *Thalaba's* poetry at some time and place, neither of which are mentioned.

things have been printed, what,' it is naturally asked, 'must that be which is kept back?' Now, in truth, in this as in most cases, it turns out that the suppressions have been much less important than was fancied; they bear but a small proportion to the whole work, and generally apply to matters—delicate perhaps at the moment of the first publication, but—of very little interest to the general reader of after-times. We cannot but suspect, also, that every reperusal of Lady Mary's 'Letters' will tend to a doubt whether her merit has not been somewhat exaggerated. When they first appeared, a traveller and an author of Lady Mary's rank and sex was a double wonder—which was much increased by Lady Mary's personal circumstances, and by the vivacity, spirit, and boldness of her pen. But now that the extraneous sources of admiration have run dry, we confess that the intrinsic value of the letters seems less striking; and that if we were to deduct from Lady Mary's pleasantry and wit, those passages which a respectable woman ought not, perhaps, to have written, we should very considerably reduce her claims to literary eminence. The additional letters now produced will add little to Lady Mary's fame, and take little from her reputation. They exhibit her neither wittier nor looser than she was already known to be—on the contrary, the pleasantry and the coarseness being diluted, as it were, by a large addition of very commonplace matter, the *peculiarities* of Lady Mary appear on the whole, we think, less pungent than in the earlier editions.

tioned. Now reports of this kind are almost always found on examination to be false: the words were either not uttered at all, or they were spoken in a tone which has been misapprehended, or they were accompanied by limitations which have been omitted. Mr. Landor, however, gives full credence to the *on dit*, and because it has found its way (as what does not?) into print, he thinks it quite becoming and necessary to give it the immortality which waits up 'that pen' and 'those two fingers.' Such conduct as this, in the ordinary intercourse of social life, people would be apt to say, was meddlesome, and call it mischief-making; and why it should gain a more dignified title in the world of letters—we are unable to explain. And, moreover, we are very sorry to add—we cannot avoid suspecting that some personal grudge of his own has had its share in moving Mr. Landor to this performance. Our satirist quotes in a note the parallel passages from *Gebir* and the *Excursion*, to which we have already alluded as bearing a close resemblance to each other. He makes his charge of plagiarism, and reclaims his own with due flourish of trumpets. If Wordsworth had borrowed *all* Mr. Landor's poetry, he would have had but little to restore—little in comparison to the wealth that would still remain behind, and scarce perceptibly diminished. Every one, however, has a right to claim his own, be it what it may. But if any pique arising from this transgression—this casual forgetfulness of the *meum et tuum* in a poetical idea—has prompted Mr. Landor to an attack on quite different grounds, and induced him to represent Mr. Wordsworth as the detractor of his old, and, we believe, constantly affectionate friend, the Laureate—this is an 'aberration' which affects more than the literary character, and would afford gratification to a darker malice than is pleased with detecting the weaknesses and blemishes of a copy of verses.

But

But this observation applies only to the additions from Lady Mary's own pen; for there are some very remarkable and interesting circumstances connected with *this* publication. It is edited by Lord Wharncliffe, the descendant and heir of Lady Mary, with a liberality and candour deserving the thanks and worthy of the imitation of all literary men: but his lordship claims but a secondary merit in the work, the most important as well as the most interesting novelty in the edition, being an ample introduction under the title of *Biographical Anecdotes*, and frequent explanatory notes from the pen of Lady Louisa Stuart, the daughter of Lord and Lady Bute—the grandchild of Lady Mary.

It will surprise the generality of readers to find that we have still amongst us, in the full vigour and activity of her faculties, a lady, who, herself born in the reign of George II., received the maternal caresses of Lady Mary Wortley, and who thus forms a link—the only one probably now existing—between the reigns of William III. and William IV.—between 1690 and 1837, a period of almost 150 years.

The wonder and pleasure that such a circumstance is in itself sure to excite, will be greatly increased by the perusal of her anecdotes, which narrate the experience of age with all the vivacity of youth. It is with great justice that Lord Wharncliffe remarks, 'that the spirit and vigour with which these anecdotes are written must satisfy the reader that a ray of Lady Mary's talent has fallen on one of her descendants.'—vol. i. p. 4.

But entertaining and interesting as these recollections are, it is obvious that they can go but a little way towards elucidating the obscure passages of Lady Mary's *life*, or even of her *letters*. Lady Louisa, only five years old when Lady Mary died, barely saw—*tantum vidit*—her celebrated grandmother—all she knows she derives from her conversations with Lady Bute and the perusal with which Lady Bute indulged her of part of a journal, kept by Lady Mary throughout her whole life, but of which Lady Bute's delicacy and prudence allowed but a small and very early portion to be seen by her daughter. The more *piquant* topics of the personal history and correspondence of such a woman as Lady Mary, it is obvious that Lady Bute herself was not likely to have fully known—and was still less likely to have imparted to her children.

Lady Mary, we are here informed, kept journals even from her earliest youth. That prior to her marriage was, on her elopement with Mr. Wortley, in 1713, destroyed by her sister, Lady Frances Pierrepont, afterwards Countess of Mar, lest it should fall into her father's hands and further exasperate him. 'After her marriage she renewed the practice and continued it as long as she lived

lived : at her death the journal fell into the hands of Lady Bute, who always kept it under lock and key ; and though she often read passages to her family and friends, would never trust any part out of her own hands, except a few of the early copy-books which she allowed *one* of the family'—no doubt Lady Louisa herself—' to peruse alone, on condition that nothing should be transcribed ;' and a short time before her death Lady Bute burned the entire journal, to the great grief of at least the younger part of the family. To Lady Louisa's recollections of the small portion she was thus permitted to read, we are indebted for these anecdotes ; and we are therefore not surprised at finding them somewhat meagre as to the most *delicate points* of Lady Mary's own history, and rather too abundant in scandal about all her society. But indeed Lady Louisa characterizes with great honesty her source of information, and fairly puts us on our guard against her own traditions derived from so suspicious an authority.

' Lady Bute so admired her mother's writings, and took such pleasure in reading her letters to persons whom she thought endowed with taste enough to relish them, that it might have been held sufficiently certain she had the most cogent reasons for making what clearly appeared a sacrifice—the burning the journal. Yet, as youth is inconsiderate, and the fragments she did allow to be seen or heard were not a little amusing, she was very often assailed with entreaties to forego her design. When pressed on this head, she would ask whether, supposing the case one's own, one could bear the thought of having every *crude opinion*, every *transient wish*, every *angry feeling* that had flitted across one's mind, exposed to the world after one was no more?—And though she always spoke of Lady Mary with great respect, yet it might be perceived that she knew it had been too much her custom to *note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day, without weighing their truth or even their probability ; to record as certain facts, stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character.*

' These were Lady Bute's arguments ; and what could any one who had a sense of rectitude urge in reply ; especially since it must be acknowledged, that in the volumes which she did communicate, the earliest written, and (one may be confident) the least exceptionable, there occasionally appeared traits of satire that showed what might ensue when the vexations and cares of advancing life should have soured the mind, given objects a darker shade of colour, and made farther demands upon a Christian charity not at all likely to have increased in the mean time.'—*Anecdotes*, vol. i. pp. 21, 22, 23.

This candid and sensible admission does Lady Louisa infinite honour, and ought, in fact, to constitute the preface of any edition of Lady Mary's works—for her letters and her verses are full of the kind of scandalous gossip which Lady Louisa thus censures. We shall have occasion by-and-by to return to these anecdotes,  
and

and to show in some remarkable instances the justice of Lady Louisa's warning.

Lord Wharnccliffe himself has, as every body must regret, contributed little to the work; and with the exception of Lady Louisa's notes and of a few attempts—not always successful—to correct disorder and explain obscurities—he has contented himself with adopting the arrangement and annotations of Mr. Dallaway's edition of 1817. He states, however, that—

‘The editor of the present edition having had an opportunity of comparing Lady Mary's letters in their original state, with Mr. Dallaway's book, found that he had not only omitted several letters altogether, but that he had thought fit to leave out passages in others, and even to select portions of different letters, on different subjects, and of different dates, and, having combined and adapted them, to print them as original letters. He has also throughout both his editions frequently suppressed the names of the persons mentioned, and given the initials only. In the edition now offered to the public these defects are remedied.’—*Preface*, p. ii.

We shall see by-and-by that these *defects* are very imperfectly remedied, and the *additions*, as we have already said, will be found of no great extent or value, for, though a considerable number of new letters are given—many of them are short notes; others had been omitted obviously because they contain nothing of interest, and the rest because they are on topics merely domestic, which it is probable the family (naturally more sensitive twenty or thirty years ago than they are now) desired Mr. Dallaway to suppress, as being painful to themselves, without affording sufficient compensatory amusement to the public. As to the *editorial defects*, we cannot, however, but express a wish that Lord Wharnccliffe had filled up all Mr. Dallaway's blanks, and found leisure to have made a general revision of that gentleman's notes, and above all, of the *dates and order* in which Mr. Dallaway had arranged the letters. In adopting, as he generally does, Dallaway's views, Lord Wharnccliffe has repeated a great number of inaccuracies and errors—some so very obvious, that we wonder that they could have escaped him; and in some of the *corrections* which he has attempted on Dallaway, we think he has been by no means successful—at least he has left a great deal still to be done before Lady Mary's letters are cleared from biographical and chronological difficulties.

Besides the additions to the former correspondence, and Lady Louisa's anecdotes, the editor states—

‘The most considerable novelties to which this edition pretends, consist in the letters to Lady Pomfret, those to Sir James Steuart of Coltness, and Lady Frances;’—*Preface*, p. v.

but

but he does not here notice a more important class than either of those which he mentions, which is equally new to us, namely, twenty-four letters written between 1744 and 1750, to the Countess of Oxford. These letters are of a more sober cast than any of the others—the character of the amiable and respectable lady to whom they were addressed, seems to have sobered Lady Mary's fancy and formalized her style. The letters to Lady Pomfret are in a tone rather more lively; but the notes and letters to Sir James and Lady Frances Stuart—twenty-seven in number—seem to us as destitute of any talent or interest, as any batch of familiar letters in our language; and neither they nor even the letters to Ladies Oxford and Pomfret will, we are satisfied, add anything to Lady Mary's epistolary fame—but we do not, therefore, blame the noble editor for inserting them. His edition being intended ‘to give a complete view of the character of Lady Mary,’ he has inserted much that a less honest editor might have suppressed, and he, therefore, does quite right in giving us the less lively but more respectable portion of her correspondence.

Indeed, we have been struck with the kind of instinctive skill which guided Lady Mary in suiting—we suspect unconsciously—her style to the characters of her correspondents. To her late and transient acquaintance, Sir James and Lady Frances Stuart, her letters are verbose and empty—to Lady Oxford, a high-bred lady of the old school, she talks the language of a grave and somewhat formal friendship—to Lady Pomfret, a kind of *Blue*, she intersperses her chit-chat with scraps of learning and antiquarianism—with her sister and Mrs. Hewet, the companions and confidants of her youth, she is giddy, sarcastic, and even coarse—towards her husband she always employs a sober, respectful, and business-like style—to her daughter, she mingles maternal tenderness with a decent pleasantry and much good sense—and finally (to end almost where she began), in the celebrated ‘Letters during the Embassy,’—which she obviously intended for the world at large, and which she therefore addressed to a variety of correspondents—there is a combination of the easy grace—the polished wit—the light humour—the worldly shrewdness of the clever and not over scrupulous woman of fashion.

It would be superfluous to extract any specimens of these various styles, from the letters which have been so long the admiration of the world; but we shall select some passages from those which are either new or little known, and we shall make our selections with a double view; first, to fulfil the editor's intention of giving the world ‘a complete view of Lady Mary's character;’ and, secondly, to endeavour to correct some of the mistakes into which all the editors appear to us to have fallen.

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On the first point it will, we fear, turn out that we shall differ very much from the editor's amiable partiality towards his heroine; but as his work is avowedly published in an honourable anxiety for telling the whole truth, and as we shall abstain from stirring any obnoxious topic which has not been already brought before the public, either in his own edition, or in authorities to which he refers, we trust we shall be excused if the result be not quite so favourable to Lady Mary's character as her descendants might wish. On the second point, we are sure he will be obliged to us for pointing out errors into which he has been led, either by his predecessors or his own inexperience in the dull and complicated duties of an editor. As his work must carry with it such authority as would, if *now* unquestioned, be hereafter considered as decisive, we think it our duty to show that it is in the details of editorship by no means entitled to implicit deference.

It is not without some hesitation that we venture to give any specimen of her ante-nuptial correspondence with Mrs. Hewet, which is replete with wit and shrewdness, but superabundantly sprinkled with something more than levity; but that which the Reverend Mr. Dallaway thought not unfit to be printed, and which Lord Wharncliffe has republished, we hope we may be forgiven for quoting, not merely as a sample of Lady Mary herself, but as a fact in the history of female manners, if not morals, in England.

'I was last Thursday at the new opera, and saw Nicolini strangle a lion with great gallantry. But he represented nakedness so naturally, I was surprised to see those ladies stare at him without any confusion, that pretend to be so violently shocked at a poor *double entendre* or two in a comedy; which convinced me that those prudes who would cry fie! fie! at the word *naked*, have no scruples about the thing. The marriage of Lord Willoughby goes on, and he swears he will bring the lady down to Nottingham races. How far it may be true, I cannot tell. By what fine gentlemen say, you know, it is not easy to guess at what they mean. The lady has made an acquaintance with me after the manner of Pyramus and Thisbe: I mean over a wall three yards high, which separates our garden from Lady Guildford's. The young ladies had found out a way to pull out two or three bricks, and so climb up and hang their chins over the wall, where we, mounted on chairs, used to have many *belles conversations à la dérobée* for fear of the old mother. This trade continued several days; but fortune seldom permits long pleasures. By long standing on the wall, the bricks loosened; and, one fatal morning, down drops Miss Nelly; and, to complete this misfortune, she fell into a little sink, and bruised her poor — self to that terrible degree, she is forced to have surgeons, plaisters, and God knows what, which discovered the whole intrigue; and their mamma forbade them ever to visit us but by the door. Since that time, all our communications

communications have been made in a vulgar manner, visiting in coaches, &c. &c., which took away half the pleasure. You know danger gives a *haut goût* to everything.'—vol. iii. pp. 206, 207.

We shall venture on one more extract:—

'My poor head is distracted with such a variety of *gallimatias*, that I cannot tell you one bit of news. The fire I suppose you have had a long and true account of, though not perhaps that we were raised at three o'clock, and kept waking till five, by the most dreadful sight I ever saw in my life. It was near enough to fright all our servants half out of their senses: however, we escaped better than some of our neighbours. Mrs. Braithwayte, a Yorkshire beauty, who had been but two days married to a Mr. Coleman, ran out of bed *en chemise*, and her husband followed her in his, in which pleasant dress they ran as far as St. James's-street, where they met with a chair, and prudently crammed themselves both into it, observing the rule of dividing the good and bad fortune of this life, resolved to run all hazards together, and ordered the chairman to carry them both away, perfectly representing—both in love and nakedness, and want of eyes to see that they were naked—our first happy parents. Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing the whole history from the lady's own mouth.'—vol. iii. p. 210.

We do not pretend to know whether there is more female *virtue* now-a-days than 'in the reign of good Queen Anne,'—but we are confident that there is more both of *decency* and *delicacy*, and that there is not now an unmarried *Lady Mary* in England who would or *could* sully her paper with that species of wit which constitutes the chief merit of these letters to Mrs. Hewet.

To Lady Mary's strange argumentative love-letters to Mr. Wortley before marriage, already published, there is an addition of half-a-dozen, exhibiting the same combination of sober calculation and headlong giddiness. We extract the last passage of a long letter written on the very eve of her elopement with Mr. Wortley:—

'Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you, she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife, I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England if it suits your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will go with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spaw. When you come back, you may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in believing it will be

to

to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintances after so unjustifiable a step:—so unjustifiable to the world,—but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to have a coach to be at the door early on Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to the lady's house, you had best come with a coach and six at seven o'clock to-morrow. She and I will be in the balcony which looks on the road; you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like; but after all think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine everything.

'You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe, to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

'*'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependancy upon relations I have disoblged. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it. I depend entirely upon your honour, and I cannot suspect you of any way doing wrong. Do not imagine I shall be angry at anything you can tell me. Let it be sincere; do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.'*—vol. i. pp. 190-192.

So odd a mixture of prudence and temerity,—so keen an eye to her own personal objects, and such blindness to all other considerations,—are very indicative of that wayward head and selfish heart which continued to misguide all her subsequent life.

We next arrive at the celebrated letters written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, in 1716 and 1717,—but as there is no addition whatsoever made to them, and as they are in the hands of everybody who has any book of the class, we shall only observe upon them an oversight which has hitherto been made by all the editors, and we suppose by most readers,—certainly by ourselves, till we discovered the fact in our recent examination:—these letters were not all written during the embassy to Constantinople, properly so called. It seems, from a comparison of the dates, that Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary arrived at Vienna about the first week in September, 1716, and remained there nearly two months, when we find them retracing their steps to Prague, Dresden, Brunswick, Hanover—where George I. then was—which they reached towards the end of November; and the letters show that their friends in England expected them home, and that their arrival in London

London was actually announced, when, suddenly, we find that they had once more crossed Germany, and arrived again at Vienna, on the 1st of January, 1717—having made, in the depth of winter, this long and fatiguing march and countermarch—which is not only unexplained, but, as far as we know, unnoticed. Yet it must have had some grave cause;—perhaps some attempt was made to supersede Mr. Wortley, and he may have gone back to Hanover to appeal to the king in person;—perhaps he had some special mission to Vienna, which obliged him to return to make his report in person; at all events, this is a remarkable movement, of which we are surprised that the present Editor has not endeavoured to offer some explanation.

To this class of letters Lord Wharnccliffe has added four from the edition of 1789, which Mr. Dallaway rejected as spurious, but which Lady Bute thought genuine; Lord Wharnccliffe, therefore, admits them; but we do not understand why he has not inserted them in their proper places. It is remarkable that there is not in this edition one single alteration in the arrangement, nor one additional line of explanation, as to this class of letters. They are in order as they appeared in the first imperfect editions, and except Mr. Dallaway's rare and meagre notes, we have almost nothing—we believe we might say positively nothing—in elucidation of the obscurer circumstances to which the letters allude, or of the personages to whom they were addressed.—We shall give one out of many instances of this defect. Some of these letters are addressed to *the Abbot of* —, while others are addressed to the *Abbé* —. The same person we suppose is meant,—but why is he in one place called the *Abbot*, and in another the *Abbé*, which, in common parlance, mean very different things; and who, after all, was this distinguished correspondent? We suspect the Abbé or Abbate Conti—an Italian literato, who, we know, visited George I. at Hanover, about the time that Lady Mary was there, and who afterwards came with the king to England, and was one of the earliest to make the name of Newton popularly known on the continent. We have no doubt that all these letters should be addressed to the *Abbé Conti*, and this is the kind of information which we chiefly look for from the editor of such a work.

Next to these 'Letters during the Embassy,' the most important class for wit and cleverness at least, are those addressed to her sister Lady Mar, between 1720 and 1726. To about thirty letters of this class, thirteen or\* fourteen are now added. They

\* We are obliged all through to use these vague expressions from the difficulty of ascertaining the *exact numbers*; as in all the editions,—and in this as much as any,—there are several misplacements, misdates, and misnomers, which occasion small variations in the reckoning.

are like their predecessors, light and gay, seasoned with a good deal of scandal and some rather coarse wit. We shall extract the first of these—both because it is as good a specimen as any of the rest, and because it gives a proper occasion for offering some suggestions for a future edition of the work :—

‘ [No date.]

‘ I am heartily sorry, dear sister, without any affectation, for any uneasiness that you suffer, let the cause be what it will, and I wish it was in my power to give you some more essential mark of it than mere pity ; but I am not so fortunate ; and ’till a fit occasion of disposing of some superfluous diamonds, I shall remain in this sinful seacoast town ; and all that remains for me to do, to shew my willingness at least to divert you, is to send you faithful accounts of what passes among your acquaintance in this part of the world. My Lord Clare attracts the eyes of all the ladies, and gains all the hearts of those who have no other way of disposing of them but through their eyes. I have dined with him twice, and had he been dumb, I believe I should have been in the number of his admirers ; but he lessened his beauty every time he spoke, ’till he left himself as few charms as Mr. Vane ; though I confess his outside very like Mrs. Duncombe, but that the lovely lines are softer there, with wit and spirit, and improved by learning.

‘ The Duke of Wharton has brought his Duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction ; to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his. He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion ; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner. For my own part I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears of the future.’—vol. ii. pp. 127, 128.

To the passage relative to the Duke of Wharton, the editor subjoins the following note :—

‘ This passage does not help us to fix the date of this letter, unless we suppose it to have been written very early after his first marriage, in the year 1716. His second wife, as it appears by the account in Chalmers’ Biographical Dictionary, did not come to England till after his death. His first wife died 1726.’—vol. ii. p. 128.

This note proves that the editor feels the advantage—we should say the *necessity*—of ascertaining the dates of the several letters, and of identifying the personages alluded to, without which all familiar letters become in a certain degree unintelligible, and—more than proportionably—uninteresting. We therefore entirely concur in the noble editor’s view, but we submit to his re-consideration whether in many instances—and in this one, for example, he has adequately worked out his intention. In the first place,

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he might, we think, have spoken with more certainty of this letter having been written at an early period of Wharton's union with his first duchess; but there is not wanting in the letter itself another circumstance which should not have been overlooked, the mention of *Lord Clare*—who was *Lord Clare*? The only Lord Clare of those times was a very remarkable man—Thomas Hollis Pelham—Lord Pelham, created *Earl of Clare* in October, 1714, and *Duke of Newcastle* on the 29th July, 1715. Was this handsome young fellow, 'who lessened his *beauty* every time he spoke,' that same Duke of Newcastle who for near half a century had so great a share in the administration of England? This is a little biographical circumstance which, we think, the editor should have cleared—but it involves a still more serious difficulty as to the date of the letter. This *title* of Clare seems to fix the writing of the letter to the short period between October, 1714, and July, 1715; and 'the sinful *sea-coal* town,' seems to limit it still further to the winter months—so that it was probably written while the title of Clare was in its first novelty, in the winter of 1714-15. But then what becomes of the *Duke of Wharton*, whose marriage the editor places in 1716, and whose creation as *Duke* did not take place till the 20th January, 1718? How are these discrepancies to be reconciled? Has the editor copied the letter from an authentic original? or are the passages which mention *Lord Clare* and the *Duke of Wharton*—titles which *never* were co-existent—fragments of different letters erroneously united? Or is Lord Clare's name altogether a mistake? We think we may say that the matter required more elucidation than the editor has given.\*

There is one letter of this series published in the old editions, but which, as it seems to us to be on the whole the liveliest letter which ever fell from Lady Mary's pen, we think our readers will forgive us for extracting as a specimen of her *very best style*; and

\* Even the date of 1716, assigned for the Duke of Wharton's marriage, seems very suspicious, as are, indeed, all the dates ordinarily given of the duke's early life. The Biographical Dictionary, to which the editor refers us, does not date the marriage in 1716; on the contrary, it says that grief for that event killed his father about a year after its celebration. Now the father died on the 12th April, 1715, so that, according to this authority, the marriage would have occurred about the spring of 1714, when he could have been little more than fifteen—'*scarcely sixteen*!' is the expression of the Biographical Dictionary. This would accord with the mention of *Lord Clare*, but not with the title of *Duke*. In 1716, Wharton went abroad and reconciled himself with the Pretender, from whom he accepted the title of *Duke of Northumberland*! Yet—immediately after these and even worse eccentricities, and a *couple of years before he came of age*—this profligate boy seems to have been allowed to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords, and was sworn a member of the Privy Council, and created an *English Duke*! These strange circumstances, if true, seem to prove not so much that Wharton himself was mad, as that every body else was so; and if not true, show how carelessly English biography has been written.

we must add, that we doubt whether there is any other letter in the whole collection of equal merit :—

‘ Oct. 31, 1723.

‘ I write to you at this time piping-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you’ ll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time; I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

‘ The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk,\* to have not taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young† seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Doddington‡ very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commandments to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board, and I don’t know whether the bill won’t be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely “*revenue du bagatelle*,”§ and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows :

\* ‘ Houghton; Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole’s, then prime-minister.’

† ‘ Sir William Young.’

‡ ‘ George Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcomb-Regis, whose Diary has been published.’

§ Sic—but surely Lady Mary could not have made such a mistake. We suspect that Lord Wharnccliffe has—sometimes, at least—printed from Dallaway’s edition, without consulting the originals. In a letter of the 30th August, 1716, Lady Mary alludes to a litigious old lady, whose name Dallaway and, after him, Lord Wharnccliffe—print *Blackaire*—having, we suppose, forgotten Wycherly’s ‘Widow Blackacre.’

in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss —, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it.'—vol. ii. pp. 159, 160.

The concluding letter of this series we shall also extract, although it is not now published for the first time, because it affords strong characteristic traits of Lady Mary, and suggests some observations on the present editor's mode of arrangement in a case where he differs from his predecessors:—

' 1739.

' It is very true, dear sister, that if I writ to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afford me much matter, give me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady Lechmere is too extraordinary not to attract the attention of every body. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence. All indiscreet people live and flourish. Mrs. Murray has retrieved his Grace, and being reconciled to the temporal has renounced the spiritual. Her friend Lady Hervey by aiming too high has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue; and gets nobody to believe her; the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea Grace of Rutland has married an attorney,—there's prudence for you!'—vol. ii. p. 201.

This letter is one of those which Mr. Dallaway is charged with having garbled and misplaced—and the fact is, that in his edition it appears as part of a letter under the date of 1725; but Lord Wharnccliffe states in a note, that the *death of Lady Lechmere* (who died on the 10th April, 1739) *ascertains the date of this letter*, which he accordingly places at the end of the whole correspondence, and no less than *twelve years* later than that which immediately precedes it.

No doubt the *primâ facie* evidence justifies this arrangement—the fact of Lady Lechmere's death as stated by Lady Mary, and its known date, lead naturally to that conclusion—and yet it is certainly erroneous. The '*melancholy catastrophe*' thus imputed by Lady Mary to one of her own\* earliest friends, *never took place at all*. The letter was, we are satisfied, really written about 1724, *subsequent* to which Lady Lechmere became a widow, was

\* Lady Lechmere was the eldest of Lord Carlisle's daughters, with whom she took refuge during the alarm that followed Queen Anne's decease.—vol. i. p. 209, 211.

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Sir Thomas Robinson of Rokeby, and died a natural death in 1739, a period at which there had, we believe, ceased to be any epistolary intercourse between Lady Mary and Lady Mar. We believe, also, that the anecdote of the marriage of the Duchess of Rutland is equally unfounded. These are instances of the justice of Lady Louisa's observation, that Lady Mary would '*record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprung up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence;*' but they are also just such cases as the editor ought, in justice, to have examined and corrected.

We next arrive at the letters to Lady Pomfret, which commence in July, 1738, and end in 1742; they are of two classes; the first ten are written from London to Lady Pomfret in Italy, and are full of the tittle-tattle of the town—the other twenty-five were written abroad, and contain chiefly the anecdotes that she picks up of the travelling English, who then, as now, swarmed in Italy.

The following account of the storming of the gallery of the House of Lords by a body of Amazons, is amusing in itself, but leads also to some more serious considerations:—

'At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, such a tribe of dames resolved to shew on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon,\* the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pushed at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals he swore by G—he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G—they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now shewed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses

\* 'Lady Huntingdon, the same who afterwards became the head, the Countess Matilda, of the Whitfieldian Methodists.'

(very well apprized of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and shewed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in any history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even, Yours.'—vol. ii. pp. 222-224.

Lord Wharncliffe adds—

'The debate to which this story relates, must have been that of May 2, 1738, on the depredations of the Spaniards, which appears to have been closed by a speech of Lord Hervey's. (See *Parl. Hist.* vol. x. p. 129).—vol. ii. p. 223.

If this be so, then the letter is misplaced, for the two *preceding* letters are certainly subsequent to May, 1738. One of them offers another inaccuracy on the part of the editor, which it is but justice to set right. Lady Mary, after telling, in a style of very exaggerated satire, Lady Harriet Herbert's resolution to marry Beard, the actor, expresses some doubt as to how the matter was to end, on which the editor remarks,—

'Lady Harriet Herbert, daughter of the last Marquis of Powis. She did marry Beard in spite of her relations. He was a singer at Vauxhall, and an actor in musical pieces at the theatres; but what was much worse, a man of very indifferent character.'—vol. ii. p. 218. (*Note.*)

Now here is at least one very serious mistake,—Lady Harriet Herbert was (as all the books assert, and as we believe) *not* the daughter of the last Marquis of Powis,—nor, indeed, of the Herbert blood at all,—she was a daughter of Earl Waldegrave, and only the *widow* of Lord Henry Herbert. As to Beard's character, which is stated to be '*indifferent*,' we never heard anything *worse* of him than his marrying this foolish woman; and we hope Lord Wharncliffe may have been as much mistaken about his reputation as he certainly is about his lady's parentage.

In another instance, in this series, when Lady Mary states, *inter alia*, that Lady Margaret Hastings had disposed of herself to a poor wandering Methodist, the editor says, 'Perhaps none of this news was true—*by the peerage books it appears that Lady Margaret Hastings died unmarried.*'—vol. ii. p. 254. Now Col-

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lins's peerage states that Lady Margaret Hastings married the Rev. Mr. Ingham,—and the notes on the 'Correspondence between Lady Hertford and Lady Pomfret' (vol. i. p. 50) state the same fact.

The next series of letters (which is divided, we know not why, into two, one ending in March, and the other beginning in May, 1744,\*) extends from her going abroad in 1739 to her return about 1760, and comprises her letters to her husband and her daughter Lady Bute, during that period, and are the most respectable, though not the most entertaining portion of the volumes. They are about one hundred and fifty in number, of which about twenty-seven are new, and, except one, of little interest. They were obviously omitted from the former edition, because they, for the most part, relate to her eccentric and unfortunate son.

The first feeling that the consideration of this mass of letters creates, is some wonder that they do not explain, nay, do not afford the slightest clue to the mysterious cause which led to Lady Mary's prolonged separation from her husband, her family, and her country. In the '*Introductory Anecdotes*' there is a passage which we dare say tells candidly enough all that her descendants know on this subject:—

'Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence or assurance on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the farthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence,) tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her; which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we may easily conceive farther delays to have taken place, and their re-union to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed

\* Here again there is much disorder—the title of the second series is, '*Letters from 1746 to 1756*,' though, in fact, they begin in 1744 and continue down to 1760.

nobody who had a right to call them to an account or inquire into what was solely their own business. *It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable*, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonizing effect which it has sometimes been known to produce upon minds originally but ill-assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, "If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together." And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

'These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May, 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c. have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference.'—vol. i. pp. 89, 92.

This is expressed with delicacy and good taste, but, considering the position of the amiable writer, it is impossible not to see that she suspects that the separation did arise from incompatibility of temper, or some more serious cause; and as no one has accused Mr. Wortley of any eccentricity or severity, we cannot but conclude that the fault was chiefly if not altogether Lady Mary's. It appears, we think, incidentally, in the correspondence that Mr. Wortley was at least *twice* abroad during the interval—once as far as Bohemia—but that they never met; this proves that it was not mere 'business in England' which prevented his seeing her. Causes for this separation have been rumoured of a nature which, of course, never could have reached her grand-daughter,—but which, if true, make it wonderful only that Mr. Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and

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temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much good feeling and good sense.

The new part of this correspondence is principally occupied by the melancholy confidences which Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary have to make to each other about their unhappy son; a subject which Mr. Dallaway was no doubt forbidden to expose. That reserve is now removed, and the following account given in the *Introductory Anecdotes* of this extraordinary man will be read with interest:—

'Some of Lady Mary Wortley's early letters, expressing vividly all a mother's fondness for her infant son, gave sufficient occasion to moralize over the fate of those parents who are doomed to see the object of such intense affection, the creature whose birth made them so happy, become, when grown up, the curse, the torment, and the disgrace of their lives. Young Wortley hardly waited so long to signalize his propensity to vice and folly; betraying from the beginning that surest symptom of inveterate moral (or mental) disease—an habitual disregard of truth, accompanied by a fertile ready invention, never at fault. Where these prevail, it is building upon a quicksand to attempt working a reformation. He was a mere child when he ran away from school; and this first exploit was followed at short intervals by others still more extraordinary, until he finally sealed his ruin by marrying while under age a woman of very low degree, considerably older than himself; one for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, though her life lasted nearly as long as his own. To be capable at a mature age of such an act as drawing a youth into a disproportionate marriage, did not denote much principle or feeling; yet, as her conduct was not licentious, she never put it in his power to obtain a divorce. In future, more than one lady took the title of his wife, with or without the pretext of a ceremony which, it is to be feared, he would not have scrupled to go through any number of times, if requisite for the accomplishment of his wishes. But the last person so circumstanced, and the loudest in asserting her claims, met him upon equal ground, having herself a husband living, from whom she had eloped; therefore she at least could not complain of deception.

'Notwithstanding all the mistakes, inaccuracies, and exaggerations attending public rumour, this singular man's various adventures, at home and abroad, were perhaps better known to the world at large than to the near relations who must have heard of them with pain, and shunned instead of seeking particular information upon so distressing a subject: consequently little light respecting it could glimmer downwards to more distant generations. He was said to have had a handsome person, plausible manners, and a liveliness of parts which report magnified into great talents; but whether he did really possess these may be doubted. They are often gratuitously presumed to exist in conjunction with profligacy, whenever that takes any wild extraordinary form, because the notion of such an affinity has in it something wonderfully agreeable

agreeable to two very numerous classes of men, the direct opposites of each other. The disorderly and vicious are parties concerned; they rejoice to claim kindred with superiority of mind; and would fain have it a point established, that clever people can never by any possibility remain tethered within the pale of discretion and virtue. While, on the other hand, nothing delights sober, self-satisfied mediocrity and dullness like a fair opportunity of stigmatizing genius as incompatible with common sense, and the faithful ally, if not the parent, of every baneful extravagance.

‘Thus much is certain; Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary (neither of them an incompetent judge) were far from thinking highly of their son’s abilities and understanding. His irregular conduct was imputed by them rather to weakness of character than to “the flash and outbreak of a fiery spirit” conscious of its own powers; and from first to last they held him utterly incapable of pursuing any object or course whatever, praiseworthy or blameable, with that firmness and consistency of purpose which perhaps belongs as necessarily to the great wicked man as to the eminently good one. They would have passed upon him the sentence of the patriarch on his first-born: “Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.”’—vol. i. pp. 86—89.

After this preparation we shall now extract one of the letters which gives an account of an interview which Lady Mary had, by Mr. Wortley’s desire, with their son, in the hope of persuading him to a more rational line of conduct.

‘Avignon, June 10, N. S. 1742.

‘I am just returned from passing two days with our son, of whom I will give you the most exact account I am capable of. He is so much altered in person, I should scarcely have known him. He has entirely lost his beauty, and looks at least seven years older than he did; and the wildness that he always had in his eyes is so much increased it is downright shocking, and I am afraid will end fatally. He is grown fat, but he is still genteel, and has an air of politeness that is agreeable. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and has got all the fashionable expressions of that language, and a volubility of words which he always had, and which I do not wonder should pass for wit, with inconsiderate people. His behaviour is perfectly civil, and I found him very submissive; but in the main, no way really improved in his understanding, which is exceedingly weak; and I am convinced he will always be led by the person he converses with either right or wrong, not being capable of forming any fixed judgment of his own. As to his enthusiasm, if he had it, I suppose he has already lost it; since I could perceive no turn of it in all his conversation. But with his head I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day and a Turk three days after. He has a flattering insinuating manner, which naturally prejudices strangers in his favour. He began to talk to me in the usual silly cant I have so often heard from him, which I shortened by telling him I desired not to be troubled with it; that professions were of no use where actions were expected; and that the only thing could give

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me hopes of a good conduct was regularity and truth. He very readily agreed to all I said (as indeed he has always done when he has not been hot-headed). I endeavoured to convince him how favourably he has been dealt with, his allowance being much more than, had I been his father, I would have given in the same case. The Prince of Hesse, who is now married to the Princess of England, lived some years at Geneva on 500*l.* per annum. Lord Hervey sent his son at sixteen thither, and to travel afterwards, on no larger pension than 200*l.*; and, though without a governor, he had reason enough, not only to live within the compass of it, but carried home little presents to his father and mother, which he shewed me at Turin. In short, I know there is no place so expensive, but a prudent single man may live in it on one 300*l.* per annum, and an extravagant one may run out ten thousand in the cheapest. Had you (said I to him) thought rightly, or would have regarded the advice I gave you in all my letters, while in the little town of Islestein, you would have laid up 150*l.* per annum; you would now have had 750*l.* in your pocket, which would have almost paid your debts, and such a management would have gained you the esteem of the reasonable part of the world. I perceived this reflection, which he had never made himself, had a very great weight with him. He asked me whether you had settled your estate. I made answer that I did not doubt (like all other wise men) you always had a will by you; but that you had certainly not put any thing out of your power to change. On that he began to insinuate, that if I could prevail on you to settle the estate on him, I might expect any thing from his gratitude. I made him a very clear and positive answer in these words: "I hope your father will outlive me, and if I should be so unfortunate to have it otherwise, I do not believe he will leave me in your power. But was I sure of the contrary, no interest, nor no necessity, shall ever make me act against my honour and conscience; and I plainly tell you, that I will never persuade your father to do any thing for you 'till I think you deserve it." He answered by great promises of good behaviour, and economy.

'The rest of his conversation was extremely gay. The various things he has seen has given him a superficial universal knowledge. He really knows most of the modern languages, and if I could believe him, can read Arabic, and has read the Bible in Hebrew. He said it was impossible for him to avoid going back to Paris; but he promised me to lie but one night there, and to go to a town six posts from thence on the Flanders road, where he would wait your orders, and go by the name of Mons. du Durand, a Dutch officer; under which name I saw him. These are the most material passages, and my eyes are so much tired I can write no more at this time. I gave him 240 livres [less than 12*l.*] for his journey.'—vol. ii. pp. 324—328.

The editors seem anxious to acquit the parents of all blame in their treatment of this wayward temper, and in essentials, no doubt, young Wortley had no excuse,—but we cannot think that the very small allowance which was made him (though justified by

by the examples quoted by Lady Mary), and the narrow system of economy which she recommended to him, were at all judicious—particularly considering the enormous wealth which the father was accumulating. ‘Have you heard,’ writes Mr. Walpole to George Montagu, ‘what immense wealth old Wortley has left—one million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre on Lady Bute and her family.’—(9th Feb. 1761.) We do not say that more liberality would have corrected this perverse being, but it was an expedient which ought, we think, to have been tried by a father who could accumulate out of his income anything like 1,350,000*l.*!

To complete the story of this extraordinary man we shall extract Lord Wharncliffe's own account of the conclusion of his career.

‘It was not until a conviction of his being irreclaimable was forced upon Mr. Wortley that he adopted the severe measure of depriving him, by his will, of the succession to the family estate. But even this step was not taken without a sufficient provision being made for him; and in the event of his having an heir legitimately born, the estate was to return to that heir, to the exclusion of his sister Lady Bute's children. This provision in Mr. Wortley's will he endeavoured to take advantage of, in a manner which is highly characteristic. Mr. Edward Wortley early in life was married in a way then not uncommon, namely, a Fleet marriage. With that wife he did not live long, and he had no issue. After his father's death he lived several years in Egypt, and there is supposed to have professed the religion of Mahomet, and indulged in the plurality of wives permitted by that faith.

‘In 1776, Mr. E. Wortley, then living at Venice, his wife being dead, through the agency (as is supposed) of his friend Romney the painter, caused an advertisement to be inserted in the “Public Advertiser” of April 16th in that year, in the following words:

“*A gentleman, who has filled two successive seats in parliament, is nearly sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to — Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect.*”

‘It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and that a woman having the qualifications required by it was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got as far as Lyons, on his way thither. There, however, while eating a becafiga for supper, a bone stuck in his throat, and occasioned his death; thus putting an end to this honest scheme.’—vol. iii. pp. 446, 447.

We had often heard this story of the advertisement for a wife, but never could believe that it was a *serious* project—and the story,

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story, as now told, only increases our doubts. For if it had been serious, would it have been so published? A pregnant unmarried woman is not so rare an article as to be had only in *England*, nor there only to be found by *public advertisement*. Nay, an Englishwoman so found, was the only person with whom the object could *not* have been accomplished—for if it could be shown that *she* had not been *out* of England, while *he* had not been *in* England, and if all the circumstances—to which the advertisement could not fail to direct public attention—could have been proved, there is no tribunal which would not have in such a case overruled the general proposition of *pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*—the rule of law never could have covered a physical impossibility. It is observable, also, that whoever penned the advertisement, was not even acquainted with the christian name of the solicitor\* who was to conduct the affair. In short, mad as Mr. Wortley was, we think he had more method in his madness than to have *published* such an advertisement, if he really intended to carry the design into effect. It was probably a mere scheme of intimidation.

As all the novelty in this series consists of letters relating to the younger Wortley, we need make no further extracts from them; but we must notice—by way of example—a few of the anachronisms and errors of the present arrangements and notes; and, when we show what strange mistakes have been made in matters where the editors are *personally* concerned, our readers will judge of what must be the inaccuracy on other subjects.

Dallaway had placed under the date of May, 1749, a letter congratulating Lady Bute on the birth of 'a new daughter.' Lord Wharnccliffe alters this to May, 1754, and places it in a later volume. We cannot discover why. None of the authorities that we have consulted place the birth of any of the children in 1754, and the letter specially intimates that this is the *fourth* daughter.

'I have already wished you joy of your new daughter, and wrote to Lord Bute to thank him for his letter. I don't know whether I shall make my court to you in saying it, but I own I cannot help thinking that your family is numerous enough, and that the education and disposal of *four girls* is employment for a whole life.'—vol. iii. p. 86.

Now the fourth daughter, Lady Augusta, is stated in Douglas's *Scottish Peerage* (the best work of the kind we ever consulted) to have been born in 1749, which agrees with Dallaway's arrangement. But still more strange is a mistake, as it seems to us, made about the birth of Lady Louisa herself, and a mistake made by adding some years to her real age.

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\* This was, we suppose, the notorious *Timothy Brecknock*, afterwards hanged in Ireland for the murder of Mr. Macdonnell. As he was a fellow of infamous character, his name was probably used to heighten the intimidation.

A letter,

A letter, dated 9th October, 1754, acknowledging the receipt of one from Lady Bute, says—

‘I am fond of your little *Louisa*—to say the truth, I was afraid of a Bess, a Peg, or a Suky, which all give me the ideas of washing-tubs and the scowering of kettles.’—vol. iii. p. 101.

Now, as we have just said, there was no daughter born in 1754, though, if we were to credit the editor's arrangement, there must have been no less than *three*—viz. Lady Augusta the *fourth* in the spring, and Lady Louisa the *sixth* in the autumn, and, of course, Lady Caroline the *fifth* in some intermediate month. The fact is, that Lady Augusta was born, as we have said, in 1749, Lady Caroline in 1750, and Lady Louisa on the 15th August, 1757; which event Lord Bute immediately announced to Lady Mary in a letter, which she acknowledges on the 30th September (vol. iii. p. 146); and *Lady Bute* herself, on the very day her month was up—viz. 15th August—announced the *christening* of Lady Louisa, and the grandmother replies (as we have seen) on the 9th October, all of 1757—

‘I have received yours of the 15th September, and am fond of your little *Louisa*.’—vol. iii. p. 101.

And these dates are on the face of the volumes. Lady Louisa must excuse us for knowing her age better than she seems to do herself, and for proving that she is in her *eightieth* year, and not in her *eighty-fourth*, as the dates assigned to the letters would import, nor in her *eighteenth*, as might be suspected from the vivacity of her style.

Such mistakes, made by parties themselves, are very strange; but another, in which Lord Wharncliffe is specially concerned, is still more so. A letter to Lady Bute, which Dallaway had placed under the date of 27th May, 1749, is by the present editor dated the 27th May, 1754, and, transposed accordingly, it begins—

‘I had the pleasure two days ago of your letter, in which you tell me of the marriage of Mr. Mackenzie.’—vol. iii. p. 90.

To which is appended this note—

‘James Stuart Mackenzie, only brother of John Earl of Bute, married Lady Betty Campbell, second daughter of John Duke of Argyll. He died in 1798.’

When we add, that Lord Wharncliffe is thus not only Mr. Mackenzie's grand-nephew, but that he has, we believe, inherited his estate, no one could entertain any doubt that Dallaway must have been egregiously wrong, and that, in what relates to such intimate relations, the editor must be infallibly correct—but it seems not to be so.

In the first place, the *date* now assigned to the letter of 1754 is wrong by *five years*; for Mr. Mackenzie was married to Lady Betty

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Betty the 16th February, 1749 (Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, vol. i. p. 286); the birth of their first child was the 21st December, 1749 (*ib.*). Nor did Mr. Mackenzie die in 1798. He survived his lady (who died the 19th July, 1799)—dying himself on the 6th April, 1800 (*ib.*); and his library was sold by auction in the following month, and attracted some notice. That Lord Wharncliffe should have made these mistakes about the death of his granduncle, which happened some years after he himself came of age, and which he has such daily cause for remembering, seems very surprising—nor could we ourselves believe it, if we had not verified the dates in Douglas by reference to *contemporaneous* authorities.

Another mistake, though not quite so surprising, is more generally important, and requires correction, because it confounds national history.

Lady Mary writes to Lady Bute, under date of the 26th July, 1753—

'I am glad you are admitted into the conversation of the *prince* and princess.'—vol. iii. p. 76.

To which Lord Wharncliffe subjoins a note on the word *prince*—*'Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.'*—*ibid.*

It escaped Lord Wharncliffe's memory that Prince Frederick, father of George III., had died on the 20th March, 1751, and that the prince here mentioned was George III. himself.

We could make observations of a similar kind to a greater extent than we have room for, but these are sufficient to show that editorship is not so easy a task as it may seem, and that there is a good deal in the way of arrangement and annotation to be amended in another edition. We are very well aware of how difficult it is to avoid mere errors of date in such matters, and how unimportant they sometimes are; but when the errors in the dates go so far as to alter and confuse the course of the correspondence, they become important.

Of the grave letters to Lady Oxford, and the empty ones to Sir James and Lady Frances Steuart, we have already expressed our opinion, and we have no room for any extracts from them.

To the *Works*—so called of Lady Mary—there is no addition whatsoever, but a new version of a worthless ballad already in the collection, and a few satirical and indelicate lines on General Churchill, attributed, on what seems insufficient authority, to Lady Mary. Indeed, we know not on what authority many of the verses are charged on Lady Mary, and if the editor has no other ground than that he finds them ascribed to her in former collections, he should, we think, have said so; because his edition is in itself an authority, and many of those things assuredly do her no honour.

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As our readers may be glad to have a specimen of her poetical talents, and as the only new piece is rather too loose for quotation, we extract one of the old ones, which has a peculiar interest, that will be obvious to everybody—

*' John, Duke of Marlborough.*

' When the proud Frenchman's strong rapacious hand  
Spread over Europe ruin and command,  
Our sinking temples and expiring law  
With trembling dread the rolling tempest saw ;  
Destin'd a province to insulting Gaul,  
This Genius rose, and stopp'd the ponderous fall.  
His temperate valour form'd no giddy scheme,  
No victory rais'd him to a rage of fame ;  
The happy temper of his even mind  
No danger e'er could shock, or conquest blind.  
Fashion'd alike by Nature and by Art,  
To please, engage, and int'rest ev'ry heart ;  
In public life by all who saw approv'd,  
In private hours by all who knew him lov'd.'—vol. iii. p. 373.

It is exceedingly curious that this should be as exact a portrait of our living hero, as it was above a century ago of the great Duke of Marlborough.

We are surprised, however, that Lord Wharnccliffe should not have inserted a copy of verses which are undoubtedly by Lady Mary, and which (as far as the mere poetry goes) are about the best she ever wrote ; they are to be found in the correspondence of Lady Pomfret, to whom Lady Mary herself gave them—

*' Addressed to ———, 1736.*

' With toilsome steps I pass thro' life's dull road,  
No pack-horse half so tired of his load ;  
And when this dirty journey shall conclude,  
To what new realms is then my way pursued ?  
Say, then, does the unbodied spirit fly  
To happier climes, and to a better sky ?  
Or, sinking, mixes with its kindred clay,  
And sleeps a whole eternity away ?  
Or shall this form be once again renew'd,  
With all its frailties, all its hopes, endued ;  
Acting once more on this detested stage  
Passions of youth, infirmities of age ?

' I see in Tully what the ancients thought,  
And read unprejudic'd what moderns taught ;  
But no conviction from my reading springs—  
Most dubious on the most important things.  
Yet one short moment would at once explain  
What all philosophy has sought in vain ;  
Would clear all doubt, and terminate all pain ;

Why,

Why, then, not hasten that decisive hour ;  
Still in my view, and ever in my pow'r ?  
Why should I drag along this life I hate  
Without one thought to mitigate the weight ?  
Whence this mysterious bearing to exist,  
When every joy is lost, and every hope dismiss'd ?  
In chains and darkness wherefore should I stay,  
And mourn in prison whilst I keep the key ?

—*Correspond. of Ladies Hertford and Pomfret.* vol. i. p. 53.

We cannot resist adding the observations made by Lady Hertford on the receipt of this apology for suicide, and we give them the rather from the contrast they afford in their ladylike style and Christian spirit to the coarseness with which Lady Mary treated Lady Hertford—if, indeed, the allusions and the verses at vol. iii. pp. 137, 295, of this edition (which Dallaway, and Lord Wharncliffe, we suppose, in deference to him—though without a word of explanation why they do so—apply to Lady Hertford) are really aimed at that respectable woman—

‘My Dear Lady Pomfret,—Lady Mary Wortley’s verses have a wit and strength that appear in all her writings ; but her mind must have been in a very melancholy disposition when she composed them. I hope it was only a gloomy hour, which soon blew over to make way for more cheerful prospects. If I had been near her then, I should have persuaded her to look into the New Testament, in hopes that it might have afforded her the conviction which she had sought in vain from Tully and other authors. She has so much judgment and penetration, that I am satisfied, if the Scriptures were to become the subject of her contemplation, and if she would read them with the same attention and impartiality that she does any other books of knowledge, they would disperse a thousand mists which, without such assistance, will too certainly hang upon the finest understandings.’—*ibid.* p. 105.

What good-breeding, charity, and truth! Lady Pomfret, in her reply, makes some further observations on these verses, which belong to Lady Mary’s personal history :—

‘What pity and terror does it create to see wit, beauty, nobility, and riches, after a full possession of fifty years, talk that language—and talk it so feelingly, that all who read must know that it comes from the heart ! But, indeed, dear Madam, you make me smile when you proposed putting the New Testament into the hands of the author !’—*ibid.* p. 111.

In a subsequent part of this correspondence Lady Pomfret sent to Lady Hertford Lady Mary’s town eclogue, entitled ‘Saturday,’ in which an altered beauty laments ‘her disfigured face,’ and both the ladies treat it as descriptive of Lady Mary’s own case—we doubt how justly ; but Lady Hertford’s observations on the subject give us the least suspicious evidence that we know of Lady Mary’s personal charms :—

‘Nothing can be more natural than her complaint for the loss of her beauty ;

beauty ; but as that was only of her various powers to charm, I should have imagined she would have felt only a small part of the regret that many others have suffered in a like misfortune, who, having no claim to admiration but the loveliness of their persons, have found all hopes of that vanish much earlier in life than Lady Mary—for, if I mistake not, she was near thirty before she had to deplore the loss of beauty greater than I ever saw in any face but her own !"—*ibid.* p. 169.

This is all we need say on the subject of Lady Mary's poetical works, which are but too well known :—but prefixed to the Letters are two pieces in prose, which are both new, and both possess some historical interest : one, by Lady Mary, is an '*Account of the court of George I. at his accession* ;' the other, by Mr. Wortley, is '*On the state of party at the accession of George I.*' The lady deals in personal, the gentleman in political, scandal ; there may be, and probably is, some truth at the bottom of their satire, but it is pretty clear that Mr. Wortley's not having had a sufficiently great or lasting share of the golden shower which the accession of the House of Hanover poured on the Whigs in general, was the *primum mobile*—the exciting spirit of the pens both of the husband and wife. Mr. Wortley's paper is chiefly, and Lady Mary's incidentally, directed against Sir Robert—then Mr.—Walpole, whom they both accuse of scandalous corruption in the Pay Office (for which, indeed, he was sent to the Tower in the queen's time), and they—contemporary witnesses and Whigs—boldly pronounce that affair to have been the result of notorious culpability, which Horace Walpole filially represents as the mere injustice of party. It must be observed, that Mr. Wortley was in the commission of the Treasury formed on the accession of George I., but continued there for only a year, when he was displaced by a board of which Walpole was the head as Chancellor of the Exchequer ; and it seems to us clear that this paper of Mr. Wortley's was the draft of a remonstrance against that catastrophe. We select two or three extracts, which exhibit portraits of Whigs in the best Whig times, by the hand of an eminent Whig :—

' Before the opening of the session, Mr. Walpole was in full power ; and when the places of consequence were to be disposed of, Mr. Walpole named as many as he thought fit, striking out of the list presented by the Treasury to the king, not only Tories, but Whigs, when he wanted to put others in their places ; and at a debate, at which eight of the cabinet and about as many commoners were present, Mr. Walpole carried it that the books, letters, and papers on which the late ministers were to be impeached, should not be read till the orders were made. Mr. Walpole pretends he did not think Lord Halifax was to be trusted with them. But most people are of opinion Mr. Walpole wanted to have the whole credit of the management of this affair, and, by knowing more of these papers, to seem an able talker and writer. . . . It

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was owing to him that, in the proclamation for choosing the parliament, it was declared in pretty strong terms that it was the king's desire that Whigs should be chosen; and was an open declaration that no Tories were to have any share in the king's favour. . . . The injustice shown in trying of elections has perhaps this sessions been greater than ever. . . . Lord Townshend acts much against his own interest in setting up Mr. Walpole above the rest; but Lord Townshend was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his language and winning carriage and honest intention made all the Whigs justly wish to see him secretary of state. He is the fittest man for it in the House of Lords; nothing could have sunk his credit, or can ever make the Whigs see him changed, unless his blindness towards Mr. Walpole's actions should set them against him, as it has made them less for him than they would have been otherwise. *Mr. Stanhope, who has doubled his fortune in one year* by the favour, as he thinks, of Lord Townshend, will always second what he does; and perhaps his want of judgment, or want of skill in the House of Commons, may give him a great opinion of Mr. Walpole.

'There may be another reason Mr. Walpole is so supported. Baron B—— is said to *take what money he can*. Mr. Walpole is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it; and why should Baron B. join himself with a man so suspicious, unless he did take it? There are very strong circumstances for suspecting Baron B. has got great sums, and ——\* is known to be the director of Baron B.; and, indeed, this alliance is so well known, that no man ever says anything of Mr. Walpole, except in praise of him, to any of them.

'Mr. Walpole is already looked upon as the chief minister, made so by Lord Townshend; and when he is in the Treasury, it will be thought that the king has declared him so. . . . Can it be for the honour of the government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of having such a post; especially when he has already the places of two paymasters, and a place for his uncle, though a Tory. If he is to be in it (*the Treasury*), is it reasonable he should make all the rest? . . . If there be one or two in the commission who are not of Mr. Walpole's choosing, they cannot hinder any of his projects, so that they can do no harm; and can do no good but to inform the king of his affairs. This is what Mr. Walpole will endeavour to prevent all he can.'—vol i. pp. 123-128.

All these charges of corruption against Stanhope, Walpole, and the Hanoverian ministers, may be true, but it is obvious that Mr. Wortley was very reluctant to be put out of the Treasury by the nomination of Walpole and his friends to that board.

Lady Mary's sketches are more general and more satirical. Her *Account* is really a curious piece of court gossip, worthy to stand by

\* 'The name to be supplied seems evidently Mr. Walpole.' This is Lord Wharnccliffe's note, but we think that the name to be supplied is 'evidently' *not* Walpole—Walpole's name is given at full length twice over: the blank —— we think, refers to one of the subordinate agents of Baron B——. Why does not the editor tell us who these B. B.'s were? We suspect Bernstoff and Bothman.

the side of Horace Walpole's sprightly, but very inaccurate, *Reminiscences*. As this piece is not to be found in the former editions, we shall make extracts—as large as decency will permit—from her sketches of the remarkable characters of that court.

'The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity in the succession, and was reinstated in his office of general, &c. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the House of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement: he had a very handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbour in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the queen died. Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth while to shew them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. . . . This was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States; not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticising on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun [Robethon], a French refugee, (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers,) happened to be at the Hague, and was civilly received by Lord Townshend, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality; and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to.

'When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and play-fellows, male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the king's treasury, for thirty years, with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere and unambitious man. Bernstoff, the secretary, was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the king's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the king, as the only proper person for the important post of secretary of state; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might probably have retained for ever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother Robert Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate.

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'Lord Halifax, who was now advanced to the dignity of earl, and graced with the garter, and first commissioner of the treasury, treated him with contempt. The Earl of Nottingham, who had the real merit of having renounced the ministry in Queen Anne's reign, when he thought they were going to alter the succession, was not to be reconciled to Walpole, whom he looked upon as stigmatized for corruption.

'The Duke of Marlborough, who in his old age was making the same figure at court that he did when he first came into it,—I mean, bowing and smiling in the antechamber while Townshend was in the closet,—was not, however, pleased with Walpole, who began to behave to him with the insolence of new favour; and his duchess, who never restrained her tongue in her life, used to make public jokes of the beggary she first knew him in, when her caprice gave him a considerable place, against the opinion of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough. . . . .

'The king's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting; he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. . . .

'Mademoiselle Schulenberg was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years (for she came hither at threescore), without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women; free from business. But Madame Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity

opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it. . . . .

‘Madame Kilmansegg deserves I should be a little particular in her character, there being something in it worth speaking of. She was past forty: she had never been a beauty, but certainly very agreeable in her person when adorned by youth; and had once appeared so charming to the king, that it was said the divorce and ruin of his beautiful princess, the Duke of Zell’s daughter, was owing to the hopes her mother (who was declared mistress to the king’s father, and all-powerful in his court) had of setting her daughter in her place; and that the project did not succeed, by the passion which Madame Kilmansegg took for M. Kilmansegg, who was son of a merchant of Hamburgh, and, after having a child by him, there was nothing left for her but to marry him. . . . . She was both luxurious and generous, devoted to her pleasures, and seemed to have taken Lord Rochester’s resolution of avoiding all sorts of self-denial. She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste of all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased—and had experience enough to know *it was hard to do either without money*. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the king, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters; and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the king’s idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice, or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms which had once attracted him.

‘His best-beloved mistress remained still at Hanover, which was the beautiful Countess of Platen. . . . . That lady was married to Madame Kilmansegg’s brother, the most considerable man in Hanover for birth and fortune; and her beauty was as far beyond that of any of the other women that appeared. However the king saw her every day without taking notice of it, and contented himself with his habitual commerce with Mademoiselle Schulenberg. . . . In those little courts there is no distinction of much value but what arises from the favour of the prince; and Madame Platen saw with great indignation that all her charms were passed over unregarded; and she took a method to get over this misfortune which would never have entered into the head of a woman of sense, and yet which met with wonderful success. She asked an audience of his highness, who granted it without guessing what she meant by it; and she told him that as nobody could refuse her the first rank in that place, it was very mortifying to see his highness not show her any mark of favour; and, as no person could be more attached to his person than herself, she begged with tears in her fine eyes that he would alter his behaviour to her. The elector,

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very much astonished at this complaint, answered that he did not know any reason he had given her to believe he was wanting in respect for her, and that he thought her not only the greatest lady, but the greatest beauty of the court. "If that be true, sire," replied she sobbing, "why do you pass all your time with Mademoiselle Schulenberg, while I hardly receive the honour of a visit from you?" His highness promised to mend his manners, and from that time was very assiduous in waiting upon her. This ended in a fondness, which her husband disliked so much that he parted with her. . . . The elector, however, did not break with his first love, and often went to her apartment to cut paper, which was his chief employment there; which the Countess of Platen easily permitted him, having often occasion for his absence. She was naturally gallant; and, after having thus satisfied her ambition, pursued her warmer inclinations.

'Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that court in his tour of travelling. He was in his first bloom of youth and vigour. . . . The elder Craggs was nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half-a-dozen intrigues to manage. Some servant must always be trusted in affairs of that kind, and James Craggs had the good fortune to be chosen for that purpose. She found him both faithful and discreet, and he was soon advanced to the dignity of valet-de-chambre.

'King James II. had an amour with her after he was upon the throne, and respected the queen enough to endeavour to keep it entirely from her knowledge. James Craggs was the messenger between the king and the duchess, and did not fail to make the best use of so important a trust. He scraped a great deal of money from the bounty of this royal lover, and was too inconsiderable to be hurt by his ruin; and did not concern himself much for that of his mistress, which by lower intrigues happened soon after. This fellow, from the report of all parties, and even from that of his professed enemies, had a very uncommon genius; a head well turned for calculation; great industry; and [*was*] so just an observer of the world, that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.

'The Duke of Marlborough, who was sensible how well he was qualified for affairs that required secrecy, employed him as his procurer both for women and money; and he acquitted himself so well of these trusts as to please his master, and yet raise a considerable fortune, by turning his money in the public funds, the secret of which came often to his knowledge by the duke's employing him. . . .

'Young Craggs had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution; he was brave and generous; and had an appearance of open-heartedness in his manner that gained him a universal good-will, if not a universal esteem. It is true, there appeared a heat and want of judgment in all his words and actions, which did not make him very valuable in the eyes of cool judges, but Madame Platen was not of that number. His youth and fire made him appear a conquest worthy her charms,

charms, and her charms made her appear very well worthy his passionate addresses. Two people so well disposed towards each other were very soon in the closest engagement; and the first proof Madame Platen gave him of her affection was introducing him to the favour of the elector, who took it on her word that he was a young man of extraordinary merit, and he named him for Cofferer at his first accession to the crown of England, and I believe it was the only place that he then disposed of from any inclination of his own. . . . .

'I have not yet given the character of the Prince. [George II.] The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation they had to his power. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by showing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten.'—vol. i. pp. 103-118.

The reader will have observed with some surprise, that George I., so quiet and contented in other respects, should have involved himself in the complicated trammels of *three* mistresses at a time; which is one more than even Horace Walpole, in his scandalous chronicle, assigns to him. But the fact is, that Walpole confounds Madame Kilmansegg, the *sister* of Count Platen, with his *wife*. By the foreign fashion, all the daughters of a house called themselves by the patronymic title, and Madame Kilmansegg having been *née Countess of Platen*, became confounded with her sister-in-law, and thus George I. was deprived of one-third of his amatory fame, to which, however,  
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Lady Mary—a suitable historian of such matters—has now restored him. But this is not all. His Majesty, it seems, thought there was a charm in the number three, and as the Countess of Platen would not come over, ‘he paid,’ says Walpole, ‘his new subjects the compliment of taking an English mistress—Miss Brett, daughter, by the second husband, of the notorious Countess of Macclesfield, Savage’s pretended mother. After the king’s death, Miss Brett married Sir William Lemon.’ The history of this amour is told in Walpole’s *Reminiscences*—we notice it here because, first, it completes Lady Mary’s historical sketch—and secondly, it explains an allusion in one of her letters, vol. ii. p. 260, to Sir William Lemon’s marriage and death, of which the editor takes no notice, and which is unintelligible without it.

Lady Louisa remarks, that her grandmother states that while at Louvere, in 1752, she amused herself in successively writing and destroying the sheets of a ‘history of her own time,’ of which Lady Louisa supposes the piece we have just quoted to be a fragment. We cannot be of that opinion. It is, we think, clear by internal evidence that this paper was written during the life of George I., and probably early in the reign, under the influence of the same sentiments of personal disappointment which prompted Mr. Wortley’s pen. But whenever written, we may be well assured that the facts are strongly discoloured by the passions and prejudices of the writer.

We have now done with Lady Mary Wortley’s works and letters, and must return to the interesting ‘*Introductory Anecdotes*’ of Lady Louisa Stuart—of which our readers will be obliged to us for giving them a few further specimens—though it may happen that we shall have to question some of the facts stated, and many of the conclusions drawn. Lady Louisa states nothing of her own knowledge, but relates from Lady Mary’s journal, which she candidly admits cannot be received as indisputable authority.

Lady Louisa attributes to Horace Walpole an excessive dislike of Lady Mary, though we can see no evidence that he thought worse of her ladyship than the generality of the world about her did—but she accounts for it by endeavouring, on the authority of Lady Mary’s journal, to turn the tables on Walpole’s mother—

‘His mother and she had been antagonists and enemies before he was born; “*car tout est reciproque*,” says La Bruyère. We see how Lady Mary represented Lady Walpole, and may take it for granted that Lady Walpole did not love or spare Lady Mary; and if they continued to keep up the outward forms of acquaintanceship, which of course brought them often into contact, they would naturally hate each other all the more.

‘ Mr.

' Mr. Walpole's affection for his mother was so much the most amiable point in his character, and his expressions whenever he names or alludes to her are so touching, come so directly and evidently from the heart, that one would very fain think of her as he did, and believe she had every perfection his partiality assigns to her. But, in truth, there was a contrary version of the matter, not resting solely, *nor yet principally*, upon the authority of Lady Mary Wortley. It filled so prominent a place in the scandalous history of the time, that the world knew as well which way Captain Lemuel Gulliver was glancing when gravely vindicating the reputation of my Lord Treasurer Flimnap's excellent lady, as what he meant by the red, green, and blue girdles of the Lilliputian grandees, or the said Flimnap's feats of agility on the tight-rope. Those ironical lines also, where Pope says that Sir Robert Walpole

" Had never made a friend in private life,  
And was besides a tyrant to his wife,"

are equally well understood as conveying a sly allusion to his good-humoured unconcern about some things which more strait-laced husbands do not take so coolly. Openly laughing at their nicety, he professed it his method "to go his own way, and let madam go her's."—vol. i. pp. 32, 33.

Here—before we copy the scandal that follows—we must pause to say that it *may* be very true that Lady Walpole was *gallant*, and Sir Robert over easy; but that the evidence Lady Louisa brings in support of Lady Mary's charge does *not* support it. The pleasantry in 'Gulliver's Travels' about the Treasurer Flimnap's lady turns on the *very contrary* of Lady Louisa's supposition—it being directed against the morbid *jealousy* of the husband in a case where it must have been *groundless*. The fun is in the punctilious gravity with which the *man-mountain* vindicates the character of a lady who was not so tall as the *little finger* of her supposed admirer. And again, as to Pope's lines, they occur in a passage in which, if ever he could be so, he must have been sincere, for the praise of Walpole is coupled with that of his own dearest friends—Cobham, Marchmont, Lyttelton, and Bolingbroke—a sneer in this place would have been a sneer on them, and is morally impossible to have been meant: and finally the sneer would have been worse than pointless, because poor Lady Walpole was dead and buried before the poem was written. Pope and Swift, therefore, who have malice enough of their own to answer for, are certainly no accomplices in this of Lady Mary. We proceed with the extract:—

' In a word, Horace Walpole himself was generally supposed to be the son of Carr Lord Hervey,\* and Sir Robert not to be ignorant of it. One striking circumstance was visible to the naked eye; no beings in human

\* The eldest son of John Hervey—first Earl of Bristol. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the more famous John Lord Hervey, the issue of his father's second marriage.'

shape could resemble each other less than the two passing for father and son; and, while their *reverse* of personal likeness provoked a malicious whisper, Sir Robert's marked neglect of Horace in his infancy tended to confirm it. A number of children, young Walpole one, were accustomed to meet and play together. Such of them as, like himself, lived to grow old, all united in declaring that no other boy within their knowledge was left so entirely in the hands of his mother, or seemed to have so little acquaintance with his father; the fact being, that Sir Robert Walpole took scarcely any notice of him, till his proficiency at Eaton school, when a lad of some standing drew his attention, and proved that, whether he had or not, a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour.'—vol. i. pp. 33, 34.

Now we will not deny that Horace's persons and tastes were in many respects unlike those of Sir Robert—nay, we will admit that in them and some other peculiarities he may have resembled the Herveys, but we must say that the additional and corroborative evidence advanced by Lady Louisa seems to us wholly groundless. What! because a prime minister leaves—for all the public may know—his youngest son in the hands of his doating mother, and is only observed to take notice of him when he has become a school-boy (a course which happens in the family of many men less occupied than Sir Robert), are we therefore to infer that he knows the son to be illegitimate? Sir Robert's 'care and tenderness' to Horace are gratefully recorded by himself; and certainly, if Sir Robert had any such suspicion, he was the most placable and generous of men; for he distinguished Horace not only by as much affection as he showed any of his children, but by some very remarkable favours. Again:—

'Though in all probability Lord Orford never suspected that any doubt hung over his own birth, yet the mortifications of his youth on his mother's account could not but be severe; for, as she lived till he reached manhood, he must have known how completely she was overlooked and disregarded, though not ill treated, by her husband; and, before his tears for her loss were dried, he had the pang of seeing Miss Skerritt, the rival she hated, installed in her place. That Lady Mary Wortley had been the chief friend and protectress of his stepmother, was alone enough to make him bitter against her.'—vol. i. p. 34.

We wonder Lady Louisa does not see in this revelation a more probable explanation of the whole preceding story. Sir Robert Walpole had an intrigue with, and a natural child by, this Miss Skerritt—*Lady Mary's protégée*. Lady Mary herself, we think, quotes the Italian proverb—*Chi offende perdona mai*. Lady Mary and her 'dear Molly Skerritt' having inflicted the most scandalous injury on Lady Walpole, may have thought it would be some justification of themselves if they could make *her* appear guilty of antecedent misconduct; and they were there-  
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fore likely enough to calumniate the poor woman after having insulted and injured her in the last degree.

We cannot afford room for a similar examination of all the scandalous anecdotes which Lady Mary's journal afforded. We only offer this as a sample of our *historic doubts*. We proceed to other matters.

Lady Mary's father, the Duke of Kingston, died in 1726.

'Lady Bute remembered having seen him once only, but that in manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing. A proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal. Lady Bute witnessed the observance of another, now obsolete, in the ceremony that her grandfather's widow had to go through soon after his funeral was over. It behoved *to see company*; that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender, in person likewise. And this was the established form: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the duchess, closely veiled with crape, sate upright in her state-bed under a high black canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased duke—Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned: the room had no light but from a single wax-taper; and the condoling visiters, who curtsied in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in black-glove-mourning for the occasion.—vol. i. pp. 42, 43.

The preface affixed to the first edition of the letters, dated 1724, and signed M. A. was, Lady Louisa informs us, written by Mrs. Mary Astell, 'of learned memory, the Madonella of the Tatler, a very pious, exemplary woman, and a profound scholar.' This lady had, it seems, addressed to Lady Mary a copy of an *Ode to Friendship*, which is preserved in an album or scrap book of Lady Mary's. This ode turns out to be that which Boswell, on the authority of Mr. Hector, assigned to Dr. Johnson.—(See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 134.)

On this Lady Louisa asks—

'Query, which of these two conscientious people, the Doctor or Mrs. Astell, could be guilty of purloining their neighbour's goods and passing them off for their own? And also, the difference of ages and distance of abodes considered, what breeze could have wafted the stanzas of the one into the scrutoire of the other? The sentiments undoubtedly seem better suited to an austere maiden gentlewoman, ever the sworn foe of love,

love, than to a stripling at the time of life when "*that boy and that boy's deeds*" are seldom held in any great abhorrence. Not that we dare build upon this argument, because many young people will defy him stoutly before they have the misfortune to make his acquaintance. But *dates*, as Johnson himself would have said, are stubborn things. Boswell tells us that this ode was first published in the year 1743. Now Mrs. Astell had then been dead twelve years; and, since her ghost never did pay Lady Mary Wortley a visit, it is to be presumed she gave her the verses while she was alive. In short, the *pro* and *con*. of the affair might find the Gentleman's Magazine in matter of controversy for a twelvemonth.—vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

We beg her ladyship's pardon; there is not matter for a ten minutes' controversy anywhere.—Whoever wrote the verses, *this* copy of Mrs. Astell's is assuredly not the original, as the first stanza sufficiently testifies—which stands in the version given by Boswell—

' Friendship! peculiar gift of Heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels *only* given,  
To all the *lower world* denied'—

meaning, as the sequel exemplifies, that the sensual passion was common to *man and brutes*—the *lower world*—but that friendship was the attribute of men and angels. Good Mrs. Astell, who had somehow got hold of the verses without understanding them, thought that they might be turned into a pretty compliment to her friend Lady Mary, and so she altered the third line into—

' To Wortley and to angels given,  
To all the lower world denied'—

which makes nonsense of the whole poem; first, By confounding the distinction on which the ode is founded, between the *higher* or intelligent world, and the *lower* or brute creation; secondly, By supposing that should there be such a thing as a *solitary friendship* for all the human race, Wortley *alone* enjoyed the gift; thirdly, This tirade against love, and this eulogy of Platonic friendship, is addressed to one who had *eloped* with a *lover*, and was leading, at the time that the verses must have been written, a life of, to say the least of it, fashionable levity. We therefore conclude, that by whomever written, they never could have been addressed to Lady Mary, except by the pen of a plagiarist and flatterer.

We must add another instance of the mode in which *anecdotes* are, in the progress of repetition, altered and falsified.—Lady Louisa, amongst her grandmother's anecdotes of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, tells the following:—

' Lady

'Lady Anne Egerton, one of the duchess's grand-daughters, inherited such a share of her grandmother's imperial spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and insure daggers' drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself. But, ere the stormy season set in, the grandame had acquired her picture; which she afterwards made a monument of vengeance, in no vulgar or ordinary mode. She did not give it away; nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber garret; nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence, *She is much blacker within*, inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders.'—vol. i. pp. 78, 79,

Horace Walpole in his *Reminiscences* tells the same story, almost in the same words, of another grand-daughter, *Lady Anne Spencer*, the wife of Lord Bateman; but though there was some colour for the story, the details are exaggerated—the following we believe to be the truth. The duchess had several small whole-lengths of her family in her closet at Marlborough House, with the arms and name of the person painted in a corner of the picture—amongst them was that of Lady Bateman—and the picture bears evidence—not that the face was blackened, but—that the duchess's vengeance had contented itself with erasing the *name* of the offender, as is still evident on the picture, which we ourselves have seen, and which is, we believe, in the possession of Lord Spencer, at Althorpe. The coincidence (excepting the mistake of one Anne for another) of Lady Louisa's story with that of Horace Walpole, is a sufficient proof of the accuracy of her ladyship's memory in reporting what she had read, but the facts afford an equally strong example of the mode in which anecdotes are embellished by such wits as Walpole and Lady Mary.

We have by no means exhausted these very amusing anecdotes, nor the critical observations which we could make upon them, but we have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude, 'in order to give,' as Lord Wharnccliffe says, 'a *complete view* of Lady Mary's character,' with some allusions to her personal conduct, which, thanks to the friendship and the enmity of Pope, as well as to her own talents and eccentricities, have formed for above a century a topic of literary debate.

We have already said that this is an honest work,—that Lord Wharnccliffe and Lady Louisa have performed their parts with remarkable, we had almost said, unexampled candour;—but it would have been beyond human nature that they should have been altogether impartial—that they should not have felt and cherished a belief that the various discreditable stories about Lady Mary were absolute falsehoods or gross exaggerations. The worst of them, of course, if they ever reached the eyes of Lady Louisa,

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Louisa, would be utterly unintelligible to her; and Lord Wharncliffe, although he does (as we shall see presently) advert to one or two of these stories, appears to be by no means apprized how Augean the task would be of clearing Lady Mary's character from all the imputations which her contemporaries for half a century concurred in heaping upon it. We are not going to rake up all that filth, nor indeed to go farther into such questions than the observations of the editors lead us, but we think that a regard for moral justice and historical truth obliges us to enter our protest against the entire and absolute acquittal which Mr. Dallaway and Lord Wharncliffe, both writing under the influence of a laudable partiality, are inclined to pronounce upon her whole conduct. We abhor, with Lord Wharncliffe, Pope's detestable and unmanly charges—*inter politos non nominandu*,—which have eventually done at least as much injury to his own character as to Lady Mary's,—which constitute the chief drawback on his popularity, and will for ever exclude his works from the unrestricted perusal of youth and innocence. But, on the other hand, it must be recollected that if Pope had dared to make even one,—the least,—of these atrocious attacks, on a Lady of reputable character, he must have been either shut up in a mad-house or a gaol—or at all events been punished by total exclusion from society.

We have seen that neither Lady Louisa nor Lord Wharncliffe attempt to assign any precise reason for Lady Mary's strange resolution of leaving England in the year 1739, and her never returning till Mr. Wortley's death, two-and-twenty years after,—when she *immediately* returned. Dallaway attributes this emigration to her *declining health*, but the letters for several years after do not afford the least colour for that supposition; one letter, written *thirteen years* after she had left England, gives an account of health and diet, so very inconsistent with such a delicate state as should exile her from her country, and is, withal, so curious that (though published in the old edition,) we will here insert it. Talking of a new novel, 'Pompey the Little,' which she had been reading, and in the characters of which she recognises some of her friends, Lady Mary proceeds,—

'I also saw myself (as I now am) in the character of Mrs. Qualmsick. You will be surprised at this, no Englishwoman being so free from vapours, having never in my life complained of low spirits, or weak nerves; but our resemblance is very strong in the fancied loss of appetite, which I have been silly enough to be persuaded into by the physician of this place. He visits me frequently, as being one of the most considerable men in the parish, and is a grave, sober, thinking, great fool, whose solemn appearance, and deliberate way of delivering his sentiments, gives

gives them an air of good sense, though they are often the most injudicious that ever were pronounced. By perpetual telling me I eat so little, he is amazed I am able to subsist. He had brought me to be of his opinion; and I began to be seriously uneasy at it. This useful treatise has roused me into a recollection of what I ate yesterday, and do almost every day the same. I wake generally about seven, and drink *half a pint of warm asses' milk*, after which I sleep two hours; as soon as I am risen, I constantly take *three cups of milk coffee*, and two hours after that a *large cup of milk chocolate*; two hours more brings my dinner, where I never fail swallowing a good dish (I don't mean plate) of *gray soup, with all the bread, roots, &c. belonging to it*. I then eat a *wing and the whole body of a large fat capon*, and a *veal sweetbread*, concluding with a *competent quantity of custard*, and some *roasted chestnuts*. At five in the afternoon I take another *dose of asses' milk*; and for supper *twelve chesnuts* (which would weigh two of those in London), *one new laid egg*, and a *handsome poringer of white bread and milk*. With this diet, notwithstanding the menaces of my wise doctor, I am now convinced I am in no danger of starving; and am obliged to little Pompey for this discovery.'—vol. iii. pp. 7, 8.

Thus swallowing, at an interval of two hours each, a series of meals which would, in quantity at least, satisfy an English ploughman; and this, thirteen years after she had been obliged to expatriate herself on account of *declining health*! The present editors, though unable to unravel the mysterious emigration, are too candid to adopt Dallaway's ridiculous pretence, which can have no other effect than to prove that the *real* reason was one which *his* informant did not venture to tell.

But we have a picture of her—*ad vivam*—by a master, the very year after her emigration, which (though the name has been left in blank,) there is no mistaking. Horace Walpole, then a young man on his travels, writes to Mr. Conway, from Florence, 25th Sept. 1740,—

'Did I tell you that Lady ——— [Mary Wortley] is here? She laughs at my Lady W—— [Walpole, afterwards Lady Orford], scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amuse any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob [cap], that does not cover her greasy black locks that hang loose,—never combed nor curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvass petticoat. Her face swelled violently—[here follows a passage which we cannot copy]—partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which, for cheapness, she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney. In three words I will give you her picture, as we drew it in the *Noctes Virgilianæ*,—

"*Insanam vatem aspicias.*"

—Lord Orford's *Works*, 4to. edition, vol. v. p. 13.

The present editors have taken several occasions of attributing

to Walpole a personal enmity to Lady Mary,—but, however he may be suspected of over-colouring his pictures, there can be no doubt that the broad features of the foregoing portrait cannot be imaginary—they are too graphic not to have been in some degree drawn from nature—they are given to a person who must have known Lady Mary, and who probably had seen her in England in the preceding year; and Walpole appeals to the testimony of several other Englishmen—Gray, Mr. Coke, Sir Francis Dashwood, &c. then at Florence—in a way which he could not have ventured to do if his story could be substantially contradicted. And this story of the swelled face, and its cause, which is the most serious part of the whole, is accidentally and strangely confirmed by her biographers,—who state, assigning, however, mere eccentricity for the motive,—that she was in the habit, when English visitors waited on her, of receiving them in a mask!

This piece of evidence, though it has been long before the public in the great edition of Horace Walpole's works, Lord Wharncliffe does not notice. It probably had escaped his observation; for he very candidly quotes and discusses, in his appendix, two other passages of Walpole's more recently published letters to Sir Horace Mann, which reflect more grossly—if more be possible—on Lady Mary.

'The first of these is to be found in letter 231, dated Mistley, August 31, 1751, and is in these words:—"Pray, tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure story here of her being in durance in the Brescian or the Bergamesco; *that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping* has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her as the Count — lost my Lady O." [Orford.] And in the next letter he again alludes to this report."—vol iii. p. 431.

On this the editor, with remarkable candour, admits that

'Among Lady Mary's papers there is a long paper, written in Italian, not by herself, giving an account of her having been detained for some time against her will, in a country-house belonging to an Italian count, and inhabited by him and his mother. This paper seems to be drawn up either as a case to be submitted to a lawyer for his opinion, or to be produced in a court of law. There is nothing else to be found in Lady Mary's papers referring in the least degree to this circumstance. It would appear, however, that some such forcible detention as is alluded to did take place, probably for some pecuniary or interested object; but, like many of Horace Walpole's stories, he took care not to let this lose anything that might give it zest, and he therefore makes the person by whom Lady Mary was detained "a young fellow whom she set out with keeping." Now, at the time of this transaction taking place Lady Mary

Mary was sixty-one years old. The reader, therefore, may judge for himself, how far such an imputation upon her is likely to be founded in truth, and will bear in mind that there was no indisposition upon the part of Horace Walpole to make insinuations of that sort against Lady Mary.—vol. iii. pp. 431-434.

Now, we entertain, with Lord Wharnccliffe, a strong opinion of Walpole's disposition to exaggeration, but we confess that we never expected to have found anything like such a confirmation of this story as the discovery in Lady Mary's papers of a law-case *attesting the substantial facts*. As to the objection drawn from the Lady's age, we can only say that it would have been more cogent had it been the gentleman who was sixty-one—for the histories of the Empress Catherine, and of many less notorious ladies, prove that age does not always correct irregularity when it has grown habitual. Besides, we have a strange avowal of Lady Mary herself, in one of her letters to Lady Bute, about 1758, that vanity, or some other still more discreditable motive, was still so strong in her that—

'it is eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself such mortifications for the future, and shall continue that resolution to my life's end.'—vol. iii. p. 171.

The circumstance, too, that no trace of so serious an affair is to be found in any of her letters to her family, nor (with the exception of the law case) in her private papers, seems to justify a suspicion that there was something to be concealed. If such an insult had been offered to an innocent and well-reputed English lady of sixty, is it credible that she would have thus hushed up so shocking an outrage?—'The reader,' as Lord Wharnccliffe very fairly says, 'must judge for himself.'

His Lordship proceeds—

'The other passage is in Letter 232; and after saying that he had lately been at Woburn, where he had had an opportunity of seeing fifty letters of Lady Mary's to her sister Lady Mar, "whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses," Horace Walpole adds as follows:—"Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary's, who having persuaded one Ruemonde, a Frenchman, and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line—

'Who starves a sister or denies a debt.'"—vol. iii. p. 432.

Upon this Lord Wharnccliffe observes—

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‘Nothing whatever has been found to throw light upon the ill treatment of Lady Mar by Lady Mary; and that accusation is supposed, by those who would probably have heard of it if true, to be without foundation. But nine letters to Lady Mar relating to a transaction with a person whom Lady Mary calls R., a Frenchman, are among the papers which have been communicated to the editor, which must be the letters alluded to by Horace Walpole, although there appears to be one short of the number mentioned by him, possibly by mistake. In order that the reader may be enabled to see the actual grounds upon which a charge of so scandalous and heinous a character has been made by Mr. Walpole, these letters are now given to the public.’—*ibid.* pp. 432, 433.

Now these letters (which are much too long to be quoted *in extenso*) seem to us to confirm, in a very extraordinary way, Horace Walpole’s impression.

Nine letters are found on this subject—Walpole says he saw *ten*—which, as Lord Wharnccliffe says, might be a natural miscounting, but we shall see presently that there is reason to suspect that he saw one which is not now extant. Walpole calls the hero *Ruemonde*—where he got the name does not appear,—but the letters admit that there was a certain transaction with a Mons. R.—.

That transaction the letters state to have been a complaint of the Frenchman (a very unjust one they, of course, allege) that having entrusted Lady Mary with some money to buy stock, she wanted to cheat him out of it. These letters further admit that the Frenchman was in possession of some letters of hers which were of the greatest importance to her character. Now, if the case had been—as she represents it in the *business* part of the letters—a mere money difference on the score of certain stock-jobbing transactions in that season when all the world were *South Sea* mad, we can hardly understand why Lady Mary should have been in such an extreme panic as she certainly was.

‘I have attestations and witnesses [she says] of the bargain I made, so that nothing can be clearer than my integrity in this business; but that does not hinder me from being in the utmost terror for the consequences (as you may easily guess) of his [R—’s] villany; the very story of which appears so monstrous to me, that I can hardly believe myself while I write it; though I omit (to tire you) a thousand aggravating circumstances. . . I beg your pardon (dear sister) for this tedious account; but you see how necessary ’tis for me to get my letters from this madman. Perhaps the best way is by fair means; at least they ought to be first tried. I would have you, then, (my dear sister,) try to make the wretch sensible of the truth of what I advance, without asking for my letters, which I have already asked for. Perhaps you may make him ashamed of his infamous proceedings by talking of me, without taking notice that you know of his threats, only of my dealings. I take this method to be the most likely to work upon him. I beg you  
would

would send me a full and true account of this *detestable affair*. . . I am too well acquainted with the world (of which poor Mrs. Murray's affair is a fatal instance,) not to know that the most groundless accusation is always of ill consequence to a woman; besides the cruel misfortunes it may bring upon me in my own family. If you have any *compassion either for me or my innocent children*, I am sure you will try to prevent it. The thing is *too serious to be delayed*. I think, (to say nothing of either blood or affection,) that humanity and Christianity are interested in my *preservation*.

'I cannot enough thank you, my dear sister, for the trouble you give yourself in my affairs, though I am still so unhappy to find your care very ineffectual. I have actually in my present possession a formal letter directed to Mr. W. to acquaint him with the whole business. You may imagine the inevitable eternal misfortunes it would have thrown me into, had it been delivered by the person to whom it was intrusted. I wish you would make him sensible of the infamy of his proceeding, which can no way in the world turn to his advantage—. . . All he can expect by informing Mr. Wortley, is to hear him repeat the same things I assert; he will not retrieve one farthing, and I *am for ever miserable*.

'I am now at Twickenham: 'tis impossible to tell you, dear sister, what *agonies I suffer* every post-day; my health really suffers so much from *my fears*, that I have reason to apprehend the worst consequences. If that monster acted on the least principles of reason, I should have nothing to fear, since 'tis certain that after he has *exposed me* he will get nothing by it. Mr. Wortley can do nothing for his satisfaction I am not willing to do myself. . . . I desire nothing from him, but that he would send no letters or messages to my house at London, where Mr. Wortley now is. I am come hither in hopes of benefit from the air, but I carry my distemper about me in *an anguish of mind that visibly decays my body* every day. I am too melancholy to talk of any other subject. Let me beg you (dear sister) to take some care of this affair, and think you have it in your power to do *more than save the life* of a sister that loves you.'—vol. iii. pp. 435—443.

Lord Wharncliffe thinks that all this is the natural anxiety to conceal from Mr. Wortley and the world the indiscretion (if it can even be called so) of her having undertaken to purchase a few hundred pounds of South Sea stock; but surely this passionate terror is quite disproportioned to any such cause, particularly as she asserts, and seems indeed able to prove, that her *pecuniary* transaction was quite correct, and that she is ready and anxious to refund the balance.

But there are not wanting a few sentences here and there which seem to point to a more serious cause—a cause much more reconcileable with the terror we have just read. We find in her first letter on the subject—

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'A person whose name is not necessary, because you know it [that is R—], took all sorts of methods during *almost a year*, to persuade me that there never was so extraordinary an *attachment* (or what you please to call it) as they had for me. This ended in *coming over* to make me a visit against my will, and, as was pretended, very much against their interest. *I cannot deny I was very silly in giving the least credit to this stuff.* But if people are so silly, you'll own 'tis natural for any body that is good-natured to pity and be glad to serve a person they believe unhappy on their account. It came into my head, out of a high point of generosity (for which I wish myself hang'd), to do this creature all the good I possibly could, since 'twas impossible to make them *happy their own way*. I advised him very strenuously to sell out of the subscription, and in compliance to my advice he did so; and in less than two days saw he had done very prudently. After a piece of service of this nature, I thought I could more decently press his departure, which his follies made me think necessary for me. He took leave of me with so many tears and grimaces (which I can't imagine how he could counterfeit) as really moved my compassion; and I had much ado to keep to my first resolution of exacting his absence, which he swore would be his death. I told him that there was no other way in the world I would not be glad to leave [qu. serve?] him in, but that his *extravagancies* made it utterly impossible for me to keep him company.'—vol. iii. p. 434.

Here, it must be admitted, that there is evidence of *coquetry* at least—of a flirtation begun abroad, and lasting almost a year—in consequence of which R— followed her to England—where, in order to bribe him to go back again, she turned it into a stock-broking affair. Let it be recollected, also, that we have only her own account of the transaction, in which, of course, even if she had 'made him happy in his own way,' she could hardly be expected to confess it.

But Lord Wharncliffe thinks that Walpole's malice and falsehood are clearly proved, because he says 'that she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his [Mons. R.'s] throat'—  
'she certainly threatened him, through Lady Mar, in case of his coming to England; but no one who reads that threat can imagine that it is meant to convey the idea of her intending to have his throat cut by any body.'—vol. iii. p. 445.

Her letters certainly do not, in express terms, talk of *cutting throats*, which, however, at that time, was only a cant phrase for *fighting a duel*; but after having, in the eight first letters, tried what '*fair means*' would do, she, in the ninth, talks of measures of violence—

'I am told he [R—] is preparing to come to London. I desire you would assure him that my first step will be to acquaint *my Lord Stair* with *all his obligations to him* as soon as I hear he is in London; and if he dares to give me any further trouble, I shall take care to have him *re-*  
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warded in a stronger manner than he expects; there is nothing more true than this; and I solemnly swear, that if all the credit or money that I have in the world can do it, either for friendship or hire, I shall not fail to have *him used as he deserves*; and since I know his journey can only be intended to expose me, I shall not value what noise is made. Perhaps you may prevent it; I leave you to judge of the most proper method; 'tis certain no time should be lost; fear is his predominant passion, and I believe *you may fright him* from coming hither, where he will certainly find a *reception very disagreeable to him*.'—vol. iii. pp. 433, 434.

It is fair to observe that, though in the *nine* letters published in Lord Wharnccliffe's appendix there is no mention of *Lord Mar*, it is possible that in the *tenth* letter, which Walpole speaks of, and which Lord Wharnccliffe has not found, Lord Mar's name may have been employed by way of intimidation, as Lord Stair's, in our judgment, certainly was.

There is one circumstance more which, if explained, might corroborate or impair Walpole's evidence. Amongst the letters which he saw, was one in which (he says) he found the following passage, which, for its originality and wit, he remembers and quotes:—

'We all partake of Father Adam's folly and knavery, who first ate the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel.'—*Letters to Mann*, iii. 41.

Now, there is a passage in Lady Mary's letters which has some similarity to this, though the witticism is not so strongly put:—

'This is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but Father Adam shines through his whole progeny.'—vol. ii. p. 187.

This proves, we think, that Walpole had a general recollection of a passage about 'Father Adam'; but Lord Wharnccliffe, or whoever is in possession of the originals, can tell whether the profane wit exists in the original, or was an addition of Walpole's own.

We have given a large space to the detail of this curious affair, because we think that, in fact, Lord Wharnccliffe's ten pages of Appendix give us more insight into Lady Mary's personal conduct and real character than all the rest of the volumes. Lord Wharnccliffe, in his desire to weaken Walpole's authority, states, vol. iii. p. 446, that—

'Mr. Cole, in his MS. now in the British Museum, states of Lady Mary, that he had heard from Madame Geoffrin and Mr. Walpole, *who knew her well*, that she was the vilest of womenkind, notwithstanding her

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her talents for wit, vivacity, and genius, and elegance of taste, were unexceptionable\*—

Whereas Lord Wharnccliffe doubts whether Walpole could have known her very well, as she went abroad when Walpole was barely of age. But surely this does not impair Walpole's veracity. In the first place, Mr. Cole may not have accurately repeated the exact words, but—even if he did—the expressions seem quite justifiable by the facts. Walpole must have known Lady Mary from his childhood, as an acquaintance of his mother's. He had also seen her in Italy, where he seems to have spent some months in her society. All this would justify the popular phrase that he knew her well—so, at least, thought Lady Mary herself, for she writes to Lady Bute (vol. iii. p. 167), that 'she was well acquainted with' *Horry* Walpole, as she in another place (vol. iii. p. 87) familiarly calls him. We think, therefore, that Lord Wharnccliffe gives too much importance to what he thinks a false statement, and which we do not think even an inaccurate expression.

Of Lady Mary's appearance and manners on her return to England, there is another lively sketch by the hand of Walpole.

'February 2, 1762.

'Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; *I have seen her*; I think her avarice—her dirt,\* and her vivacity, are all increased—her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries—the groundwork rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes—an old black-lace hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, represents the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last.'—*Letters to Montagu*, 4th edit. vol. vi. p. 277.

And on the following June he thus announces the approach of the moment which was to bring—for the first time—this extraordinary woman to the mere level of other mortals.

'Lady Mary Wortley is dying of a cancer in her breast.'—*ibid*, p. 292.

Walpole was well informed; she died, in fact, on the 21st of August following. Mr. Dallaway says, 'of a decline,' and the present editors seem to evade the mention of the immediate cause of her death. We wonder what objection there could have been to assigning the real disease—particularly as it justifies a hope that

\* In the quarto edition *dirt* is misprinted *diet*. Her *diet*, as we have seen, was extraordinary enough, but it is clear that *dirt* is the proper word—it is well known that even in her youth she was a slattern, and she certainly had not improved in this respect by her sojourn in Italy.

what Pope and Walpole have dwelt upon in terms not to be quoted, may have been, in fact, a constitutional disorder. It is probable that something of the style of dress which Walpole and others attribute to eccentricity, such as the '*domino*' in Italy (Dallaway, vol. i. p. 112), and '*the horseman's coat*' (probably only a *pelisse*), in England—were rendered necessary by the dreadful calamity under which she was suffering. How unjust and how cruel do these sarcasms on her dress appear, when we know what a vulture was gnawing her vitals, and with what admirable fortitude she bore it!

To conclude. We are strongly persuaded, that Lady Mary Wortley's fame, both as an author and a woman, stood highest when it rested on the Letters during the embassy, in which her literary talent shines brightest and purest; and her maternal and moral courage in the introduction of inoculation by trying the experiment on her own son, gives her an honourable immortality as one of the benefactors of the human race. We regret to be obliged to express our opinion that every subsequent publication has impaired her character for good nature and good conduct—and, judging by the last of all which has appeared—this Appendix—we are warranted in suspecting that the more her life is examined, and the more her history is sifted, the less personally creditable they will be found.

In a literary point of view it is to be hoped that Lord Wharncliffe, or some other editor having more leisure and inclination for the details of such an affair, may one day present us with the *letters* of Lady Mary Wortley arranged in a *strictly chronological* order, *interspersed* with such a running commentary of illustrations and notes as might, with a little trouble, be made to render all that is worthy of the curiosity of the world clear and intelligible. To such an edition of Lady Mary's letters, her other *genuine* writings would form a proper and not a bulky appendix.

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ART. VII.—1. *Second Report of his Majesty's Commissioners appointed to consider the state of the Established Church in England and Wales, with reference to Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues.* 1836.

2. *Charge delivered by Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter, at his Triennial Visitation, October, 1836.* London. Svo.

3. *Remarks on the Prospective and Past Benefits of Cathedral Institutions in the promotion of sound Religious Knowledge, and of Clerical Education.* By Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D.,

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- Regius Professor of Hebrew, &c., Oxford. Second edition. 1837. London. 8vo.
4. *A Letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the Ecclesiastical Commission.* By the Rev. Sydney Smith. London. 8vo. 1837.
5. *On the Proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners: A Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln.* By Christopher Benson, M.A., Master of the Temple. London. 8vo. 1837.

WE have placed at the head of this article one of the most important, and let us add at once, one of the most alarming documents which have appeared for many years—the Second Report of the Ecclesiastical Commission. There is little good at any time, and much mischief in exaggerating fears. When men find that some evils apprehended do not occur, they soon believe that none exist at all. And we have passed recently through so many changes, without as yet experiencing all their anticipated consequences upon our personal interests; and let it also be said to our shame, there is such a selfishness and shortsightedness in most of our present worldly policy—that it is extremely difficult to bring home to any mind the full extent of a mischief, of which the working is future and prospective. Notwithstanding, however, the inexpediency of using strong language, especially in the profound and unaccountable apathy which seems to prevail on the subject before us, we must again deliberately repeat, that to any thinking mind nothing connected with our ecclesiastical, and therefore our constitutional system, has for many years presented such reasonable ground for anxiety and alarm as the present recommendations of the Ecclesiastical Commission. In proceeding to point out their nature and tendency, it is our earnest wish to approach the subject with no sentiment but sincere respect for the authorities from which they emanate. In the Commission itself are contained some of the greatest ornaments of the Church, and its undoubted friends. And, looking at facts as they stand, throwing aside every political prejudice—as we are bound to do when considering matters of this high and sacred order—we do believe, that in the ministers of the crown themselves no intention has existed of proposing measures which they believe detrimental to religion. The Church has already suffered long enough, and acutely enough, from an unhallowed connexion—not with political interests, from which in the true sense of polity it can never be separated, but with the interests of parties and factions.

That the government has neither strength nor zeal to battle in defence of the Church—that it will abandon even the appearance of defence, if the *pressure from without* becomes too strong—and that its theoretical principles, if carried consistently into practice, involve the destruction of the Church—all this is too manifest.

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And it must rouse suspicion and alarm in reference to every measure which they sanction. But the present measure is supported by a whole body, who cannot be the enemies of the Church; and the circumstances under which the blow is threatened seem to be these. No mischievous direction has intentionally been given to it. An urgent want has been felt for improvement in our religious system, and a loud clamour raised for what is vaguely called *Ecclesiastical Reform*. Little or no time has been allowed to the Church for consideration. Very little thought and practical learning have been ready at the call of the moment, to suggest all the consequences of measures. A long lurking sense of weakness and want of faith in the power of the Church, has paralysed resistance, and suggested a temporary compromise. Perhaps some embarrassment has been caused by the association of the heads of the Church with men who care little for it, and their co-operation in planning measures for its benefit. And the result has been that the first instrument at hand has been snatched up to ward off a temporary pressure, and ward it off, by the confession of its movers, most feebly and ineffectually; while few seem to have perceived, that the instrument thus removed from its present use, has its own original high destination, infinitely more important than the new functions assigned to it, and must leave a chasm not only never to be supplied again, but fatal to the whole efficiency of the system whose working was to be strengthened.

We wish at present, looking to the future prospects and efficiency of the Church of England, to make some observations on that part of the Ecclesiastical Report, which proposes to destroy our cathedral establishments for the partial support of our parochial system. There are many other points in the Report, as well as in the constitution of the Commission itself, deserving the most serious consideration, and full of alarm. But the Commission has already been created, and the arrangement of the bishops' revenues has passed into an act. The cathedrals are still undestroyed. Time, though a very short time, is given for inquiry. It may yet be possible to turn the attention of the public, and especially of the clergy, to views which reach further than a pecuniary relief for the moment, and a lulling of popular clamour. And to encourage them, no indisposition has been shown by the Commission itself, to review their opinions when proper representations have been made. We have a guarantee for a sincere and earnest desire to do good in the personal character of its most influential members,—in the pure Christian temper of one who has bound to himself the whole Church, over which he presides, by the strongest ties of personal affection; and

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in the energy of another, who is striving to wipe out the deep disgrace of a heathen metropolis in a Christian nation. And this is no time to despair of either the Church or the country. Let us only come to the inquiry with a sober and honest mind—with no wish to secure personal interests, to maintain abuses, to defend what cannot be defended, to confound the Church of Christ with a political body. Let us take our ground upon the very principle of the Commission itself—consider in what consists the true efficiency of the Church,—see what form of organization is necessary to give it strength, and carry its ministrations with power and virtue into the whole body of the people; and so far from hoping that any permanent increase of parochial power can be gained by the sacrifice of our cathedral institutions, it will appear, we assuredly believe, that in the whole of our ecclesiastical system, when properly invigorated and directed, there is no organ more vital, and more essential to the health and vigour of the Christian Church, as the conservator of the Christian religion, than the bodies which seem to be on the eve of destruction.

In maintaining this view, it is not necessary to prove that they have never been abused, or that they are now in the fittest condition to fulfil their natural destination. Much improvement may be introduced into them, as into every corporation and individual member of the Church or of mankind; and we are bound to introduce it; though he who has watched most narrowly the history of legislation and the course of past events, will trust more for this and every other amelioration to a reform within men's hearts, than to the wax and parchment of the statute-book. The fact of past abuse, or present imperfection, cannot be an argument for destruction, until it is proved beyond dispute that recovery and reformation are hopeless. It is indeed so employed in the present age, and is the trite vulgar maxim of vulgar politicians in all ages. But if the maintenance of an integral part of our national Church is to be debated by the members of that Church, surely they are not the men to sanction such follies—surely we shall not permit to intrude into such an inquiry the miserable fallacies of the world. Let men indeed purify their spirits, before they enter on the very solemn work of remodelling the House of God. It is the first wisdom, the only sure guide in every work. But how can we be safe without it, when we are about to pull down pillars, and strip away consecrated decorations, and remove landmarks, and disturb the ashes of the dead in the temple of God—to mutilate that fabric of the Church, in which every part and portion, transmitted to us from its original foundation, must be believed to be important, until it is proved to be useless. It is proposed to cut down, by one stroke  
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of legislation, a system which took root in the first days of Christianity, and has grown up for 1800 years, nursed by the prayers and charities and gratitude of Christian generations. And the purification of heart which we require, before we may presume to touch a stone in this great edifice without the fear of desecration, may not indeed be such as would be needed by a grasping, sacrilegious, secular avarice. But it may be a solemn, serious, calming down of a temporary excitement. It may be a self-distrust, before we dare rashly to destroy what so many ages have built up. It may be strength, to resist popular outcry and plausible calumnies, and well-intentioned but thoughtless zeal, when nothing but the hope of slow and future, though lasting, good can be opposed to hasty projects of immediate, but transitory glitter. And it may be faith—faith in the power of high principles—to carry us through all perplexities—faith in that great law of God and nature, that expediency always follows on right, but right rarely or never on expediency—faith, lastly, in a Providence above us, that he will raise up now, as he has often and often raised before, relief for the most crying want of a great nation—the knowledge of their God,—and will raise it without tempting us farther to supply it by an act of robbery and by a sacrifice which can never be retrieved.\*

It is not indeed to be supposed, that to set a very high value upon one part of our ecclesiastical system is to depreciate the other—or that those who would struggle to maintain and to increase the efficiency of our cathedral bodies are insensible to the urgent and appalling demands which this nation is now making for the extension of our parochial ministrations. Without at present dwelling on this really fearful subject, and only to guard against a wrong view of the following remarks, as if all eyes were not opened to the spiritual destitution of our parishes, we will say but one word just now; but it will be sufficient to show our sense of the exigency of the case. We believe, from the bottom of our heart, that the salvation of this country depends on its parochial ministers. We believe that the ruin, which threatens all our institutions, has come in upon us through breaches and neglect in our parochial system. We hold, that unless some gigantic effort is made, and speedily made, to widen and strengthen and multiply it, our end, as a nation, is at hand. And yet with this deep and deliberate conviction of the necessities in which we are placed, we would not dare even wholly to relieve, were it possible—much less, as the Commissioners propose, to scarcely palliate

\* The eulogium of Cicero on Piso should be the motto of the Commission:—*Non quid efficere posset, cogitavit, sed quid ipse facere deberet.*

them—by the mutilation and consequent destruction of our cathedral establishments.

It is, in the first place, to do a deed of charity by an act of robbery. Let us take the question of right first. Every correct view of a subject depends on the correctness of our own position. We have no concern whatever with the utility or inutility of institutions, till we are assured that they are ours to dispose of. And woe to the honesty of the man, or of the nation, that dares to cherish any pleasant dreams, even of benevolence, to be realized with the property of others.

What, then, are the grand constitutional maxims, by which human reason, and that law which is the perfection of human reason, tie up the needy, grasping hands of successive statesmen, and secures against them the perpetual transmission of those funds, which are the common and best inheritance of a people—the funds left by private individuals for the use of future generations? And why are they guarded with so much care, and require from us, even in the last exigencies of a spiritual starvation, our most anxious observance?

They are simply these,—

First, That all such funds shall be held sacred and inviolable, and beyond the reach even of the supreme power of the State, until they are either abused, or the end of their creation becomes impracticable.

Secondly, That when they are abused, the State, as the last appeal, shall interfere, but cautiously and gradually, to restore the use, and nothing more.

Thirdly, That when their end is impracticable, the State may again interfere to direct their application, not by itself, but by their trustees, to some other purpose, bordering as closely as possible on the original intention of the testator.

These are simple principles of every day practice. But they are so vitally important, so bound up with the whole theory of our constitution, so fundamental a part of that whole system of property on which, whether happily or not, our present social condition is raised, that to touch them even for the purposes of religion, will involve consequences which no legislation can repair. They are the Magna Charta of one great and the most valuable portion of human property. And it is a happiness to think, that as yet they may still be appealed to even in opposition to a statute. These are laws which are paramount to acts of parliament, and judges who are superior to legislation. And it will be the bounden duty of the present possessors of cathedral property not to be dispossessed of a fraction of it, without trying the legal question. Let us see what we are about. Let us at least know, if the legislature

legislature of the day is bound to confine itself within the laws of the constitution, or is permitted to overturn the great foundations of our liberty, and of all that is valuable in a nation, arbitrarily and capriciously, though, by an accident, for a purpose of religion.

If the property of cathedrals falls, as it indisputably does fall, under the protection of these vital laws, it must be protected by them. Seize on it in despite of them, and no extension of parochial teaching, no—not even the planting of a minister in the centre of every dozen houses, much less the paltry pittance now promised to be wrung out and scraped together, could in any degree compensate for the deadly mischief inflicted, both on the Church and the State, by such an act of spoliation.

For these are not mere legal technicalities, but the result of three great principles of social polity, which must fall or stand with them, and under which every state has flourished exactly in proportion as it maintained them. They are first, that the natural feelings of man, particularly in the distribution of his property, should be allowed to take their own course, unchecked and uncensured by the legislature, until they produce palpable evils to the public. It is not sufficient that they produce little good; they must produce positive harm before a wise government will interfere. A late wealthy individual is said to have destined his property to the maintenance of a college of infidels. And the state would at once have interposed. But he might have founded a hospital for cats, or a college for dissecting butterflies; and, however the Court of Chancery might lament the folly, it would have no right to obstruct it. And why? Because the activity of a nation is most roused by giving great scope and expansion to the exertions of individuals—because legislation, instead of that restless, feverish bustle, which is called wisdom in the present day, should be slow and rare, and be employed, like the reason of man when used for its legitimate purpose, rather to regulate than coerce—rather to remove obstacles when an impetus has been created, than to waste itself uselessly in attempts to produce a momentum, which is wholly beyond its reach. Because it is of the very essence of private liberty, under our present system of government, to be secured against the arbitrary interference of the state. And because it is far less dangerous to license harmless folly, than to place the property of the subject at the mercy of every capricious theory of improvement, which the irresponsible legislature of the day may happen to devise, whether honestly or not.

For these reasons, the constitutional law of this country prohibits the state from interfering arbitrarily with any private arrangement

range of property until the public are proved to suffer by it. For other reasons, it watches with great jealousy over all those funds which are consecrated, in whatever shape, to the use of future generations. It not only permits a man to indulge the natural and innocent, and more than innocent, the very noble and beneficial instinct by which he seeks to continue his power and existence beyond the grave—to connect his name with future ages, and to provide for wants which he never saw, and where he cannot be repaid for the relief. It not only permits this, but until, as sometimes must occur, these accumulations become positively dangerous, a wise state encourages and protects them. They form the links, which every social system requires, between fleeting successive generations. They insure principles of stability and permanence, to counteract the variations of the day. They maintain a great public inheritance for the whole people, saved from the general plunder of private rapacity. They are appropriated for the most part to classes of men, whereas private property falls into the hands of individuals without any restriction of character. And thus they give a body and power to principles and habits of mind, which form collectively the temper of the nation—principles which never can be brought out efficiently while scattered through a mass of individuals. Much more may be said on this point when we come to the value of such endowments in the preservation of religion.

But for these and other reasons our old constitutional law did protect with great vigilance its trusts and corporations. Even in that gross violation of these ancient principles—the destruction of the old municipal bodies—the plea was a nuisance—a great national evil which could only be remedied by an entire change. We deny, indeed, the nuisance. We repudiate the precedent. But even here the principle was allowed.

But there is another maxim of our law, which has been gradually obliterated from our legislation, though it still happily retains its paramount importance in the court of equity. It recognized rights, and duties, and feelings, and personality, as much in corporate bodies as in individuals. It would no more plunder a society, though not a living member by himself sustained any loss, than it would rob those members themselves. There is a wretched sophistry at work now, which evinces our profound ignorance, and deludes us to consent without alarm to acts which, if threatened on individuals, would rouse us at once to resistance. It is the pretended anxiety to guard vested rights, to save individuals from harm, while we are destroying those bodies of which they are component parts. We seem to be losing all conception of the rights of bodies.

Propose

Propose to plunder A or B of his house, and we all sympathize with his feelings, and appreciate the loss. But seize on the property of deans and chapters, leaving to each his full personal share in the common stock so long as he lives, and we imagine no loss is sustained, and no injustice done, because after a gradual extinction the body will finally be left without a voice to remonstrate and a heart to feel. And it is true, though only partly true, that where vested rights are secured, there may be little pain caused by the destruction of a body—little pain if its members are thoroughly selfish, and have no views beyond the quiet enjoyment of their own peculium. But a state that would make its subjects noble and elevated characters, always presupposes that they are such already. It gives them credit for high principles and good feelings. It supposes that men deriving benefits from endowed societies love and cherish those societies with an interest wholly distinct from their own selfish share in them. It allows for a similar feeling in numbers who are themselves without their boundaries, but have been brought up under their shadow, and would miss in ten thousand associations their influence for good. And it recognizes the reversionary interests even of persons not yet born, who might hereafter be benefited by these foundations, as no less real than the interests of the present possessors. An entail is not permitted to be cut off because the future heir is not yet in existence. And having looked, first, as all wise legislatures look, to the good and natural sentiments of man, with a resolution not to shock them needlessly, it soon perceives, here as in all other cases, that what is right and natural is also expedient. Incorporations are the palladium of the State. They may be legal fictions, metaphysical abstractions, which we cannot bring under the eye of any man, still less under the consciousness of a self-conceited statesman of the present day; but, like many other things invisible, they are not the less real. They are the centres from which the whole crystallization of society commences, and is completed. They are the tenons by which we dovetail man into man, and age into age. They are the depositories and guarantees of public principles and hereditary maxims; the fulcra on which the arms of the state are to move and be supported—the representatives of higher virtues than may be found contingently in individuals—the bulwarks against the encroachment of oppression—the strong towers from which the watchmen are to look down ready to give notice of danger, and to summon their scattered troops to resistance.

Let us remember that Europe owes all its liberty, its knowledge, its wealth, its power, to incorporations. And we shall then understand why in the eyes of our laws they have as true an existence,

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istence, as much reality, as distinct rights, as much claim to respect and delicacy of treatment, as any individual. And we may then also be roused into alarm at a plan, in which the great incorporations of our ecclesiastical polity are now to be made the victims of a theory of reform, wholly setting at nought the wisdom of our ancient laws, and overturning the whole framework of our constitution.

Our cathedral establishments, many of them literally, all of them virtually, are the oldest incorporations in the kingdom, coeval with the conversion of the country to Christianity. Their property is the gift of individuals, not of the public. Kings, indeed, have augmented it, but not as representing the State. They owe it mainly to bishops. Even what they received from Henry VIII. must be regarded in all equity as a restoration, not a gift. The purposes for which it was left are at least innocent. There can be no mischief to the State in the due and splendid maintenance of its public worship; even in the wealth, however indolently employed, of some portion of its clergy. Popular envy, however natural or dangerous, is not to be removed by spoliation. Otherwise we may tremble for the safety of all the private property in the country. It is to be cured, not by giving way to its rapacity, but by establishing the rights of property—and securing against attack what others ought not to covet. And when this has been done, we may then turn to explain how little reason there is for envy, and to remove every natural ground for discontent or offence—not looking, indeed, to this end, which is never a safe object, and never can be wholly attained in any legislation, but looking to the real principles of right, which are wholly independent of popular censure or applause. We fear that the spirit of the present Church Reform is in some minds very different; that our rulers are inclined to act on the principles of a distinguished writer whose pamphlet is now before us\*—(a writer whom we most deeply regret to see employed in such a cause, with such a temper)—and may think of conciliation till they have forgotten justice.

\* In this remark on the pamphlet of the Rev. Sydney Smith, we have done, perhaps, some injustice to the author. We were disappointed to see a question so important in all its bearings argued upon the low ground of right of patronage, and any discord on such a point exhibited or fomented between the dignitaries of the church. We must also protest against his position that the primary object of the Commission was to strengthen the Church by removing the envy of its opponents. The only mode of doing this would be to remove the Church itself. But the writer may have wished to confine his observations to one very objectionable part of the proposals of the Commission—and he has exposed it with clearness, shrewdness, and much admirable humour, though not without a painful personality, which we wish had been spared. We agree with him that the transfer of cathedral patronage from the chapters to the bishops is at least not graceful. It is undoubtedly illegal, and there is no reason to think it expedient. The great safeguard of the Church against the abuse of patronage is its diffusion, not its concentration.

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There is, indeed, an attempt made to reconcile the spoliation of cathedrals with those acknowledged principles of law which are the basis of all dealings with corporate trusts. It is assumed that the property was left for the benefit of religion in general, and therefore may be applied to its most pressing exigencies. We deny the fact. Look to the charters of incorporation, to the trust deeds, even to the prevailing habits and sentiments of the age: and if these, on such a question, be legitimate evidence, it will appear beyond a doubt that the intentions of the founders all run into definite specific local channels. A local ceremonial to be maintained, specific services to be performed, particular buildings to be supported, a separate class of men to be benefited, the connexion of the cathedral with neighbouring charities, its deposits of books, its vast edifice, far beyond any mere parochial utility, a commemoration of past acts to be continually repeated;—all these are assuredly proofs, proofs which no theory can withstand, and which no court of equity would permit for one moment to be invalidated, that the object of the founders was, indeed, to promote religion; yet not by a scanty, vague, invisible derivation of their bounty over the whole country, but by establishing a central reservoir, and creating a peculiar organ in our ecclesiastical system for a distinct object, and one in their eyes, and in the eyes of all thinking men, no less needful than a parochial priesthood.

It is a plain and simple question for legal decision. What was the intention of the donors of cathedral property? And we hope and believe that the trustees of that property will not rashly surrender a particle of it, without bringing the question to this issue. The intention may not have been fulfilled. Enforce it at once. It may seem useless. But so will a parochial system in the eyes of some future legislature; and we dare not alter it. It may, indeed, be called a nuisance. And when this is proved, let it be abated. But till then, to disturb its destination is nothing short of a tyrannical robbery, subversive of all constitutional principles.

If the Commission wishes to see how carefully, even in the most despotic and most melancholy precedent of the kind, these great principles were guarded, let them turn to the preambles of the statutes which were passed for the robbery and destruction of ecclesiastical corporations under Henry VIII.

Let them remember how carefully he collected and invented every monstrous calumny against the smaller religious houses before, in the preamble of the first statute, it was possible to rest their suppression upon the ground of incurable depravity. Let them endeavour, as he did in the case of the larger bodies, though by every act of cruelty and extortion, to obtain a voluntary surrender of their property, rather than risk the precedent of an arbitrary

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arbitrary appropriation. Or, if neither of these preambles can be employed, let it be the third, so elaborately drawn out in the case of the chantries and chapels; and let some illegality be found in the administration of the present trustees sufficient to forfeit their charters. Any one of these pleas, however false, however tyrannical, will be safer and better for the country than the principle now asserted. They will leave the great foundations of our national justice still untouched, to be recurred to by our posterity in some happier days. An insulated act of wrong, however ruinous, may still be repaired. But destroy a principle, and it never can be restored.

There is but one more word to be said on the question of right. The mutilation or suppression of cathedrals has been called a robbery, because everything should bear its proper name. But the Commissioners cannot intend to rob, and how are they insensible to the real nature of the act? Probably because the two parties, one of whom they are plundering to enrich the other, are members of the same great body of the Church, and therefore identified in the one great interest of promoting its efficiency. If alienation for civil purposes was proposed, the flagitiousness of the deed would be palpable. If for any other religious sect, there could be no delusion. But the property of brothers seems common, and honesty need have no place where there is love. But a very little knowledge of human nature shows that, in the most common interests, the strictest lines of division are required; and the most scrupulous regard to separate rights is never more necessary than in regulating the property of friends. Community of interest will generally suggest voluntary sacrifices, but it never justifies compulsion. And let us beware of the precedent. If the parochial and cathedral funds are applicable to either class of clergy, because both are united in the preservation of the Church, there is a more popular view and generalization afloat—that all sects of Christians are equally united in the maintenance of Christianity. And beyond this there is a more general theory, which joins Christian, and Mahometan, and Jew in the cultivation of religion. And one even more comprehensive still, which reduces all the purposes of charitable bequests and political measures, to the one ultimate end of general utility. And how soon these views may come successively into operation, no one knows. No one can expect much delay, unless a stand is made at once—unless we define the application of property by the strict intentions of the founder, instead of our capricious interpretation, and tie up the hands of others from what we should feel to be sacrilege, by restraining ourselves from an act which cannot be legal. Every successive legislator forms his own views of the right distribution  
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of property within his reach; and each believes his own to be the best. But out of the hundred, ninety-nine must be wrong. To save ourselves from the licentious follies of the many, even the wisdom of the one must be restricted. It must submit to laws like all the rest—it must acquiesce in a less degree of good than it sees, or fancies, opportunities of producing—it must be patient even with evil, rather than let loose upon mankind all the wild speculation of future arbitrary power.

There is very little chance in the present conceited wilfulness of the age, of soon restoring the legislative body to this sober and self-denying wisdom. But the heads and the friends of the Church are assuredly the last body from whom it should meet with discouragement, or rather, who should set the example, even with the best intentions, of breaking down the barriers of justice and the rights of property.

There are considerations which may, and should press alike on all classes of the community. The principles which are the safeguards of cathedral institutions, are the common safeguards of property and life throughout the whole country. They concern citizens as well as Christians, dissenters not less than churchmen; and—though in the heat of men's animosities, or covetousness, or wants, it is hard to realize the retortion on our own heads of the precedent we are establishing upon others—even the enemies of the Church, if they are friends to liberty and order, may well pause before they consent to the spoliation at present proposed.

But there is another defence of our cathedral establishments, which can be addressed only to that large portion of the community who know, from the experience of a former day, as well as from the reason of the thing, that with the safety and strength of the Church is closely and necessarily involved the safety of the country at large. We mean their natural use of these institutions; a use which they have only lost by degrees, as the quiet of the Church sunk down into a state of torpor, but which, by judicious management, can easily be restored, and of which we shall assuredly have need in the critical days which are approaching. The efficiency of the Church is the professed object of all these changes; and it is the vital importance and necessity of cathedral establishments, when properly invigorated, in promoting the efficiency of the Church, which it is necessary to bear in mind. A parochial system, however essential, is not the only instrument required for the purpose of the Church. There is another, prior to it in antiquity, more elevated in its functions, more extensively efficacious, more closely connected with the vitality of the body; and without which the most enlarged scheme of a parochial ministry must

must fail in its end, and gradually be dissolved. We possess at this moment the whole frame-work and skeleton of such an instrument, surviving from the remotest antiquity, in our cathedral institutions. In what way it was intended to act we shall point out immediately. To the neglect and decay of its functions we may attribute nearly all the present disorganization and danger of the Church; and to the revival of those functions, not—as the Commission would propose—to the impairing and annihilation of them, we must look, under the blessing of God, for our restoration to vigour and safety, especially in our parochial institutions. And before we proceed to this point, let us say one word to two classes of politicians, equally dangerous to the true interests of the Church; those who regard it solely as an instrument of political power, who maintain its establishment simply because it is established, and would restore its energies for the aid of a party—and those, on the other hand, who dread its power, and would cripple its resources, as if its efficacy were inconsistent with the liberties and welfare of the State.

There is no hope of making the right organization of the Church intelligible, or its true spiritual efficacy an object of interest to those who regard it only with a secular eye; and, excepting the clergy, few of those from whom support can be obtained in the legislature, seem to regard it with any other. It has been always the crying sin of statesmen to deal with the Church as their tool or their enemy. It must be neither. The Church, indeed—not merely the clergy, but the whole body of the Church—can do, and will do, essential service to any sound political party—will save the nation for them, when no other arm can save it—but it must be by working out steadily, and independently, and quietly, its own religious system; by the infusion of its own spirit into the people, by holding up its own principles and character as a light from which the lower parties of the world may kindle their fires. But this is the only mode. The power of the clergy, as an official body, is very nearly gone; over a great mass of the population, from the deficiency of our church establishment, it has never been able to extend; and where but a few years back it exercised a prescriptive and hereditary influence—the new temper of the age has substituted, not dislike or disrespect, for to say this for the most part would be false—but a personal attachment to the virtues and talents of an individual, instead of a devotion to the society which he only represents. When the true principles of Christianity and its essential form, ecclesiastical union, have been revived and made known, it is possible that the official influence of the clergy may revive with it. But the natural and only mode of reanimating it at present, is personal influence and affection. This is one reason why every effort

effort to preserve the Church on the part of its friends, even if the ultimate end be anything but the spread of pure Christianity, ought even from political motives to be directed to its spiritual improvement. Watch over its ministers, guard its doctrines, extend its ministrations, circulate the Bible, make it as far as the influence of the state can make it, a pure, and holy, and elevated body, free from all low and unworthy subserviency, and it will become in the hands of the state, what God always intended it to be, an arm of gigantic power for preserving our civil polity. But corrupt it, or permit it to remain, safe indeed in its outward privilege, but with no increased power in its inward spirit, and it will be a dead paralyzed limb, which a political party will be afraid to abandon, though compelled to drag it on with them—a useless and mischievous incumbrance. The spiritual improvement of the Church must be the first object even of its political supporters, and no power, which it can thus gain, need be an object of fear to any one.

But there is another point which ought also to be kept in mind by its political friends; they should fully understand in what sense and manner the spiritual influence of the Church will become the legitimate and the strongest support of a constitutional statesman. We hear of loud and clamorous applause of The Church at conservative dinners, and the good old toast of *church and king* is again coming into fashion, and we rejoice to see it. It is a happy substitute for the violence and abuse with which the clergy have lately been assailed, and may bring back, as it already betokens, the revival of a true English spirit in the hearts of many. But we doubt if the true connexion between loyalty to our king and loyalty to our church is well understood; and without a clear insight into this, all efforts to promote the latter as a means to promote the former, will assuredly be misdirected.

It is not then merely as an institution, as embodying and consecrating the same principle of hereditary right, that the Church will form a bulwark to the throne. It was once strong in this view, but that is gone for the present. Nor again is it as an organ of religious feeling; religious feeling, but misdirected feeling, was never so strong as in the men whose fanaticism ended in the murder of their sovereign. But examine the conduct and character of any individual, and we may trace the whole of it up to the prevalence within him of one or other of two opposite tendencies—*self-wilfulness or servility*. He either trusts to himself or to another; and this is the key to all combinations, both of moral and intellectual qualities, and to the division of all mankind into the two great bodies of governors and governed. These two tempers of mind give respectively the tone and direction to all the operations of the

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man. They form slavery or democracy in politics—faith or scepticism in religion—spirituality or rationalism in philosophy—popery or ultra-protestantism in Christianity. And we shall never understand the true complexion of the present times, and the only mode of averting the dangers which threaten us, till we look here for the explanation of the mystery.

Now it is evident that the perfection of human character consists in the proportionate combination of these two principles. There must be both confidence in ourselves and confidence in others—freedom and obedience—power and submission. The moment one preponderates too much, we run into error. Measure them out each by the proper legitimate demand for them, and we obtain a sound, active, intelligent spirit, formed to govern where it is superior, and ready to be governed where others are placed above it. This was the spirit of our old British character—all the complications and counteracting forces of our political constitution sprung from it, and were formed to preserve it. The House of Commons represented our confidence in ourselves. An hereditary legislature, an established monarchy, and well-defined laws, were the creation of our confidence in others. Freedom and loyalty went hand-in-hand, and (till within a very few years) never, perhaps, has a nation exhibited so perfect a balance of these two antagonist principles as our own country. But the fever of reform came on, or, rather, conceit and ignorance, and with them impatience and envy found their way among us. We became arrogant, self-willed, and presumptuous. Many causes concurred to withdraw from us the proper checks of a superior power, and thus to destroy our loyalty, loyalty not merely to our king, but to all overruling authority; and we have advanced far, very far indeed—it may be too far ever to return—in that path where each man is right in his own eyes, and cares nothing for the wisdom of another. The question is, can we be brought back? Is it possible, even now—retaining our freedom, encouraging an honest independence, spreading knowledge on all sides, and stimulating men to think and reason—is it possible to recover our humility, our loyalty, our faith? Can we revive the spirit of our old constitution? If we can, we may be saved. But to those who look thoughtfully into history, the only conceivable hope of safety is to be found in the awakening energies of the Church of England. And why? Because the Church of England is the great and only organ and conservator and diffuser, as it was the original creator, of that principle and spirit which we now require to recall into our political system. Compare together every form of religion, and every sect of Christianity, and they will be found to differ indeed in doctrine and ritual; but the one fundamental, pervading, all-modelling dif-

ference lies in their temper—their errors all flow from an excess of self-wilfulness, or an excess of servility. Catholic Christianity alone, and the Church of England, its single representative, have preserved the mean between them, giving to each tendency its due indulgence—granting something to independence, but exacting more of faith, and so rearing up man's reason under a salutary and parental control, for the very purpose of making him free when he can exercise his freedom with safety. Between the slavery of popery on the one hand, and the anarchy of puritanism on the other, those who restored the foundations of our church held their course steadily and firmly. They put the Bible into every man's hand, to encourage thought and reason; but they placed by it a human authority, that he might not run wild in its interpretation. They demanded of him a spiritual worship; but they bound it up in forms, to confine extravagancies of feeling. They threw every man on his own responsibility, but cast over him the protecting prayers and the absolving consolations of the Christian Church. They told him of a Power above, which bends all things according to his will; but they spoke also of a power within, which each man must exert and improve. Every doctrine of the Catholic church embodied in our own British church is a reconciliation of antagonist forces—an encouragement of man's independence, and a claim to his entire obedience. Its spirit is the spirit of our constitution. It animated the State as it animated the Church, and as the two bodies grew up together, and battled together, if it died away in the one, it was preserved in the other. At one time the freedom of the Church corrected the despotism of the State; at another, the authority of the State threw checks on licentiousness in the Church. But far oftener has the Church infused its temper into the State, than the State into the Church. And so it will be again. A moral and spiritual power rightly exerted, must be stronger than one which is temporal. Religion, if carried into men's hearts, will command their worldly interests, when worldly interests will not command their religion; and a people will obey man in obedience to God, though they will not obey God in obedience to man. And thus it is, that if the true catholic spirit of the Christian Church in this land can be preserved, or, rather, restored and invigorated, we may hope by the blessing of God to see it penetrate into all the channels of social life, actuate our civil as well as our religious conduct, correct our wild schemes of political innovation, as it teaches us to look with distrust on our own corrupted natures—make us loyal to our king as well as to our God, and full of reverence to that glorious heritage which the wisdom of past ages has transmitted to us, whether it be a heritage of truth, or a heritage of privileges and duties—

duties—and all this without impairing in the least the natural right of our freedom.

But to bring back this blessed consummation, much, let us remember, is yet to be done within the bosom of the Church itself. With the decay of humility, and obedience, and social attachment in the state, the same principles have decayed in the Church. Individual independence has run out into extravagance, and the spirit of mutual control, which is the great connecting bond of all social systems, has been nearly lost. It is needless at present to enter into all the causes of this perilous and threatening evil. Among them have been the constant appeal to private reason made through the art of printing, and the circulation of books—the withdrawal for the most part of oral instruction—the gross flatteries addressed to *intellect* and an *enlightened age* by very ignorant or very criminal leaders—a neglect to rest the defence of the Church against dissent on its proper logical and Christian ground of antiquity and authority—ignorance of the history of past ages, sanctioned by the vanity and conceit of our present physical science—an excessive application of excitement and feeling to rouse religion in the mind—and a dread of reverting to papacy, or, rather, the natural inclination to that ultra-protestantism which erects a papacy in the bosom of every individual. We must add, indolence in the clergy, timidity in many of their leaders, and a political jealousy of ecclesiastical power which has suppressed all its ancient modes of incorporating and exerting its authority in synods and convocations. And all these causes would long since have dissolved the Church of England as a body, and broken into the fragments of dissent both its form and the truths which it has to guard, but for a few counteracting influences. It has been held together by old hereditary prejudices in favour of the Church of our fathers—by political passions—by local associations—by the natural aristocratical spirit of Englishmen—by the possession of more real attainment and sobriety than has prevailed among the dissenters—by an occasional exhibition of ecclesiastical law and episcopal discipline, however rare—but mostly by personal attachment to a body of parochial clergy such as no nation in its happiest times ever was blest with before. But in all this there is very little, or rather nothing of that loyal, dutiful patriotism to the church and its parental authority, apart from the authority of its ministers, which is the true spirit of Christianity, and which we require to see infused through it, into all the analogous relations of the citizen to the state. Whatever is our present outward unity, and real aversion to dissent, if the very firmest adherents to the Church were polled to-morrow, there would be found in thousands by whom the charge

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of dissent would be repudiated with indignation—the very principle and poison of dissent, only prevented from working into action by some casualty which a moment may remove. Throughout the nation, from the top to the bottom, there is one undisputed clamour for an unbridled right of private judgment, in defiance of all human authority. And where this is the case, it is vain and silly to talk of attachment to the Church, of Christian faith, of any other virtue, civil or religious, which is coupled with humility, dutifulness, and obedience. It is vain and silly to think of preserving either the Church or the state from rapid dissolution: as vain as if a man should hope to keep a mass of earth together when he had taken off the law of gravitation. We are at present a ball of sand held together by an extraneous pressure, or chance affinities; and until that vital, informing, and vegetating spirit is reinfused into our hearts which will hold us all together by an internal obedience and common sympathy, our existence is a mere casualty. We may cut off the bough of a tree and replace it again, so that no eye can detect the separation; but the bough dies, and the first wind blows it down. And all the limbs of our social body, both ecclesiastical and civil, have been secretly severed from the trunk by the conceit of individual authority: and though, as yet, they are held together by a cramp, a few years and the first storm will show their fate.

And men's eyes are opened to the fact. Why is there such a stirring in the Church to bring back her ancient records, and revive long-dropped claims? Why is her authority and the discipline of her forms put forward by one class of her adherents (cautiously or incautiously, we are not now inquiring), and received by another class with so much alarm as if they led to that popery from which they are as far removed as the constitutional monarchy of England from the despotism of Morocco? Why even was the Commission itself established, and its anxiety to strengthen our parochial system, made the grounds for such fearful innovations—but that all men alike acknowledge the approach of a crisis—and all see and feel the danger of the Church, and all understand that the danger arises from something in her internal constitution? And one weakness there undoubtedly is—in her parochial system—yet not the greatest, not the most vital, not the first to be remedied; but one which will be easily remedied, if another more fatal and more entirely beyond the hope of cure—should our cathedral institutions be destroyed—is first removed. We do not question the zeal of the Commission. We acknowledge the greatness of the evil which they have kept before their eyes. We will go all honest lengths, and must refuse no sacrifice to remove it. But we lament bitterly over what cannot but be called—we would use the

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words without any disrespect—the short-sightedness and thoughtlessness in which an infinitely greater evil has been overlooked, and is proposed to be perpetuated for ever, that a smaller may be partially palliated—that a few more years of lingering existence may be eked out for the Church in feeble and scanty pittances, instead of pouring new life and energy into her very heart, and re-animating her whole gigantic stature to live and to labour for ever.

Let us consider in what the vitality, and safety, and efficacy of the Church really consist, and we shall then see the respective uses of a parochial ministry and of cathedral institutions, not perhaps in their present state, but such as they may be and should be made. There are two wholly distinct functions to be performed by the Church, requiring these two establishments as their respective organs. A sound and healthy state in the latter will produce a sound and healthy state in the former; but no increased energy in the former can compensate for the loss of the latter. Give us only cathedrals, rightly employed, and we will create, as we have created before, parishes. But give us only parishes, and we cannot even preserve, much less create, either one or the other. The destitution of our parishes is but a symptom of an internal disorganization in some other part. And the whole of this mischief has arisen, not from the existence, as some suppose, but from the inactive existence, the torpor, the alienation from their original purposes, of our cathedrals. He is but a sorry physician who would destroy the organs of digestion because their derangement had produced numbness or weakness in a limb. It is a very short-sighted wisdom that would paralyze a wrist to multiply the fingers. Let us go to the seat of the disease, and not palter with symptoms and palliatives.

Now, the first end and object of the Church, as an incorporation under the authority of God, is not to make men moral or religious, nor even to spread the knowledge of God himself, but to guard and preserve against a constant tendency to corruption a certain body of truths in which that knowledge is contained. Such a notion may be very foreign to an age in which for religious truth, and indeed for all truth in itself, one half the world professes to care nothing, and the other not to know where to find it. Still the first great work of the Church is to be a witness and pillar of the truth, and whoever knows anything of human nature and its universal tendency to pervert and obliterate all the high doctrines of Christianity, will acknowledge the necessity of guarding them by a very artfully-constructed body which may serve as the glass shade to a lamp,—suffer the light to pass through it unobscured and untinged, and secure it at the same time from being blown out by the caprices of human reason. This machinery is not peculiar

peculiar to Christianity: it existed also in the Jewish polity, and indeed has been a common condition for the maintenance of truth in all ages.

When truth has thus been protected, the next duty is to circulate it. But to form schemes for diffusing what, in the absence of proper safeguards, a very few years may corrupt into grievous error, is but a short-sighted zeal. An organ for spreading, without an organ for preserving it, is but a mutilated machine. But when both these purposes have been fully provided for, the ecclesiastical system is complete. Upon sound doctrines will grow sound practice. Men's moral duties will flow naturally from their comprehension of the gospel. And in those duties will be included all the virtues of obedience and loyalty, for which even a secularized legislature is interested in the promotion of religion.

This is an arrangement of the duties of the Church, which will appear strange and false to many who think morality has nothing to do with dogmas, and that truth can be cast off to the wind to be blown about by every current, without casting away also the stability of our virtues. But it is a very old arrangement, coeval with the birth of Christianity, and it has never yet been disturbed or departed from without a fearful end. But the point to be remarked at present is the respective adaptation of a parochial system and Cathedral institutions to the two great purposes, the one of circulating, the other of maintaining the truth; and the necessary dependence of the former upon the latter.

What must be the consequence of a scheme of parochial ministry put into a high degree of activity, and carried into every corner of the country, without some counterpoise behind to steady and direct it? What, to repeat a former illustration, will be the use of the fingers, however multiplied and strengthened, without a wrist to support and guide them? The answer is, that the tendency and natural end of such a scheme is not to diffuse the truth, but to corrupt and destroy it. Take it by itself as the Commission now proposes to establish it, without any other check than Episcopal authority, and Christianity is not safe in its hands.

When the Church, or any other society, endeavours to grasp or detain its members within its arms, it must, indeed, employ for that purpose individuals as its representatives and ministers. The teaching and example of individuals is the essential element of parochial instruction. They are the last fibres of the roots, the extreme feelers and prehensors of that hundred-armed power which is to enlarge and to hold together the body of the Church.

Common men with only eyes of sense cannot learnt he presence of an invisible agent, or form a notion of personality in abstract bodies. They must have before them something to touch and handle,—

handle,—a living person from whom they may learn their relation to an incorporated person beyond him. And God in nature deals with us thus in the world. Man's highest civil perfection is to love and reverence his country and his king. And God opens the eyes of the infant upon an image of its country in its mother. Its mother brings it to its father. From them it learns its first and earliest duties to its family. From family it ascends to neighbourhood, from neighbourhood to country. And so in religion. All that we know at first of the Church is what we see in the person of its minister. He points to a higher power in his bishops. They lead us to the Church of our country. Through it we pass to the Church, the mother of us all,—even the abstraction of Catholic Christianity,—and through it we reach our God. But can we trust,—has the Church, or any society, ever trusted,—any valuable deposit, whether of truth or property, to individuals, without providing some check and control upon them?

The more elevated and necessary a truth is, the more unintelligible it becomes to inferior minds,—the greater temptation there is to pare and rasp it away in order to fit it to our own narrow comprehension. One point is suppressed and another exaggerated, and the meanings of words, however strict, are gradually loosened and obliterated, and by the necessary liberty allowed to a minister opportunity is given of totally altering, in the course of his preaching, the whole character of his church doctrines, and even of Christianity itself, though without any deliberate intention or even consciousness of the fraud. In addition to this common tendency of imperfect human nature, which cannot be removed, a preacher has peculiar temptations to contend with. He is necessarily brought into contact with a variety of speculative opinions. His very zeal will be a hinderance to that sober, and comprehensive, and balanced view of truth, which is necessary for a complete development of any body of doctrines. He has, in the present state of pastoral duties, little, very little time for study and reflection. He is and must be, to a certain degree, dependent upon his congregation for reputation, if not for income ;—and few minds are wholly proof against the seductions of popularity. If he courts them it will be by a sacrifice of truth ; if he resists, it will very often be attempted by exaggeration. And lastly, placed as he is in an almost irresponsible authority, and led to create for himself a personal influence, as the first mode of bringing men into the bosom of the Church, there is a danger, which we know from experience not to be visionary, of fostering a schismatical presumptuousness. A general view of the present state of the Christian Church would clearly show this case. It exists to a considerable

considerable extent in portions of our own community. One party suppresses one doctrine and another its converse. One is inclined to take liberties with the words of the Liturgy, and another misinterprets their meaning. Many popular and zealous preachers have been instrumental in encouraging dissent, even in sanctioning it, and not unfrequently have seceded themselves. In the great dissenting communities, whatever efforts have been made against it, the most fervent orthodoxy has, to a very deplorable extent, settled into Unitarianism. In Ireland, where the Chapters have little or no weight, the connexion of discipline between the bishop and the clergy has been proportionably weakened; and the main safeguard for purity of doctrine lies in the hostility to Romanism. In Germany, where, in 1825, out of a hundred Professors of Theology, not more than nineteen were orthodox, one province alone has escaped contagion,—and that province, the Duchy of Wirtemberg, is the one which, at the Reformation, preserved its Cathedral establishment untouched.

No argument of this kind goes to discourage a parochial system, or to throw any damp upon the present exertions of the country in extending it on all sides, and developing its highest energies. But it points out a great danger involved in it, and warns us to provide a safeguard. But where is this safeguard to be found? Some will say, in canons, and articles, and subscriptions. But no one who knows anything of human nature can be ignorant that all these are a mere dead letter, wholly in the power, and subject to the modification of human reason, without some security elsewhere. Others look to Episcopal authority. But let any sober-minded spectator of these times ask himself if Episcopal authority, in the present temper of public opinion, and in the divided state of the bishops themselves, could hold out against a rapid and general corruption of Christian Faith by their subordinate ministers?—We answer the question by another. What are the safeguards pointed out by reason for such purposes, which men employ in all analogous cases of common life—which the Church herself especially provided long before she threw out her missionary and parochial forces—which have proved in all her perils the great bulwark of the truth, and which we are bound, in this age of excitement, and fancy, and innovation, not—as the Commission purposes—utterly to overthrow, but to guard as the very citadel of sound doctrine?

There are two, and only two—the same which civil society employs in checking the extravagance of her servants. They are first a counterpoise of opinion, and secondly a power of discipline. The former is the most important. But each—this is the point

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to be observed—must be deposited, not in the hands of an individual, but in a collegiate body. Opinion has little weight, and very little logical strength, except it comes from a community. The different tempers and acquirements of individuals, acting and counteracting on each other, form the best check upon error. They give validity to testimony, expansion to views, modification to hasty generalities, authority to individual character, caution and steadiness to the impetuosity of feeling. And thus the State, as well as the Church, has always placed her counsels and laws in the hands of corporate bodies. The collegiate form is the natural and primitive organization of all societies, but especially of the Church. We owe to it all the struggles against error which worked out the full form of Christianity in the first centuries. We may trace back to it all our national ecclesiastical system. Cathedrals preceded parishes, and have been the first objects of care with all the greatest legislators of the country. Examine the whole scheme of Christianity, and it presents a vast mass—not of individuals but of bodies, very carefully framed into each other. From the first Apostles sent out in pairs to the great Ecumenical councils, all is incorporation. The bishops themselves, in the words of Cyprian, are ‘one episcopacy.’ In the discharge of their individual functions they are to require the co-operation of priests. If nothing is to be done by the clergy without the bishop, few things are to be done by the bishop without the clergy. Even the individual minister is in a great measure made a corporation by joining with him his churchwardens. The historical details of this system are deeply interesting;—but we have no space for them; and must turn to the principles to be employed in the construction of corporate bodies for the purposes now in view—discipline and the preservation of truth.

The qualifications requisite for the former purpose are obvious—age, character, independence, station in society, habit of command, removal from local prejudices, and yet a natural and as it were official sympathy with the offender, a central and permanent position, commanding the whole field of its jurisdiction, and constant communication with all portions of the ecclesiastical bodies, especially the upper. These seem to be the natural requisites for a body which is to strengthen the hands of the bishop and maintain his discipline. It is needless to say that they all exist, or may all be created by careful appointment, in our cathedral bodies. These bodies were originally intended to be the council of the bishops. It is a historical fact. If they have fallen into disuse, where has been the fault? Can we afford any longer to let their functions lie dormant? Is there any difficulty in reviving them? Will they not

not prove the greatest and only securities to Episcopal authority in any coming crisis, whether from without the Church or from within it? And are they not the natural remedy for the evils so often lamented over—the decay and impracticability of a stricter ecclesiastical discipline? Remove them, and place nothing in their stead, and leave each bishop by himself to regulate the movements of his clergy within the Church and resist the attack from without, and how will they be able to resist the storm which is gathering round us?

The qualification of bodies constructed for the maintenance of sound doctrine by the quiet, imperceptible operation of opinion and discussion, are partly the same with those for discipline; but they should be framed with particular reference to the influences which they are to counteract. If the tendency to error in parochial clergy is caused by excitement, by over activity, by dependence on their congregation, by the love of novelty, by withdrawal from the restraint of superintendence, by partial views, or in one word by ignorance,—there should be depositories of truth stationed throughout the country, where a portion of its ministers may be removed from the heat and zeal of controversy, and the perpetual struggle with vice,—where they may be devoted to that branch of Christian duty which is as necessary as active bustle—to quiet meditation and prayer. They should be wholly independent of the world—set free from the seduction of popularity, and able to meet its highest ranks on a fair footing of equality. They should be kept under a moral restraint by the influence of coadjutors, and by communication with authority above them. They should be imbued with a reverence for antiquity, and the sound, safe maxims of prescription, which are the natural inheritance of corporate bodies, and act as the balance-wheel in all hasty movement to innovation. But, most of all, they should have learning.

The last prophetic words of Bishop Hackett, when defending the same institutions against the same attack before the Great Rebellion, should be constantly sounded in our ears—‘Upon the ruins of the reward of learning no structure can be raised up but ignorance; and upon the chaos of ignorance no structure can be built but profaneness and confusion.’ And he must be blind indeed who cannot see, in the circumstances of these times, calls for learning, and very profound learning, altogether different from the light, superficial, and general information of the day;—a call which, let it be fairly avowed, we have at the present moment scarcely any means of answering, and which we cannot hope to see supplied except by a proper exercise of cathedral patronage. Let us remember that we are not an enlightened age, as a minister of the Crown—(but we will not revert to words of which the ignorance

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rance is only equalled by the conceit, and the mischievous effect of such flattery by the degradation of the flatterer)—let us remember that we are not an enlightened, but a very ignorant age. We have made some discoveries in science. We have furnished ourselves with many new luxuries. We have picked out some errors in the notions of our forefathers; and possess, many of us, a smattering of things of which they knew little. But we are too conceited to be really wise; and, least of all, to be really learned. And in theology, of which the whole basis and superstructure is learning, as distinct from general information and cultivation of mind, we are sadly in the dark. But the Church is placed at this crisis between great enemies, Romanism and Ultra-Protestantism; and the only weapon with which either of these can be encountered is learning—an extensive knowledge of antiquity, accurate researches into history, profound scholarship. The great strength of Romanism is her appeal to antiquity, and the deepest historical knowledge is requisite to prove that her corruptions are novelties. And the primary source of all the heresies of Ultra-Protestantism, through every shade of theology down to the most perverse Socinianism, is the conceit of ignorance—and this, also, can be corrected only by learning. We have suffered this generation to be reared up as if, like the dreaming *Autóchthones*, they had sprung out of the ground, had no ancestors, had received no inheritance, were the first of their kind who ever walked erect on the earth, or gazed upon the light of the sun. We have rarely ourselves referred them to the judgment of wiser ages, or acknowledged that allegiance which every wise and good man is proud to pay to the accumulated experience of antiquity; and the end has been such as we might have expected. When the only arbiter of truth, from which there can be no appeal, has been set aside, the opinions of all men and all parties are reduced to a level—no guide to truth is left but an arrogant private judgment, or the infallibility of our own reason; and when this has failed, nothing remains but a dreary universal scepticism. Scarcely any man out of the bosom of the Romish Church now dares to speak as if he were sure that he is right. Our liberality is mere weakness; and our hesitation to charge others with error scarcely more than ignorance whether we ought to convert them, or be converted ourselves.

For this melancholy and most dangerous spirit, there is but one cure, learning. And unless the cure be speedily undertaken, everything is to be feared. But where is this learning to be supplied? In our parochial clergy? But their whole time and attention is swallowed up with the management of schools, the visiting the sick, the direction of local charities, the preparation, hasty as it is, for the duties of the Sunday—leaving them no  
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leisure whatever for deep study. The day is gone when men could retire to a country parish for repose and reading. Their whole life is one of constant harassing fatigue. And unless some greater exertions are made to imbue them with theological knowledge before they enter on their office, a very few years may see our parochial clergy utterly incapable, from excess of occupation, of preserving any learning in the Church, much less of contributing to augment it. But in our Universities? Undoubtedly the Universities have done much in this work, and they will do more; and there is, at the present time, a very remarkable and gratifying revival of deep study, particularly in the candidates for ordination. But it must be remembered, that whatever foundation is laid there, the superstructure must depend on other aid. Our Universities possess very few situations adequate to maintain men to which laborious duties are not attached. To these few there is generally, or rather universally, attached the prohibition of marriage. And if all sinecures—let us use the word—that is, if all places where nothing is required of their possessors but to employ for the good of the world their minds instead of their bodies—if all these are cut off, we have no right to expect that young men will sacrifice their future advancement, and the prospect of domestic happiness, to learning in early life, and poverty and destitution in old age. All the learning which the Universities can supply to the Church, beyond that which is required to be kept up for the preparatory education of their students, must be counted on as precarious and gratuitous. And it must be very materially affected by the removal of all hopes of a future learned independence in the cathedral endowments. These are things which the Commission ought to bear in mind. It should be seen that these endowments are intended for the encouragement of learning. They are the proper centres of that knowledge which is not only to guard the Church against her enemies, but to serve as a check to the ignorance, or fondness for novelty, or self-conceit, to which active parochial clergymen are at the present day peculiarly exposed, from their very zeal in the discharge of their duties. Destroy these, and they cannot be recovered. But maintain them in all their efficiency—make fit appointments—select men who will discharge the duties of which they are receiving the rewards—exact from them some labour which may compel exertion, and benefit the clergy of the diocese, or students of theology, or the inhabitants of the city in general—let the cathedral libraries be enlarged and rendered serviceable to the whole neighbourhood, particularly to the clergy—and mix up perhaps with the quiet and retirement of study some parochial duties, to temper abstract theology by Christian practice;—and a bulwark will then be raised for the Church

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Church in this hour of peril, by the strength of which it may yet stand, and by its own salvation save the nation. They have already done much.

Dr. Pusey, in his valuable pamphlet on Cathedral Establishments, has given a striking view of the theological learning which has already been fostered in them. And another consideration might be suggested of the sound and sober character of their theology, contrasted with the partial and often intemperate views which have been circulated from parochial clergy; and of the check which even insensibly, without any literary controversy, has been imposed by them on wrong tendencies of religious feeling in this day. There is, of course, a party in the Church, with whom this resistance to peculiar notions will seem the best reason for destroying them; but by a careful legislature providing for the stability of Christian truth, the principle of permanence will be as much consulted as the principle of movement, and even more.

From the influence of cathedral establishments on the clergy of the Church, and immediately on the purity of her doctrines, let us now turn to their natural effect upon her members generally. And here, again, they should be considered, not perhaps exactly in their present condition (though nothing can be farther from the truth than the ignorant outcries against their useless wealth and indolence), but as they may easily be made, and these calumnies openly refuted by some public employment provided for them.

The crying evil of the present day, as regards the unity and power of the Church, is the want of some visible incorporation of the Church itself. Provincial synods have been dropped. Convocation is an empty form. The bishops act as individuals, and not as a college. And the State has in a great measure withdrawn that support which stood in stead of the exhibition of independent ecclesiastical power. In the mean time, dissent has raised its tone higher; and a general spirit of scepticism and impatience of restraint has pervaded the country. Attachment to the Church as a society—that is, not to her ministers, but to her principles, and formularies, and communion—has nearly vanished, because no object has been held out to it. We may love religion and respect our ministers, but we know little and care nothing for the Church. Very pure and cultivated minds can still discern its image in antiquity, and recognize its presence on the earth even now; but common minds cannot reach this abstraction, and require some visible incorporation of its power to remind them of her claims upon their duties. The word *church-authority*—the very notion of ecclesiastical power—is too often received with suspicion or a sneer, as if its object were a clerical despotism, and  
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its spirit mere party zeal. But a true and honest view of the Christian character will never fail to place attachment to the Church as one of the first virtues of the perfect Christian. He reaches it, indeed, like all other high principles, through the patient exercise of many inferior duties; but when it is reached, his conduct naturally flows from it steadily, and with increased strength, into all the derivations of morality. It is the patriotism of religion. We little know how many of our vices have grown up with the loss of it—how great its power is to encourage more homely virtues, to check evil, and, above all, to stimulate those exertions for the support and extension of its object—for the want of which in past days we are now placed in our present danger—for which it is a miserable shift to substitute any paltry sums which may be pared away from the cathedrals—and which, if again revived (and reviving it assuredly is), will amply and rapidly cover the pressing wants of our population in the same spirit from which have flowed all the past endowments of the Church in their unbounded profusion and magnificence. The same spirit which now builds a chapel for a minister from personal attachment to him (and the case is very common) will raise a chapel for the Church, when we have taught it attachment to the Church. We want supplies for the Church, and we repeat it, let us first create the spirit from which they are to flow.

But Church loyalty is not only an integral and primary part of Christian virtue, and the best fund on which to draw for the maintenance of the Church:—it is also, especially at present, the main pillar of her doctrinal truths to her people at large. So long as these truths were rarely disputed, or disputed only by a small and often condemned body—or were supported by the strong unhesitating sanction of those temporal powers to which common men look for guidance in spiritual as well as civil conduct—so long there was no need of incorporation of the Church to support her doctrines, or exhibit visibly her moral, and intellectual, and temporal strength in the aggregate, as legitimate authority for the correctness of her judgment. Men were then retained in the Church, as in other communions, by habit, or prejudice, or indolence, but mostly under the influence of the State. They found their religion established, and therefore believed it to be true. It can now scarcely be said to be established. And we require some other reason, not for educated men, who find it by patient research in the catholicity of her doctrines, and the sanction of primitive antiquity, but for common men, whose natural doubts are to be swayed, and their good prejudices supported by a palpable array of power which they can understand and respect.

This reincorporation of the Church is a matter of great delicacy and

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and difficulty, but it is assuredly the first problem to be solved in our present condition. Convocation is the natural organ; but its rights are so precarious, its past history so unsatisfactory, and the danger so great of suddenly convening a representative body of the clergy without securing the regularity and unanimity of their proceedings, that few careful legislators would risk its resumption at present. It is better to commence upon a small scale. The clerical meetings and associations which are spreading throughout the country are the natural but irregular efforts suggested by the crisis to re-unite the Church in a social and visible form. But diocesan synods seem the legitimate means, and the cathedral establishments are the primitive and constitutional centres for their restoration. They offer regular forms, distinct rights, and well-established precedents as the framework on which a more extended system may gradually be created; and the position which they occupy already in the eyes of the clergy and the world, supplies that basis of natural authority and influence which is required in the construction of a new body.

Even in the present condition of the Church they contribute very mainly to support it in this way by their corporate character, however rarely brought publicly into action. They possess large estates and considerable privileges; their rank in society is high; they are invested not only with a certain dignity of outward advantages, which a wise legislature always confers on a body whom it wishes to be respected, but with a dignity and splendour in the discharge of the offices of religion, which tells with as much force on the imagination of the people, as on the sounder feelings and affections of the educated Christian.

What is the natural train of thought which the cathedral establishment and service, with all their appendages, insensibly suggest, even to an ordinary man? He comes, perhaps, from a country village, where he has heard the truths of his church set forth by a single individual, often destitute of personal weight, and within walls neglected and bare of any mark of human respect, as if it was not the house of God. He comes into a large city, filled with the bustle of commerce and wealth, perhaps with something worse—the violence of angry sects banded together for the overthrow of the Church. He hears abuse of her doctrines, and ridicule of her rites and piety—and he then goes to the cathedral. And how does it affect him? Not merely with that vague, but strong devotion which God, for the tuning of our sluggish hearts to his praise, has breathed like a holy charm over all his works of wonder, and which man but humbly strives to create by art where there is no nature to infuse it; but there is a quiet, solemn voice of sober reason in all such works of human zeal which reaches

the most thoughtless ear. How much of all that men most value must have been sacrificed to raise this pile! How much of thought, and science, and rare intellect concentrated on every part! How much of earnest faith and ardent love of God, to raise for prayer, and scarcely more than prayer, these glorious gigantic halls, which for those who do not pray have no use, and which are but incitements to prayer for the two or three who meet together in their recesses in the name of Christ! How many generations, again, have dwelt beneath the shadow of these temples, upheld their worship, added to their splendour, and so engraven upon the very stones their witness to the truth of that invisible world, of which they are, in every part, the symbol and the type! And how strong the bulwark to each man's belief in this awful sanctuary of religion, fenced round from profanation in the midst of worldly sordidness and thoughtlessness—this pomp and luxury of worship, secured through living saints and dying sinners, for the use of a daily congregation whose very profession should be worship—and all to offer up to God the same prayers, in the same forms, and in the same belief, in which the poorest congregation of his people minister to Him at the humblest of His altars!

All this may sound like mysticism to the materialized notions of this day, but it is very real and true. And when the walls on which are written these attestations to the greatness of the Church are deserted and decayed, we may learn, too late, that they who raised them were wiser in their generation than we who contrived their overthrow.

That the view of the whole threatened evil may not be defective, the cathedral establishments should be considered in another relation, as a part of a defensive body against the present attacks upon the Church. It is needless to repeat in what the real strength of such a body must ultimately rest, and without which all other aid will be useless—its piety, its learning, its zeal for God's glory, its sound faith, its labours for the benefit of mankind. But human wisdom is not to be slighted even in working the work of God; and human wisdom, in organizing any body of defence, always endeavours to secure three points,—a close connexion between all the parts, combinations of individuals at intervals to concentrate force, and intermediate degrees of power and responsibility between the highest and the lowest members. Now, destroy our cathedral establishments, and where are we to look in the Church for any such advantages? Few things at present can be more insulated than the position of a parochial clergyman. His acquaintance with his fellow ministers is only local; his knowledge of the dignitaries of the Church casual, if any; his connexion with the bishop absolutely cut off, except on rare occasions,

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sions, and generally in matters of discipline. In particular the poorer parochial clergy have very little connexion with the richer, and those of the country very little with those in the town. We speak of them as an organized society, which, for all practical purposes of good, not less than for the defence of the Church, they ought to be. There are indeed numberless exceptions, but they are accidental and precarious; and these are mostly caused by the intermixture with the parochial benefices of those numerous cathedral offices which—generally without emolument, and without duty—have been distributed for honorary purposes; and which are now to be cut off at a single stroke—nearly four hundred places of rank and dignity to be annihilated, that a few thousand pounds may be frittered away in fruitless charity. These small prebendal stalls, which are worthless in point of income, are among the most valuable part of our ecclesiastical system. They confer honour without expense; extend the range of the cathedral bodies and increased their power; bring all classes of clergymen more into contact with each other; and form an admirable skeleton for a machinery of combined action throughout the whole Church. Just at this moment, when they may be most useful, it is proposed to sweep them away. We are on the eve of a battle, and this is the time selected for cashiering our subaltern officers.

Of the efficiency of bodies in any scheme of organization, we have spoken already—and this age of Commissions and Societies can require no illustration of it. But there have been recent occasions in which, notwithstanding all their apparent inactivity, the cathedral corporations have proved how much of the safety of the Church may depend on their exertions. Very few persons may know what the Church owes to them in several of her recent struggles; but those who do, will never consent to see them suppressed or rendered powerless, when those struggles are multiplying upon us.

The bishops themselves, as the natural and appointed leaders of the Church in all her conflicts, must wish to seek and gather round them, as in primitive times, councils of presbyters and coadjutors as strong as possible, rather than trust to their own single arm to rouse up the energies of their people and govern them, as they must be governed, to act with efficacy against their enemies. The Church is at present very much divided between two opinions:—one, which elevates episcopacy almost to a despotic authority; the other, which yields it at best a cold and hesitating obedience. In each case intermediate bodies are the natural and only security; and that power will be very short-lived which is purchased by their detriment or destruction. All these con-

siderations, however willing many may be to slight them as mere theory, are yet indisputably such as ought to make us pause before we take a step which can never be retraced. There is one more, which can scarcely be approached without alarm, and requires for its full development much more space and historical illustration than can now be spared. It refers to the connexion between the Church and the State, and the important link in this connexion which is maintained by the cathedral bodies. Who can tell how soon it may be necessary for a Chapter to risk all the penalties of a præmunire, and refuse to elect a bishop on the nomination of an infidel or heretical government? We leave the suggestion to those who are proposing to weaken, or rather destroy, the very bodies who may, and at a moment, be placed in this advanced post of danger, and from whom alone, except the universities, the Church can expect such resistance. So long as the King represented the laity of the Church, and an oath was held obligatory on the conscience of a legislator, the appointment of bishops was perhaps most fitly intrusted to the hands of the Crown. The act, indeed, which virtually destroyed the independent co-operation of the Church by making resistance in it treason, was most tyrannical. But some excuse may be found in the fear of a foreign power, and in the irregularities of the first struggle of the Reformation. Now, however, the King is in the hands of his ministers, his ministers in the hands of a majority of the House of Commons, and that majority in the hands of an Irish incendiary Romanist. What we predicted, but few believed, when the act of emancipation was about to be passed, is now upon our heads, and the Church must be prepared for any emergency. A few bishops and a single college have, before this, saved the State; and a single Chapter may now be called on to save the Church. Surely this is not the time to weaken or degrade these bodies. Surely it is rather our interest and our duty to guard and strengthen them by all possible precautions, to raise them in the respect of the people, to make them fit for the discharge of such a noble but dangerous office, to turn the eyes of the country upon them, that they may feel the importance of their post, and learn, by times, in what spirit to defend it.

We will, however, abstain from more ill-omened words. It may yet please God to bring back the heart of this nation, as of one man, to its Church and its King; and with all the anxieties of a great crisis there is much to hope. It should be known as a statistical fact, that the number of dissenters, instead of increasing in proportion to the increase of the population, has decreased,—that their own organs lament over the lukewarmness of their followers;—that the great majority of enemies to the Church in

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this country are enemies to religion itself;—that the Church is thus placed in a position to rally round her by degrees the whole strength of the Christian body, and so regain her hold upon the legislature and the nation. But whatever, indeed, are her ultimate prospects, surely, in any plan for altering her constitution at present, we ought to proceed upon the assumption that the State will not apostatize from her communion, or, in words more tenderly dealing with the greatest of national sins, that the union of Church and State will still be maintained. And this brings us to the last view of expediency in upholding our cathedral institutions.

We have before remarked, what is in itself obvious enough, that to maintain the two powers, civil and religious, of which every State is composed, in harmony and union, the temper and principle of both must be the same. Active republicanism in the Church cannot co-exist with monarchy in the State, nor democracy in the State with episcopal government in the Church. ‘No bishop, no king,’ is a maxim of much wider application than to the policy of a court. Now the temper of the Church of England, and that of its old Constitution, were precisely in unison; and if the old Constitution can be maintained, the Church will be maintained with it. But the forms as well as the spirit of the two bodies must be harmonized and adjusted to each other, or they cannot work well together. Every reader of ecclesiastical history must be struck at the instinct with which the Church, the moment her circle had extended so as to embrace and fall in with the circle of the civil community, adapted itself to all its forms and outlines, so that—preserving the entire distinctness of the two bodies in their several privileges and functions—their centres coincided, and their respective divisions followed each other throughout all their intricacies and windings. This union of distinctness and conformity is in fact the perfect union of Church and State, and it was realized in a peculiar manner in England, from the fact that a balanced monarchy accorded better than any other constitution with the principles of church government and with Christianity itself. Without stopping at present to work out the illustration, the fact is indisputable. The limits of dioceses followed the boundaries of kingdoms and of provinces; parishes the division of estates; and subsequently many civil local arrangements have been constructed on the basis of parishes. In the same manner, for every gradation of political rank, there were ecclesiastical dignities. The primate, especially when armed with the power of the pope, balanced the sovereign; bishops were ranked with earls, abbots with barons, monasteries with towns and corporations. We need not wish to see the details of this system restored;

stored; but the spirit is too wise to be abandoned. Will there not be a strange incongruity in a nation, composed like this of such infinite gradations of rank, all running into each other, and linked together by a perpetual quiet circulation of all their parts, if, when viewed in its form as a church, instead of falling into similar subordinations with a similar circulation in its parts, it is fixed rigidly in two great masses—the bishops and the parochial clergy, with nothing between them? Will it not be strange, if steps and degrees of wealth and of outward dignity are thought necessary in the State to uphold its government, to encourage its industry, to reward its virtues, to maintain its stability, to invest that goodness and right, which common people cannot see or reverence, with an external splendour which they may see and may respect—if it is necessary in our civil capacity to deal with man not as a spiritual being, capable of discerning spirits, but as a creature of flesh and blood, swayed by his senses; and to provide for the allegiance of his fellows, not as if he were an angel, but knowing him to be frail and corrupt:—Will it not be strange indeed if all these are our daily maxims in common life—but in providing for the safety of the Church these are all to be laid aside,—if heritage, and wealth, and mind, are made the mixed condition of respect in the world, but no security is taken by heritage, and wealth, and mind, for respect to some portion of the Church? Or rather, is it strange at all, that when every effort is making to degrade the aristocracy of the State, the same blows should be directed against all appearance of dignity in the ecclesiastical body? Are we not pulling down, and with our own hands, our ecclesiastical House of Lords—that portion of it which can be reached at present, and which the rest will assuredly follow,—and that portion the most important, because always the first to be attacked? Let the readers of history look to it. From Edgar down to Charles we have had a series of struggles, sometimes of the Church to tyrannize over the State, oftener of the State to enslave the Church. In all alike the first assault has been made on cathedral bodies. When they were gained by either party, the whole was accomplished. And so irresistible is the consequence, that if we were enemies of the Church, we should congratulate its aggressors, as they are congratulating themselves, that they have found a hand within the Church to hammer down its gates, and level its walls, without any violence of theirs. We should recommend them to silence, for the present, any further clamour. Remain quiet—suspend your demands. Let the Church take its own course, and it will soon place itself at your feet, a helpless and voluntary victim. And if there is in the Commission, or at the Council Board, any

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secret and crafty plotter against that body, the Church, which has done more than any other to resist the miserable tendencies of the day, and throw back the torrent of misrule, we can imagine the quiet sneer with which he must listen and subscribe to those propositions of reform. It is, we believe, a fact, that the lay members of the Commission have rather followed than led, and are themselves surprised, as well they may be, at the boldness of others.

We have dealt throughout with the question as one of destruction. It may be very well to call it a reduction of superfluities; but admit the principle of thus invading property—hold up the paramount exclusive importance of a parochial system, so as entirely to lose sight of the value of other clerical endowments—forget all the interests involved in the maintenance of ecclesiastical corporations, steady by their own weight, and throwing out their roots through all parts of the Church, and confine their use, as we grieve to see done by such authorities, to the mere name of worship and the maintenance of buildings—and when these false theories have once been sanctioned, no prejudice, or old association, or lurking fear of danger, can hold out against the legitimate conclusion, that if useless in their full organization, they are more useless when mutilated and helpless. They may linger for a few years, but their end is certain. They will become impotent and contemptible, and the Church impotent and contemptible with them, and then both will fall.

It is, we believe, the present Duke of Wurtemberg of whom the following anecdote is recorded. At the Reformation, the cathedral endowments of Wurtemberg, instead of being plundered, were all transferred to the Protestant clergy; and the consequence has been, that in all the melancholy follies which have sprung up in the rest of Germany in the form of philosophical religion, Wurtemberg has been remarkable for the purity of its faith, and served as a school of sound Protestantism. The Duke was alarmed at this bigoted retention of ancient prejudices. He lamented that his people should be so far behind the rest of the world, and proposed to remodel his cathedral. He was stopped by the sight of an old inscription, which we wish were engraven on the walls of every cathedral in England, and still more on the minds of our government:—

*‘Claustra hæc cum patriâ stantque caduntque suâ.’*

It is not poetry, but it is sound sense. Let us hope that it is not a prophecy.

We would here willingly leave the subject upon the grounds of right and of expediency,—of right, as contained in the common maxims of our constitutional law—of expediency, for the real interests and efficiency of the Church. Not as if expediency were  
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any plea whatever, where right exists, but that there are at present many men who make it their God. But there was another purpose of our cathedrals, which, though these pages are little fitted for religious discussion, we cannot forbear to touch on. The country needs nothing at present so much as to have the question proposed to them discussed upon the highest principles—upon principles which have nothing to do with petty expediences of the day; and though seen with little clearness at first, these principles will tell at last.

Our cathedrals, then, were consecrated virtually by the spirit of their founders, and expressly in their charters, to the glory of God; and to the promotion of his glory, in a mode which to us may seem strange, though the Church, in her best of times—at all times, till nothing but utility engrossed our thoughts—esteemed it the greatest, and most natural, and most necessary of her duties. They were intended, not like our present churches, as lecture-rooms for teaching religion, or decent shelters against weather for the convenience of assembling on the Sabbath, but as great temples, where daily, and almost hourly, a solemn service might be celebrated to God, even if no worshippers were present but those by whom it was performed. The Church, in her best of times, never made, as we make, the preaching of man the first of her objects: she rested most on prayer; and, as in all other cases, what she received from the authority of her first teachers, and naturally adopted by the instinct of her own pure spirit, was also most consistent with reason. Even as an instrument of christianizing man, prayer is better than preaching. Prayer requires the active exertion of our own minds—preaching places us at our ease, to be moulded and fashioned by an outward influence. Preaching fixes our thoughts on man, prayer upon God. Preaching may make us vain, conceited, and judges of our teachers—prayer leaves us humble and contrite. We sit during the one, we kneel at the other. Preaching is precarious, and its power in human words—prayer never can fail, and the answer to it is always at hand. Preaching is the help of ignorance—prayer the exercise of faith. Preaching may come home to our hearts—prayer takes us from our hearts into a better world and better thoughts. Preaching may bless ourselves—prayer is the means of blessing thousands.

But the Church had other views of prayer than as a spiritual exercise for man. 'The knowledge is small,' says Hooker, in that beautiful fifth book of his Polity,—'the knowledge is small which we have on earth concerning things that are done in heaven. Notwithstanding, thus much we know, even of saints in heaven, that they pray. And therefore prayer, being a work common to  
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the Church, as well triumphant as militant, a work common unto men with angels, what should we think, but that so much of our lives is celestial and divine as we spend in the exercise of prayer?' And it was to set forth the pattern of a celestial life upon earth, however we may have fallen from its spirit, or debased God's service to a form, that men who entered deeply, far more deeply than ourselves, into the gloriousness of Christianity, planted throughout the land, and resolved to perpetuate for ever, communities of its ministers whose business and profession should be prayer. They wished to reserve some spots where man, free from the trammels of the world, might live in his natural state of constant communion with his Maker. They knew that over the great part of the world men's sins make the very heavens as it were of brass, that the dews of God's blessing cannot pass through them; and they kept open, in the midst of each nation, some accesses to God, some of those golden ladders of prayer by which men's hearts ascend to him, and his bounties descend upon us. They heard with an ear of faith, which in us is deaf or lost, the songs of all created things, morning and evening, rising up before the throne of their Creator; and they thought it shame that no voice should join them from men, his own chosen children. And they kept up their communion with angels, and past generations of saints, and the host of spirits, with which they were about to dwell, by uniting their hymns of praise in time, in spirit, in the very words themselves, with the praises and thanksgivings of a world above.

For this purpose they consumed the labours and accumulations of lives upon fabrics worthy of such a service. They did not build, as we do, for the pleasure of man, running up thriftily and meanly every part which was withdrawn from his view; but, as if the eye of God were even on the hidden stones,—as if it were a work of love, in which no speck or flaw could be endured, they wrought every minutest portion as God himself, for his own glory and the luxury of our senses, has wrought out the embroidery of his flowers and the plumage of his insects. They embodied the mysteries of their faith in the form of its temples; so that an eye of thought might reach some familiar truth even in their seeming deformities. The spire—

'Its silent finger pointing up to heaven,'

the massive tower, emblem of the stronghold of God's truth—the triple aisles, the cross of the transept, the elevation of the altar, even that remarkable peculiarity almost universal in ancient churches, the inclination of the chancel from the nave—all had their meaning. The very elements and shapes of their architecture, which they seem to have seized by some instinctive sense of

of beauty beyond what art could learn or teach, to one who owns the real though secret sympathies between man's eye and his heart, are full of thought and feeling. God, who knew what was in man, and made the outward world to soothe his eye and to feed his mind, has worked in every leaf and throughout the whole range of nature with just such moulds, and thrown forth his creations of beauty with the same spirit breathed upon them. It was not that art in some caprice of fancy slavishly copied the lofty bowers and canopies of the forest, and made from them a temple for religion; but God framed the canopies of the forest to breathe religion into the hearts of his creatures, and when religion took possession of their heart, the outward creations of their eye instinctively fell into those forms which nature had made congenial to their feelings.

And in these glorious buildings, perfected—as far as the work of human hands can be perfected—by a consummate art, which the prodigality of a boundless zeal supplied, the Church willed that her daily homage should be paid to God, and her songs rise up to heaven with a certain pomp of devotion, and especially with the harmony of music. She wished, amidst the general frailties and cold-heartedness of man, to secure and perpetuate in certain spots those natural observances of heartfelt piety which, if our nature was perfect, would be our hourly occupation and delight in every place. It is natural, and therefore right for man to approach his Maker as he would approach an earthly sovereign, with nothing of sordidness or neglect, with more than decency, with much of splendour; not perhaps when he comes alone and as a penitent sinner, but when he stands before God in the company of that church which is the representative of God upon earth. It is natural, and therefore right, that the overflowings of devotion should take that form and be accompanied with those indulgences in which all such affections delight, and which create in others the feelings from which they flow in ourselves. ‘Poor is the wisdom,’ says the poet,\* ‘which provides the harp and the song, and all the sweets of melody for feasts and the hours of joy, and has none for our days of sorrow, to cure the achings of the heart.’ And poorer still is the wisdom which fits them all for the joys of earth, and has none for the joys of heaven. For our common life, for the drudgery of the world, for the venting of angry passions and low desires, for everything mean and frivolous, we have common words and sounds of discordance—one language, as Homer wrote, for vulgar men, but another for diviner beings. And this other is poetry and music. No better thought, no nobler affection rises from the heart of man without clothing itself

\* Euripid. *Medæa*.

in melody. Our words and utterance flow on with the current of our emotions, and swell into lofty phrase, and solemn rhythm, and sweeter sounds as our souls are purified and awed. And it is fit that with such sounds and words we should come before God in worship—that we should speak to him in the language of heaven, and not of earth. It is fit that we should attune with no slight care and labour the voice of the Church in her devotion to the praise of Him, who delights in all that elevates and spiritualizes our nature; who made the ear the inlet of our purest pleasures and our highest knowledge; who framed the heart to answer unerringly and universally to every pulse of sound; who has given to every motion in nature its own peculiar song, and wrought them all blended and raised up together into one vast cloud of harmony, to hang over our hearts and temper the jarings of our feelings, as the veil of the atmosphere itself sheds softness on the ruggedness of earth. What voice of nature is there which is not music?

‘The joyous birds shrouded in whispering brake  
 Their notes unto man’s voice attemper sweet;  
 The angelical soft trembling voice doth make  
 To instruments divine response meet.  
 The silver sounding instruments do meet  
 With the bare murmur of the water’s fall:  
 The water’s fall, with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud unto the wind doth call;  
 The gentle warbling wind low answereth to all.’\*

If music is thus natural to man, it is natural to religion, and what is natural is also expedient. The hymns and harmonies of devotion may be as efficacious as sermons in weaning the heart from its sins, and tuning it aright to receive the lessons of religion. More than one penitent Augustine has melted into tears beneath them.† More than one pious Herbert has found them the great solace of his life.‡ And there is scarcely anything more striking, even to a thoughtless mind—more fit to awe him with a sense of a world far different from the present, than in the midst of the noise, and turbulence, and vice of a great city, to pass by its cathedral and hear the distant pealing of its organ, attuned to other words than those of strife or avarice. And when we stand beneath those vast and gloomy columns, and see how few are gathered together, and those perhaps the paid ministers of devotion, the thought suggested is, not that religion is a form and its service hypocrisy, but that in all its beauty and all its splendour it is alien to the heart of man; must be enforced by ordinances and

\* Spenser.

† August. Confess. lib. x.

‡ Herbert’s Life.  
 establishments;

establishments; must be maintained by struggles against the coldness of our nature; and when the zeal and ardour of former generations is extinct, must be cherished carefully and constantly as a still glowing ember from which a flame as pure and strong may, by God's blessing, be rekindled hereafter.

Let a man view our cathedrals in these lights, and he will not confound their uses or nature with those of parochial churches; or consent to leave, by their mutilation and decay, a vast and irreparable blank not only in our ecclesiastical system, but in the theory and practice of our religion. Our cathedrals are the oratories of the Church, in which, in the person of her chief ministers, she prays, and praises God, and raises her own aspirations from the earth, and exhibits her spirit to the world, and exercises her high office of constant intercession for the nation, and of communion with angels in heaven—as she would wish to do in every parish in the kingdom, but that man's poverty, and avarice, and ungodliness withhold from her the means. She tells us in this way what her office is upon earth, and what our religion should be; not the grudging labour of a seventh day, but the business of the whole week; not gloomy and silent, but full of joy; not relegated into one corner of the heart, but springing forth through all the avenues of beauty which God has opened in our senses; and making every faculty of man, the ear, the eye, the fancy, the reason, minister to its purpose; not penurious and thrifty, doling out its pittances for God, while treasures are lavished on our own luxuriousness—but profuse and bountiful, as the great Author of all mercies is bountiful to man; venting our reverence and affection to Him in an extravagance which fools call folly; not narrowing our zeal for his glory, nor our pity for the wants of his children, within a few short years—but stretching them both beyond the grave, and binding future generations to our hearts, by securing to them an heritage of religion.

The more men look into the history of the Church—into the original charters and plans of her great institutions—into their extensive branching out through the whole of our system—into their natural and historical influences—and most of all into the profound, symbolic, prophetic character which pervades the form and institutions of the Christian Church, as it pervaded the fabric and utensils of its prototype, the Temple of Jerusalem—the more they may tremble at any proposition—not to revive and repair it—but to alter its shape, to cut off any integral portion. We are not in the present day fit to attempt this: we have departed far from the practices and principles of its founders; we have forgotten, if not lost, whole elements of their character. Our hearts are not sufficiently elevated—our views not clear and deep enough

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enough to proceed to such a work without infinite danger. We are now called on to destroy, not a relic of popery, but a relic of primitive Christianity; not an excrescence of an ecclesiastical system, but an essential organ. When men's eyes are distempered, they do not meddle with nice measurements and colours; when they are doubtful on anatomy, they do not amputate limbs: and our eyes, as a nation, are distempered, and our knowledge of religion defective by the very confession of the violence now threatened. There cannot have been, or now be, a right spirit in the heart of a country, or of its rulers, when the spiritual wants of its population are in such a state, that the first proposal to supply them is a proposal of robbery. There must be something wrong within us; and let us pause and reform ourselves, before we venture to reform the Church. Zeal will not justify rashness, nor one good intention the want of other good intentions in any matter, least of all in matters pertaining to God. We may think the ark falling, and put out our hands to save it, and yet God may smite us for it.

But the question is asked—What is to be done in the present critical position of things?—And it is asked with great fairness of those who object to the measures proposed. Let us, therefore, take a general view of the present state of the Church, and we shall see more clearly what is to be done.

We have permitted an enormous population to grow up without its walls and beyond the reach of the ministrations of religion. Villages have swelled into towns, and towns into cities; and whole regions, deserted and unknown in past days of Christian zeal—barren moors and mountain valleys—have been seized on by that Mammon whom we worship, and converted into hotbeds of the human race, forcing every day into existence squalid, degraded beings, to be used as men would use a spade or a pickaxe, without check against the torture of their bodies, or one thought for their souls. In the mean time we have been living on peacefully and, therefore, inactively—fancying that the wealth of the Church was sufficient to supply all its wants—and instead of seeing in the efforts and extension of dissent a proof of some defect in ourselves, lamenting over it as extravagance, and perhaps treating it with contempt. Thus the field which we neglected has been seized on by others, who have carried into it views of Christianity more striking and attractive to ordinary minds, than the sobriety and moderation of the Church; and have roused a spirit of wilfulness by the nature of their doctrines, and by clamours against the vices of an Establishment, which failed in the discharge of its duty. As the growth of dissent spread mainly among a poor and newly-created population, it became in many cases synonymous with peculiarities

peculiarities of character, rank, and mind, and commanded no respect; or rather, perhaps, inferiority of rank exposed dissenters to a neglect in society peculiarly galling in the present temper of the English people, and resentment for this vented itself against that difference of religion which presented an obvious and not a degrading distinction between the two classes. As the manufacturing wealth and the numbers of dissenters increased, they became more sensible of the privileges from which they had excluded themselves, and more irritable at the sense of their inferiority. The tone of the Church also changed; its members became awakened to the necessity of a missionary exertion among the people, and as a spirit of vital religion was rekindled within it, questions of discipline and form were gladly but erroneously overlooked in the general spread of Christianity. We acknowledged that there was much which the Church had not done, and which we fancied it could not do, and were satisfied that the gospel should be preached, though out of our own communion. And let it be added, the general ignorance of ecclesiastical history and polity, both which subjects had naturally lain untouched during the safe establishment of the Church, left us wholly without defence against the pretensions of other sects.

There was a very prevalent inclination, especially among the more zealous and deeply-pious of its members (if we may use an objectionable word), to fraternize with dissent. We joined with it in religious societies—were glad to unite in works of charity—were willing to think more of points of agreement than points of difference, and deemed those illiberal and guilty of the crime of High Churchmanship, who warned us against danger, and refused to bridge over the slightest cleft between orthodoxy and sectarianism. And this was the growing temper of the Church till the moment of the Reform Bill. Then all at once Dissent assumed a new tone. A section within it—that which had gone farthest from Christianity, and therefore was imbued with most wilfulness and aversion to restraint, assumed the lead. This consisted mostly of Unitarians—men not without education, with a smattering of physical science, possessed of local influence in manufacturing towns—bred up without communication with the higher ranks of society, and totally unacquainted with ecclesiastical discipline. Their views, unfettered by any dogmas, were liberal and comprehensive. They spoke much of reason and improvement, and Christian benevolence, of the right of conscience, of universal toleration, of bright prospects of human advancement, and above all, of equalization of privileges in society. With them readily joined all the profligate and infidel, and avaricious enemies of religion, who had grown up with our increased population. Several other bodies of dissenters

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(it is a melancholy tale) placed themselves under their guidance. All the original Christian zeal of certain denominations was for the moment forgotten in this newly-opened scheme of reform. Religion was sacrificed to politics; and the Church of England has now to contend not with false doctrines and fanaticism, but with a deadly and destructive spirit of general cupidity and anarchy. Such we believe to be a correct view of past events. We trust it contains no unjust harshness towards dissenters—of whom we respectfully acknowledge that many escaped the contagion. And with respect to the Church, with much error and great danger, it presents also much to cause gratitude and encouragement. If it is correct, it will enable us to see clearly into the plan of its future operations.

The first fact to be remembered is this. Looking to the roused animation and spiritual improvement of the Church, there is very little to fear ultimately, if we can only gain time. We shall very soon multiply our churches and ministers, and complete from private benevolence the most necessary parts of the work to be done, if, as there is every reason to hope, from the present aspect of things, our wants are made known, and God is pleased still further to open our hearts. But the present state of the legislature is the immediate danger. Two parties nearly balanced—on one side a body of men politically attached to the Church, but not likely as laity to be deeply imbued with its real spirit, and tempted therefore to rash innovations by the hope of improvement, or the supposed necessity of conciliation;—on the other, the ministry and their followers, of whom it is at least not harsh to say, that their voice, whatever it may be, is the voice of a majority of the Commons—and between these two a combined force of Romanists, and worse than Romanists, who at this hour hold in their own hands the fate of the administration, and the sway of all its measures. And this state of things is not unlikely to be continued for an indefinite space of time. Whatever strength may be gained, and much will undoubtedly be gained by the conservative party in every fresh election in England, and even in Scotland, we must not shut our eyes on the possibility that an equivalent loss may be sustained in Ireland, where the liberty of the day has now made such an advance, that no man can dare to vote in opposition to his demagogue without the risk of his life. But even if a conservative government were replaced, there is no reason to trust implicitly to their guardianship of the Church, until our old and sound ecclesiastical principles have been revived, and their spirit diffused through the nation. Mistaken kindness may injure it no less than rancorous hostility. In truth, if the future administration of the Church is to be conducted on the principles recognized by  
a Commission,

a Commission, not its enemy, whether friend or foe is in possession of power, can matter but little.

The only hope is, that the Church may have time to recover, and to put forth its own internal strength, and so may regain its position in the heart of the people, and in the councils of the legislature, before some fatal blow has been struck at it by one hand or another. Now what is the first great obstacle to this recovery? The first great obstacle is the body of Irish Romanists in the House of Commons, 'That perfidious faction,'—(we use the words of the Bishop of Exeter, and we thank him for speaking out, thank him for expressing with an indignation worthy of an English heart and a Christian prelate, the sentiment of every honest man)—'that perfidious faction, which could not have acquired the power of mischief, which unhappily they possess and exercise, but by entering into engagements and binding themselves by pledges, which Englishmen and Protestants would deem it impossible for any who call themselves Christians to dare to violate.'—*Charge*, p. 13.

Whatever view is taken of the obligation of an oath, one thing is now certain from experience, that a body of Irish Romanists cannot be admitted to sit in the legislature, consistently with the safety of the State, and the integrity of the Church of England. We may, indeed, confine them by more oaths;—but—as was distinctly foretold at the time of emancipation—all such restrictions are futile; or we may endeavour to reduce their number, so as to remove the danger for a time—or we may struggle (the words will of course seem madness, but we believe the hour is coming when they will once more become the watchword of conservatism) to repeal the emancipation. There is one more chance of saving the country from the tyranny of an Irish faction—the repeal of the Union; and these are the only plans open. They ought to be faced boldly, and a line taken at once. And the sooner men speak out the better. But whatever course presents itself, the same preliminary step occurs as indispensable in each. Ireland is at this moment the curse of England, as England, we grieve to say, for many years had been the curse of Ireland. It is one of those strange coincidences of retribution, which Providence often exhibits to show that there are eyes upon our sins, however long the punishment is delayed. And Ireland must be either set adrift from us to be reconquered, or it must be converted. You cannot reduce the number of Romanist members, except by reducing Romanism itself; and you cannot exclude them from Parliament while Ireland is still in their hands. Let us repeat the words, however startling. The only safety, and therefore the first object of the English Church, must be the conversion of Ireland. Men,

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Men, of course, will open their eyes, and fold their hands, and ask how this is to be done. Others will bitterly complain that we cannot leave error to itself, and that we dogmatize with such arrogance—others warn us not to raise the whole energies of the Romish Church to meet us in the field—and others will protest against controversy, and pray that any truth may be sacrificed rather than disturb their tranquillity. Let us ask the first in return—How was England converted? How was Ireland herself first won to Christianity? How were the great Protestant countries rescued from Popery? How are savage nations at this day brought into the bosom of the Church? What difficulty have we, which our forefathers, with the blessing of God, did not conquer, and what aid had they, which may not be obtained by us? The second class may be reminded, that if no other obligation lay upon man, no higher command from the first principles of Christianity and of nature, personal safety alone, the safety of all that Englishmen value, compels the attempt. The preservation of the Church of England, and the existence of Romanism in Ireland, distinct as the two countries are in all but legislation, are wholly incompatible. To the third, it is enough to say, that the energies of the Romish Church are roused already,—that the conflict has commenced; and the Church of England can desire nothing more and nothing better than protection from the laws of her country for life and limb. The last require no answer. It is very possible and very amiable to dislike controversy, and seek peace with all men; and in times of peace, with peaceful men, no temper of mind should be more encouraged. But when our life is in the hands of a murderer, we do not speak of tranquillity, or recommend the suspension of resistance. What is the tranquillity of Ireland now?—and what in a few years will be the tranquillity of England, if things continue as they are?

But the question again reverts—How is such a work to be accomplished?—and if we enter more at length into this point, it is because the very notion of conversion is in these days treated as a delusion, and because the same observations respecting it which apply to the strengthening of the Church in Ireland, apply to it in England. We answer,—and we wish the answer to be written on the heart of every Protestant missionary, and carried to the ears of the sternest Romanist,—by all those means which God and nature have appointed for winning men from that which we believe to be error.

First and foremost—by becoming a blessing to the Irish people, not merely by abstaining from persecution, and especially from that persecution the most common and the most keenly felt, insult

and contempt in private life; but by taking up the interests of Ireland, her improvement, and pacification, and good government, as the first duty of a British legislature—by acting to her as a parent.

Secondly, by establishing tranquillity through the only means possible at present, by the establishment of law at whatever expense or by whatever force. The Irish, notwithstanding their excesses, are not naturally a lawless people. Their crimes are mostly in revenge for supposed injustice; in civil matters they are often litigious. Let them feel that there are laws, and impartial laws, made in mercy but executed with strictness, and let the arm of justice be stretched over them visibly to repress every outrage against the State, whether by the hand of the peasant, or the mouth of his demagogue; and the country may be quieted for a time. At present, the abolition of tithes is the premium held out for the murder of their owners; and the inmates of gaols seem to be the only objects of the government's capricious compassion.

When life and property have been somewhat secured, capital will begin to flow into Ireland. The increase of her resources—the extension of her commerce—all great works which can bring into action her vast internal advantages—the encouragement of manufactures—the settlement of resident gentry—above all, the employment and support of her starving population, some effort to raise them from their horrible condition of human beings almost reduced to brutes by plague and famine—all these things are immediate steps by which to arrive at their conversion. Relieve them from the pressure of want and desperation, teach them to think and reason, raise them to stand up on their feet, and once more as liberated slaves

‘*Erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*’—

and the tyranny of their priesthood will soon pass away.

With wealth, and demand for labour, will come education—not a forced, artificial education founded on compromises, and undermining all principles of truth, both in the teacher and the taught;—but a natural expansion of mind by increased facilities and demands for knowledge—an expansion spontaneously commencing under the necessary checks and pressure of religious faith, but which will soon break through those restraints if the faith itself be error. Let Protestants be educated by Protestants, and Romanists by Romanists: do not corrupt Christianity by confounding or mutilating creeds. If you cannot bring up children in what you believe to be a right faith, do not teach them to have no faith at all; and do not hope to soften animosities, or remove prejudices, by bringing them all together under a system in which, if differences of faith are retained, jarrings and irritation must be more frequent;

frequent; and if they are obliterated or set aside, all confidence in the sincerity of the teacher, and the truth of his lessons, must be destroyed.

In the mean time place side by side with the Church of Rome a sound, pure, and active branch of the Church of England. Instead of asserting or allowing that the Protestant Establishment in Ireland is intended only for the benefit of Protestants, and, therefore, that its revenues and extent may be measured by their wants and numbers, put forth at once the truth, which even the warmest of its friends seem scarcely bold enough to mention. It is intended for the benefit of the Romanists. Their religion is a curse to themselves, as it is a curse to this country. No man professing to be a Protestant can deny this, and no statesman, with all his desire to sacrifice his belief to popularity, can so close his eyes against history and present experience, and reason itself, and all the warnings and struggles of those very men who are held up as the founders of our liberties, as to call the Romanism of Ireland anything but the plague of Great Britain. If it be otherwise, if popery be consistent with civil liberty and the welfare of a country—if it be not the deadly bane of man's greatest blessings, and the bar against all his improvements, we have indeed made a discovery, and we had better return to popery throughout the kingdom. The Church of Ireland is the antagonist power by which Romanism must be met and overthrown, or rather, by which the people whom she holds captive may be rescued from her tyranny, and therefore it is intended for the benefit of that people. It was intended as a missionary church, with an establishment adequate to that increase which, with proper care and energy, it would soon have reached. We know that its work has not been done, and those who propose to destroy it take its past failure as a proof of its perpetual uselessness. The experiment, they say, has been tried, and not succeeded. We answer, that it has not been tried. What were the outcries against the abuses of the Irish Church, so common in the mouth of this party before the present race of active zealous clergymen grew up in Ireland? Were they true or false? Was the Irish Church employed as it should be? Were all its ministers resident and active? Were its funds so administered as to provide for a Protestant clergyman by the side of every Romish priest? Were there no political passions to keep up religious antipathies, and so to prevent conversion? Did the Protestant Church, in the person of its laity, assist the efforts of the clergy by their presence and authority, and above all, by their kindness and tenderness to their estranged population? All these are necessary conditions for the success of the trial, and until they have been combined with the mere name

of a Protestant Establishment, the trial has not been made. The bishops of Ireland should be called on by the country at once to leave their position, as the mere retainers of church property for the benefit of their own members—and take up the true vantage ground from which they should never have descended, and cannot be driven—the ground of a missionary institution. Let them put their church at once into a missionary organization, and infuse into it a missionary spirit. And this may assuredly be done without one single cause of irritation, one word to give offence to any but those who uphold Romanism *because* they profit by its ignorance and corruption. With them there can be no conciliation.

Let us remember, also, that conversion must be made by and to the Church of England. The friends of Protestantism among the present ministers,—for strange as it may seem there are such,—trust that when the present Church is destroyed, Protestantism will recover its ground by the vague, irregular efforts of individuals and sects. It is a strange delusion. But grant the fact. How will the peace of the country, and the stability of the Union, be more secure than it is at present, if Ireland is distracted among dissenters, and inflamed with the self-willed spirit of Ultra-Protestantism more fierce from a recent emancipation? The great and providential blessing of our country has been, that when with so many other States she shook off a tyranny from her conscience, she did not run into the grievous error of leaving that conscience to itself without control and safeguard. And why, in the conversion of Ireland, are we to neglect what in our own case was wisdom and goodness?

Secondly, it must be wrought, just as the conversion of dissenters in England, not merely by the religious spirit of the Church of England, but by its peculiar doctrines.

Other sects may be considered as new religions, dating from the lives of their founders, but the great boast of the English Church is her antiquity. Her doctrines are the same as the doctrines of the Romish Church, when all which in it was unauthorized, and corrupt and false, and which had grown up as novelties, was removed. Hence there is, and must be, a great congeniality between many parts of the two systems. And this congeniality is the true groundwork for proceeding on, when attempts are made to win men from a faith, which has secured its hold upon their minds by principles common to both—by antiquity, authority, order, discipline, an union of the spirit of religion with its forms, and an organized social existence. These are not rudely to be thrown away—they are to be modified and guarded. It is a very dangerous thing when a man's hope is built on his belief,  
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and that belief on one single stone—a confidence in the infallibility of man, to shake and overturn the foundation, without showing where else it may rest. And hence few men pass from Romanism to any other denomination of religion but the Church of England, without passing through the stage of infidelity. The authority of the Catholic Church, combined with the earnest discharge of our personal duties, are the foundation of truth in our own Church—the infallible authority of an individual, is its foundation in the Church of Rome—and the latter must not be removed without substituting the former. To use a common illustration, the faith of the Irish people must be underpinned.

Thirdly, conversion must be a work of detail, beginning with individuals and proceeding to masses. Instead, therefore, of the miserable plan of drawing in the arms of the parochial establishment, and confining it within the range of the Protestant population, it should throw itself out on every side, and penetrate into the very recesses of the Romanist bodies. Instead of reducing the number of clergymen, it should multiply; instead of uniting parishes, divide and subdivide; instead of merely repairing churches, build them where there is little demand for them, and therefore the more need. We should not wait for a church till a congregation is formed, but form a congregation by building a church. This is the policy of Rome, and it is undoubtedly successful. For the maintenance of the clergy we may distribute the parochial revenues as the laws allow, but without making any concession of a right in the State to alienate or diminish them. If they are taken away, let them be taken by violence. Rather let the people see that the laws secure them, and that the laws must be obeyed. Show that the tenant does not pay them, and that the landlord has no right to them; and that, if they are plundered by the State, they will fall neither to one nor the other. It may take time to clear up delusions, but truth will at last prevail. And if the revenues themselves, fairly apportioned, are met by corresponding exertions in the clergy, and distributed by charity among the poor of all classes, even the ignorant peasant will soon see in whose hands they may be placed with the greatest benefit to himself.

Nothing, in the next place, is more needful, in such a difficult and delicate work as a national conversion, than great activity, combined with great moderation, with high personal character, and with sound, well-defined, universal principles of faith and practice. To preserve these a constant and watchful superintendence over the parochial clergy is absolutely necessary. We want not fewer bishops, but more. It is a painful reflection. But perhaps in some better times we may retrace the first sad step taken in the  
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dissolution of the Irish Church. And the bishops should act in concert, upon one general plan, supported throughout the kingdom by their joint authority. The Irish people see the authority of their own church embodied in the persons of their bishops; and here is a natural element of human power, an element common to our own Apostolic Church with that of Rome, which should be brought prominently forward.

Lastly, the system of parochial operation would require much care and temper. But there are two fundamental principles, too often neglected, on which every conversion must be conducted to be safe and general:—1st. That the primary source of all power over the human mind is personal authority—the authority of goodness, wisdom, kindness, and power, embodied in man;—2nd. That all appeals to reason, all attempt at instruction, without a willing heart to work on, are wholly fruitless.

The former of these principles points to the character of the clergy as the main instrument of conversion; and the latter forbids all violent interference with other sects, and all rash controversies. We must give to the Romanist population opportunities of reading their bible and hearing the truth if they will. But we must treat with no contumely the sacred prejudices of hereditary faith even where we believe it to be error. We must not attempt to shake off rudely and violently the hold which their priests now have upon their conscience, least of all by abuse or insult. The priest is their great enemy and ours. He himself is to be encouraged and secured against his hierarchy, if he is disposed to leave them; if he persists, no other opposition must be offered to him, but the counteraction of more learning, more piety, more activity, more interest in the poor; and the legal prevention of his overt acts of tyranny over the persons or consciences of his flock. It would be very absurd to pass a law that every Irishman must read his bible, but it would be very wise to make the burning of a bible by a priest a statutable offence. It might be fruitless, even if it were possible, to compel all Romanists to attend a Protestant Church; but transportation for denouncing from the altar a curse on such as did attend, would form a clause no way inconsistent, or rather in perfect harmony, with the whole spirit of our present toleration. That which now bows down the Irish people, both soul and body, is the despotism of their priests. It is a despotism over mind, and therefore cannot be broken by mere law; but where the mind has been roused to shake it off, the law may assist and protect it.

But the great efforts of the minister of the church should be directed to his own congregation. Their character and habits, coupled with his own, will form the best exhibition of the character

racter of the church itself, and constitute, in all common minds, the only test of religious truth. We may send out a whole army of clergy to India, but while the lives of Christian laity in the East are such as they have been, Christianity will make no progress. And we may carry controversy and even proof into the reason of every Romanist, but without lives and practice for the illustration of truth, their hearts will remain untouched. But the members also of his congregation are very often the best or only channels by which a clergyman can communicate with others beyond it. A child, or a friend, or a servant, may thus carry truth into houses where the clergyman could never approach. Let a spirit of gentleness, kindness, and respect be diffused among all Protestants towards those from whom they differ; and this will be the best passport to the heart and the reason of Romanists. It must be the first lesson of their teachers, and the chief hope of a final success, the sure pledge of God's blessing on their endeavours.

In all this there is no compromise of truth, and nothing which can irritate or offend. Little more of human means is wanted but the quiet yet earnest co-operation of the laity. There are two powers in the Church, the clerical and the lay, and both must combine to accomplish such a work as the present. But lay influence in this peculiar case is of the utmost importance. The clergyman alone cannot carry his benevolence into all the miserable hovels of Ireland. He cannot administer those laws by which the cruelty or rapacity of the priest is to be confined or punished. His teaching is regarded with suspicion, till confirmed by other authority, and in many cases is wholly precluded. The introduction of order, and respectability, and competency of subsistence among the peasantry, things which are almost a necessary prelude to the infusion of knowledge into their minds, must depend mainly upon the landlord; and the power of Romanism has been so long and so deeply established, that in any conflict with its leaders (and many such conflicts, notwithstanding every precaution, may still be expected,) the clergyman must not be left alone, but be supported by the whole force of the State, exhibited in its magistracy and proprietors of land. It might be difficult to transfer the dependence of the peasant from the Romish to the Protestant priest, but very easy to transfer it from the Romish priest to the Protestant priest and laity combined; and, perhaps, this distinction is one of the most important rules in such a controversy, as it is also one of the fundamental differences between the two churches.

All this, undoubtedly, is a work of time, very slow, very quiet, to many minds very hopeless, and one which never can be carried into

into execution so long as the present principle is sanctioned, that every man is to be left safe and uncorrected in the possession of his own errors. But it is our first duty not to despair of our country. And if the Church is once summoned to more than defence against aggression, there is assuredly a spirit within her, waiting for such a call, which will rouse itself up as from a sleep, and put forth a might and energy which no power under heaven can resist. It is treachery to damp her hopes, and faithlessness to doubt her success.

We have dwelt upon the principles of parochial conversion in Ireland for two reasons, first, as pointing out where the great and immediate danger of the Church lies, and the correction of some erroneous views which have weakened the defence of it in Ireland; and secondly, because the principles themselves are common in a very great measure to both countries. If Romanism is to be won to the Church in Ireland, dissent is to be reclaimed in England. The alienation of a large portion of the people from the communion of the Church, is the one great evil in both. It is to be approached in the same spirit, and carried on by the same means. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are not wrong in looking on the conversion of England as the great work to be done, and on an improved parochial establishment as its chief instrument; but they are wrong, we speak it with all respect, in making it the exclusive work, and attempting to accomplish it by an act of spoliation.

Still the question is asked, Where then are the means for conducting it to be procured, if the cathedral property cannot be made available to the purpose? What is the Church to do in her present poverty and want? The first answer is, Nothing wrong—nothing illegal—nothing rash—nothing which by the history of all such acts we shall live grievously to repent, but shall never be able to repair. The second answer is, Do as our ancestors did in their distresses. Appeal to the Church itself—to the whole Church—not to the clergy only, but the laity. The legislature, from whom at other times assistance might be derived, is now beyond our reach; and the clergy have found at the present crisis so much danger from the *suspicion* of possessing grants from the State, that perhaps aid from such a source ought rather to be shunned. Our Church was founded by private bounty, and by private bounty its walls must be enlarged. It is said that in the last session nearly two hundred millions of money were offered to parliament to be embarked in the speculation of rail-roads. About the same time, the Bishop of London set on foot a plan for the increase of churches in this metropolis, and within a few months he obtained nearly one hundred thousand pounds. We take these two sums as tests, the one of the wealth of the country, the other of an awakened

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awakened desire to employ some portion of it, not in a speculation of avarice, but in a sure and certain plan for promoting the honour of God. And, indeed, no one can pass through the country without seeing in every district that new churches are rising up, and efforts are making to proportion their accommodation in some degree to the wants of the population. The laity are beginning to come forward and take their share in a work in which not the rank or property of the clergy is involved, but the safety of their own faith, the religion of their own country, the maintenance of all that they most value. And they must come forward more earnestly and still more bountifully. Are they aware of the proportion of contributions to religious purposes already borne by themselves and by the clergy? Are they aware that nearly half the funds of the great religious societies are supplied by the clergy? And could they bear without shame to see such a comparative statement, extending to all the charities of the country, public as well as private, put forth side by side with the view which has been given by the Commission of the poverty of clerical endowments?

We have before us one or two calculations of a few years back, which are certainly startling.

In 1832, the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts numbered among its subscribers 3351 laity, 3809 clergy; the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 5935 laity, 7674 clergy; the Church Building Society, 1910 laity, 1942 clergy. The total amount of lay subscriptions and donations to these societies was 7130*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*—of clerical 60,750*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* A moderate calculation of the local subscriptions of the clergy gives an average of, at least, 40,000*l.* a year, exclusive of private charity. In one diocese, for parochial schools the clergy contribute 181*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, the laity 25*l.* 3*s.*; for building churches, the clergy 243*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, the laity 31*l.* 1*s.* At the first establishment of the last society the donations of the clergy were 1648*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, of the laity 781*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* And to take one more instance in which, from the donations of the King and of large proprietors of property in the metropolis, the lay subscriptions were naturally very large, not long since the Bishop of London had obtained for his plan (and the sum has since been augmented) 29,296*l.* 8*s.* from the clergy, where he received from the laity 42,823*l.*\* Figures are dry things, and these are the first we have at hand; but they may serve to point out a fact which the nation ought to know of their calum-

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\* These calculations are mostly taken from the 'British Magazine,' which has supplied some very valuable statistical information on the subject of the Church. We have calculated ourselves the relative proportions of contributions to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in 1836. The result is, that the laity subscribed in that year 10,433*l.* 4*s.*; the clergy, 10,282*l.* 18*s.*

niated clergy. And they may serve to show that it is no unwillingness in the clergy to diminish their own incomes that urges the appeal to the laity in the present destitution of the Church. Who are the benefited by religion if not the laity? For whom are churches raised, and ministers to be maintained? Who owe their hopes of eternity to the Church which has nurtured and brought them up? And whose worldly interests are at stake (if such thoughts may presume to enter in) when the nation is threatened with desolation from the weakness and poverty of the Church? Men must make a sacrifice. There must be a call upon the nation at large to rouse themselves from their apathy. If a foreign enemy were about to invade the land, we should hear nothing of sacrifices or poverty in contributing to its defence. But a foreign enemy is in the land—an enemy foreign to our feelings, foreign to our principles, the destroyer of all our interests. Discord, and insubordination, and irreligion, are preying upon the very heart of the country—and Romanism is steadily waiting till we are weakened by the contest, to recover us under its dominion—and they cannot be driven out except by the united efforts of all good men. Let us sacrifice some luxury, cut short some needless expenditure, risk in the hands of God some portion even of our necessary capital, and we shall find the blessing come back multiplied and perpetuated on our heads.

Thank God, the spirit of the country even now is beginning to be roused; and it is on this we must draw, not on funds which belong to others, for the maintenance of our parochial system. And if this ground is taken, we may then with propriety exhort where we cannot compel, and call on the cathedral establishments to continue their contributions to this end. We say continue, because much has been done by them already. Some proportion of their preferment is now held by the incumbents of small livings; and thus, without spoliation, fulfils the intentions of the Commission. And the principle of annexation, judiciously employed, may extend this plan. But, in addition to this, there are few ecclesiastical bodies which have not for some years been engaged in augmenting the value of their own benefices, and securing to them resident clergymen. We do sincerely wish that these statistics of the Church were collected, and made known. Here, again, compare what has been done by lay impropiators of tithes in places for whose spiritual interests they are equally bound to provide, and by cathedrals and colleges; and if the result proves that the two classes of proprietors have acted in a very different spirit, it shows also that corporate property, placed in the hands of good men, becomes a never-failing fund for public good. Place it in the hands of individuals, and it is lost. There is, then, no superfluity, little economy,

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economy, many demands of selfishness, no natural association with public utility by the possession of public trusts and public respect, no hereditary principles of liberality, no enlarged views of prospective good, no shame at rapacity in the presence of others. These are the things which will secure the appropriation of the superfluities, and more than the superfluities, of cathedral endowments to the objects of the Commissioners, more forcibly than any statute—and in a stream of bounty regular, quiet, and locally distributed with judgment and discrimination—not turned into one great reservoir, where half of it will be evaporated and lost, and the other half poured over so wide a space, in quantities so small, that no portion whatever will be sensibly benefited. And there are other duties connected with the reform, if reform be wanted, of our cathedrals—duties which must be left mainly to the bishops of the Church, each in the exercise of his own patronage. They must be made more efficient, if possible, for the purposes of their original foundation and for the crying wants of the Church, by storing them with fit men—not brothers, or cousins, or friends, as if ecclesiastical patronage were a family property, but with men of learning, men of active and important duties, such as the archdeacons and other great officers of the Church, men capable of assisting the bishop in his councils, and the Church in her emergencies. And if a judicious plan were formed, it would be easy to attach to them some duties of public theological instruction, which would at once secure and encourage the right employment of their retirement upon learning, and remove the odium which attaches to preferment, supposed to be without labour, because the labour is in the closet and not in the streets. On these details there is not time to dwell. But, instead of issuing systematic regulations from a central board, it must be safest and wisest to leave local arrangements to local knowledge. Let the bishops themselves set the example, and diffuse the spirit of a right distribution of these endowments, and an extensive reform will soon take place, such as no statute can enforce, and which the multiplication of interferences from without will retard, if not wholly prevent. This is the best reform, the only reform which is worth a thought. It is useless to alter the body without altering the soul. And with all the omnipotence of the legislature, we defy it to create goodness by act of parliament.

There are many minor changes recommended by the Commissioners which are open to the greatest objection, and many which seem wholly useless; but they are pointed out in the protests already presented from the cathedral bodies themselves, who possess a local acquaintance with the peculiarities of each case. Those of Winchester, Canterbury, Ely, Worcester, Oxford, Exeter, Lincoln,

Lincoln, Bristol, and Salisbury, are now before us. They are short, but admirable summaries of the benefits and uses of their institutions; and the temper in which they are drawn up, the total absence of resentment, or disrespect to the Commission, the anxiety which they evince to comply with all necessary alterations, and to further at any personal sacrifice the interests of the Church, are of themselves a sufficient guarantee that where the Chapters do stand upon rights and resist innovations, they are secure from any suspicion of covetousness or party spirit.

Stand upon their rights we trust they will; and resistance to these innovations, they are bound to make, not only by the future interests of the Church, but many, by the most solemn oaths, which, as if foreseeing some plan like the present, the founders have constructed with the greatest care, to preclude the possibility of alienating their endowments. If no other obstacle were raised to it, these oaths of themselves seem to us impassable. By what human authority can they be set aside? They cannot be violated without the grossest perjury. If the spoliation is effected, it must be by an act of force, in defiance of the solemn protests and appeals of those whom they bind. Will the Church of England wish, at this time, or at any time, to set such an example to the world?

It is hopeless to revert now to that portion of the recommendation of the Commission with regard to the Episcopal revenues, which has received the sanction of the legislature. It contained many changes. Boundaries were set aside and dioceses moved about, but whether with any real benefit to the Church may well be questioned. The real want of the Church in this point, was an increase in the number of bishops; more communication of its heads with its subordinate ministers; more opportunities of exhibiting to all its members the authority under which they are placed; more provisions against chances of neglect from the infirmities of bishops in advanced age, or the multiplication of their duties. We feared to make the demand, because the name of bishop is not popular, and the present number of them is viewed with jealousy. But the restitution of Coadjutor-Bishops might well be a consideration for the Commission. And it might have saved the necessity of many changes, the transfer of considerable property from one see to another, and the very serious evil of making any bishops stipendiaries upon the Crown—an evil which, we trust, will even now be remedied by some fresh arrangement of their revenues.

We must, however, conclude, yet not without recording a protest against the greatest and most alarming evil of all: this is, assuredly, the existence of the Commission itself in its present form. Temporary Commissions for particular purposes have not  
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been uncommon: and the prolongation of the duties of the present body may be necessary now from the nature of the funds to be distributed. Nor is it necessary to suppose that any direct attempt against the liberties and independence of the Church of England has been here planned by the ministers of the Crown, whatever may have been contemplated by the sectarian members of the House of Commons. But undoubtedly a machine has been constructed, which, if permitted to establish itself, and proceed any farther with its present operations, may, in a very few years, lay the Church prostrate at the feet of any Irish demagogue or Socinian manufacturer who may happen, for the curse of his country, to be thrust into power in the legislature.

The Bishop of Exeter was the first to point out the magnitude of this danger, and we refer to his lordship's last charge for the best exhibition of its character\*. We are indeed in a great strait. We have made the monarch, in his own person, the supreme ruler of the Church—and the monarch is now in the hands of a majority of the House of Commons—a majority no longer secured even as lukewarm nominal members of its religious communion. And yet a body has been established which, with all its seeming precaution of oaths, and its conditions of co-operation, may soon be completely manageable by any minister of the Crown, whoever he be. It is fixed on an independent basis—has its seals, its officers, its power of administering oaths and examining witnesses—and has become, in fact, the depository of a very large portion of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the king. It commences with proposing to cut down our cathedral institutions to such a point that their longer existence will be impossible—to make a vital change in their patronage—to take into its hands a considerable portion of the Episcopal revenues and distribute them to the bishops as their stipendiaries—to interfere with the parochial superintendence of bishops within their own dioceses—and to receive and distribute at will a large portion of ecclesiastical revenue, which was never intended to be so distributed, least of all by such a body.

The State, that is, its present miserable representatives, the Commons of Great Britain, are on the verge of apostatizing from the Church, and dragging the nation with them by the help of a papistical majority. One more election may decide the act; and with all the cheering hopes before us, no one can look without intense anxiety to the possibility of their frustration. Is this a

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\* The reader will find the character of this Commission further expounded in Mr. Beason's admirable Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln, which reaches us as this article is passing through the press.

time for creating any power—for permitting any precedent—which after such an apostacy may be turned against the Church? Is it not a time for the most careful observation and vigilance; for checking every fresh encroachment of the State; for marking the limits of her power; for securing retreats and bulwarks for the Christian faith in any emergency? Let the people of England remember that they are the Church, and not the clergy—that their liberties are at stake, and their religion threatened—and they will recall themselves to thought and action. We trust that something more than a few faint remonstrances—that a general movement throughout the country will be roused in opposition to these fearful innovations. We trust that one unhappy precedent in the history of the late act will never again be followed—that no further recommendations of the Commission will be assented to by the Crown, till the *bishops at large* have been consulted and have sanctioned them. We trust that a little reflection will cancel the errors already committed, and will wholly and entirely suppress the alterations proposed for the future; and that the Church will be left to herself to work out, not by statutes and bills, but by the energy of her own heart, and the reviving spirit of her ancestors, the salvation of herself, and in herself the salvation of the country.

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ART. VIII.—*Portugal and Gallicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces, and a few Remarks on Recent Events in Spain.* 2 vols. post 8vo. Lond. 1837.

THIS is a very remarkable work. It is not only a graphic description of the face of the country, and an impartial and sagacious account of the moral and political condition of Spain and Portugal; but it relates also a series of personal adventures and perils, very unusual in modern Europe; and which, while they do honour to the spirit of him who sought information at such risks, exhibit more of the real state of the Iberian Peninsula than could have been obtained by a less ardent and less intrepid inquirer.

There is no name in the title-page, but the author is known to be the Earl of Carnarvon, who seems to have combined the modern thirst for information with the adventurous spirit of the ancient Herberts, and who has the additional quality of being a very elegant and amusing writer.

In July 1827, his Lordship (then Lord Porchester) embarked on board a steam-packet for Lisbon, where he landed on the 2nd of

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of August. Our readers will recollect that this was the crisis when a kind of impromptu constitution, which Dom\* Pedro of Brazil had hastily concocted at Rio, was imposed on the Portuguese people, under the auspices of an English army occupying the capital and of an English fleet in the Tagus.† Our readers will also recollect what we before said of the anomaly which this affair exhibited, of a *foreign* potentate—for such the Emperor of Brazil was by his own admission—assuming, under the pretexts of a *liberal* policy and of a regard for popular rights, to dictate to a distant and independent nation a constitution of his own personal manufacture; the most daring exertion of the old divine right of despotism—not even excepting Buonaparte's attempts in the same line—that had ever been exhibited. The real object of this imperial liberalism was soon seen! Pedro had discovered that his position at Rio was untenable, and he devised this plan of conferring the crown on his then infant daughter, as the only means of preventing the legal and really constitutional settlement of the kingdom under the right heir, and of keeping the throne of Portugal open for his own occupation whenever he might be able to make his escape from the perilous thralldom of his Brazilian empire. The Portuguese nation were indignant at this insulting juggle. They endeavoured to throw off this foreign imposition. Their resistance, and the interference of other powers (particularly England and France), gave the rights of the puppet queen a *consistency* which Pedro, when he at last escaped from Rio, found to his great disappointment he could not in the first moment shake—and he therefore was obliged to appear in the character of *defender* of the throne which he intended to have filled in *his own right*; but no one who knows anything of the facts can doubt that to the last he entertained those hopes, and would probably have been, for a time at least, successful in the attempt, but that he, *most opportunely* for the constitutional party, died, and left his daughter in undivided possession of the whole of the liberal support, foreign and domestic. We shall not recapitulate the proofs which we formerly advanced (Quart. Rev.‡ vol. xlix. p. 829) to show that by the fundamental constitution of Portugal, enacted by the Cortes of Lamego in 1145, and confirmed on the

\* The Spaniards spell the word *Don*—the Portuguese always *Dom*.

† We never could satisfy ourselves of the strict propriety of this part of Mr. Canning's policy—though it stood on very different grounds from our recent intervention—having been required under ancient treaties against a threatened invasion from Spain. The invasion we always believed to be a problematical danger; but such as it was, it soon vanished altogether, and the Duke of Wellington's government very properly recalled our forces.

‡ We request our readers to turn to that article where the question of the Portuguese succession is treated on grounds which *have not* been, and which, we believe, *cannot* be, contradicted either in law or in fact.

accession of the house of Braganza in 1640, which is at once the 'Bill of Rights' and 'Act of Settlement' of Portugal, Dom Miguel was the legal heir to the Portuguese throne. The fact is as indisputable as that William IV. has a better claim to the throne of England than the Duchess of Angoulême, or any other foreign descendant of James II. Such was Dom Miguel's right in law—what his claim was under the modern doctrine of the right of a people to choose their own sovereign, Lord Carnarvon will tell us by very emphatical facts. So that in whatever way the question could be discussed—whether on constitutional right or on popular favour—there is no doubt—not the slightest, we will venture to assert—that Dom Miguel was the rightful sovereign of Portugal; and that if it had not been for *foreign intervention* (so deprecated by the liberals in principle, but so shamefully employed in practice) he would have been, by the all but unanimous concurrence of the nation, maintained on the throne to which the constitution called him, and which the nation itself had forced him to ascend. We have already said (ib. 535) that between Pedro, Maria de Gloria, and Miguel, 'we do not care a fig, and would not cast our old pen into the balance in favour of any one of them personally;' nor do we think that English interests were in any way concerned in the litigation—but historical truth obliges us to re-assert as a matter of fact, that *such* was the true state of the question of the Portuguese succession.

While the first introductory scenes of this great drama of fraud and violence were playing, Lord Carnarvon arrived in Lisbon; and it is not too much to say that, although his lordship is too fair and too sagacious a man to have implicitly adopted *ex-parte* prepossessions, the inclination of his mind was originally in favour of the new constitution, which by its plausible professions naturally won the good-will of the friends of civil and religious liberty. His lordship appears to have been converted by personal experience from his original impressions; and his final testimony, therefore, against the *liberal* policy of England both in Portugal and Spain, is of the greatest authority, and indeed we think ought to be, even with the most determined Pedroites and Christinos of *this* country, quite decisive—with the Pedroites and Christinos of the Peninsula, neither it nor any other appeal to principles of truth and justice can of course have any effect, seeing that their own personal interests, place, power, and impunity are deeply concerned with the maintenance of that illegal and unjust system of which the British cabinet are, if not the original promoters, at least the most efficient support.

We regret that we cannot consider Lord Carnarvon's book in a merely literary view, and confine our observations to the at once accurate

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accurate and brilliant description of his *travels* in Portugal and Spain. He is an enthusiastic yet discriminating admirer of the beauties of nature, which, he never fails to *people*, as it were, with lively and characteristic sketches of the costume, manners, and morals of the inhabitants. What the face of the country offers to him or to any traveller, he describes with great clearness and power, but he goes in quest of what few travellers give themselves much trouble to investigate—the feelings and habits, the social and intellectual condition of the people; but in this research he has naturally fallen in with matters of such pressing political interest and importance, as must necessarily absorb the greater share of the attention either of reader or reviewer.

On the 24th of August, 1827, his lordship set out for a tour through the centre and north of Portugal and the adjoining Spanish province of Galicia. He had already made an excursion to Cintra—occupied by the British Guards: he now proceeded by Mafra, Alcobaça, and Batalha towards Oporto. On the banks of the Mondego he met a labourer, who greeted him with a heartfelt '*Vivan los Ingleses*,' 'the first and last tribute of popular enthusiasm towards my country that my ear met in Portugal.' (vol. i. p. 45.) We shall see, by and by, that the once revered and beloved character of an *Englishman* has been changed, by our impolitic intervention, into a positive incentive to insult; and although in the better regulated countries of Europe there is not the same *danger* which Lord Carnarvon experienced, yet we believe every recent continental traveller must have seen that an Englishman is visited with the sins of his government, in the dislike and jealousy with which he is *everywhere* regarded, and particularly in those quarters where the name of England had been, for the last hundred and fifty years, most respected and honoured. The policy of Lord Palmerston 'has cooled our friends and heated our enemies;' and, what is worse, has made such breaches in the international law of Europe, as may hereafter afford precedents, *out of our own book*, dangerous to our national existence.

At Oporto Lord Carnarvon was kindly received by the governor, Count Villa Flor, and his beautiful lady. The count was one of the chiefs of the constitutional party, and was entrusted with the command of this district, second only in importance—if, indeed, it was even second—to that of Lisbon. He was now in the full bloom of power, having been the chief hand in putting down the anti-constitutional insurrection in Traz os Montes; but he used his power with moderation, and endeavoured to restore peace and confidence by official impartiality and personal affability,

lity, though he seemed little apprehensive of the vicissitudes which awaited him.

'On the 12th of October, the anniversary of Dom Pedro's birth, Count Villa Flor reviewed the troops, who were well equipped, went through their evolutions admirably, and received the announcement of the charter with loud "Vivas!" I put on my uniform of the Somersetshire yeomanry, and accompanied him to the field, where I observed to one of the officers, "These regiments are well affected to the Emperor." "Yes," he replied; "but will they send forth these loyal shouts when another year brings round another 12th of October?" At that moment the standard happened to fall. "This omen is not propitious to your cause," I replied, laughingly. Before a year had elapsed, the officers then present were dispersed, their gallant chief exiled, and the constitution had ceased to exist.'—vol. i. p. 77.

But on Dom Pedro's success in 1833, Count Villa Flor 'pursued the triumph and partook the gale;' he was created Duke of Terceira and placed with the Count Palmella, also created a Duke, at the head of affairs. We shall see, by and by, how, in a subsequent scene of this deplorable drama, the revolutionary principle which they contributed to introduce has treated the Dukes of Terceira and Palmella.

A few days after this review, Lord Carnarvon set out on a tour into the province of Traz os Montes (beyond the mountains), the *Highlands* of Portugal, where an extensive insurrection against Dom Pedro's charter had been recently repressed by Count Villa Flor; and it is not unimportant to observe that this revolt was directed against the *charter*, while Dom Miguel was still an exile, we might almost say prisoner, at Vienna. Lord Carnarvon thus characterizes this mountaineer race and their recent insurrection:—

'I was now entering the Traz os Montes, a province inhabited by a very peculiar people, restless, intrepid, and aspiring, the only part of the native population which has retained its original character, unaffected by the lapse of centuries; a fine manly race, possessing the savage virtues in perfection—the first to act, and the last to submit: they are the Catalans of Portugal. The spirit of the age has respected their mountain barriers, no modern refinements have enfeebled their native hardihood, and they still differ in manners, feeling, and even in external appearance, from their countrymen, and from the rest of the European community. The great insurrection, then recently appeased, had originated partly in a real affection for the ancient system, and partly in a spirit of exaggerated attachment to the Silveira family: so deep was their devotion to that ill-fated house, that those priests who were opposed to the revolt could not restrain their excited parishioners, over whose minds their slightest word had generally the force of law. . . . The people had been undoubtedly impelled by the most genuine enthusiasm,

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siasm, and they fought under the banner of that chivalrous house with a gallantry which claimed the praise, and obtained the respect, of every candid opponent. The prevailing spirit was still decidedly hostile to the constitution, and they were writhing under a sense of recent defeat and actual humiliation; but these feelings had been greatly mitigated by the wise and humane policy of the conquerors.'—vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

To this general picture we must add one, of their domestic manners:—

'In these wild districts the stately manners which characterized the nobility of the feudal world are still sometimes retained among the families of the great. I have said that a strong feeling of vassalage exists in their dependents; a haughty sense of superior birth divides these nobles from the rest of society; even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social habits; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and, long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents: they are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not, in their presence, remain uncovered; or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded those ancient and patriarchal halls, still, where these forms, the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age, are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.'—vol. i. pp. 89, 90.

Lord Carnarvon returned to Oporto from this excursion through the northern parts of the province of Beira—which, and its inhabitants, partake a good deal of the mountainous character of the Traz os Montes: but on the 14th of November he again set out, intending to visit the *Entre Minho e Douro*, the north-western province of Portugal, Galicia, which it borders, and to return by those more distant regions of the Traz os Montes which he had not before visited. The *Minho*, as it is shortly called, seems the garden of Portugal.

'Groups of oak and chestnut adorned the neighbouring hills, and presented all the beautiful combinations of park scenery; while the villages through which we passed were thickly peopled, had every appearance of comfort, and were generally embosomed in a grove of trees. Beneath their shade this happy population is accustomed to collect at eve, and spend the last hours of the day in dancing, and in singing old traditional ballads to the sound of their favourite guitar; for tales of love and chivalry, forgotten in other parts of the kingdom, are still cherished in this loyal land. All in the Minho seems redolent of joy: the country pleasing, the climate fine, and a perpetual sunshine on the

face of man shows that oppression has no entrance here. Their religion, cheerful as it is sincere, is quite divested of the fanatic spirit that obscures it in the southern provinces, and in the neighbouring Traz os Montes. Devotional expeditions to their chapels, placed, like landmarks, on the highest hills, are generally combined with feasts and merry-makings; many vows, besides those addressed to their saints, are there offered up. . . . Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamental balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances, in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb show. For instance, a swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn no inattentive ear to his pleading; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty—love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—and is forgiven . . . During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancers; and, when I remembered that the actors in the scene were but the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed, by persons in their rank of life, of giving correct expression to those feelings.’—vol. i. pp. 112-114.

The political bias of this happy people is incidentally told:—

‘A [Pedroite] soldier accompanied me to the inn, and told me that the inhabitants were almost *universally opposed to the charter*; adding, that they still maintained communications with the exiled adherents of the Silveiras, and that in consequence of their vicinity to the Spanish frontier, the [Pedroite] garrison lived in constant dread of a descent upon the coast.’—vol. i. p. 111.

And again—

‘I supped with an officer who had just marched into the town [Ponte di Lima] to suppress an insurrection which had broken out in favour of Dom Miguel; for the public mind was at that time excited by the recent intelligence of his nomination to the Regency. The inhabitants of this town, and of all the surrounding district, were *notoriously hostile to the Constitution*.’—vol. i. p. 119.

And this, be it remembered, while Dom Miguel was still at Vienna! These indications of national feeling, when Miguel was at a distance and powerless, ought to be conclusive against the policy adopted by England—with those at least who base all national authority on the popular will.

The next day but one Lord Carnarvon passed the river Minho, and entered Spain, where he had some years before—during the reign of the constitution of 1820—passed a considerable time; and

and he gives in one emphatic sentence his opinion of the result of that insane mockery of a government—

‘I was now again in Spain, that land of romance, in which I had so long resided during the stormy period of her last revolution. How many changes had occurred in her eventful annals since that time! and how completely had her fair prospects been blighted by the folly and oppression of that assembly [the Cortes] to whose collective wisdom their ill-fated country had vainly looked for her political regeneration! . . .

‘I explored the environs [of Vigo] with Don Louis Menendez, and a noble individual, who had been one of the few reasonable members of the Cortes of 1820. He spoke with deep feeling of the actual state of his country, and justly attributed the failure of the Constitutionalists to their own intemperate conduct. The arbitrary suppression of the convents; the unqualified abolition of entails, and the decree by which certain properties became subject to forfeiture when the title-deeds could not be produced, were acts for which they deserved the execration of every honest man, and which might have shaken a far more legitimate government.’—vol. i. pp. 123, 124.

He next visited Compostella. After a short but graphic description of this ‘Mecca of the Christian world,’ he proceeds to Corunna, and was desirous, from a kind of pious enthusiasm, to visit Gijon, a little sea-port of the Asturias—

‘When I was quite a child, my uncle, Captain H——,\* sailed for Spain, not in his naval capacity, but as an individual anxious to behold that great display of patriotic feeling which was then fixing the attention of Europe on the Peninsula. He quitted England, but never returned again. His voyage was prosperous, and he reached the Spanish coast in safety, but was unexpectedly lost at the entrance of the port of Gijon, in the sight of numerous spectators, and while their shouts of welcome were ringing in his ears.’—vol. i. pp. 147, 148.

This visit to Gijon Lord Carnarvon was not able to accomplish, but the intention which he had announced ‘produced (as we shall presently see) singular and unexpected results.’ From Ferrol Lord Carnarvon reached Lugo: in the inn of which place he had ‘at a late hour retired to rest. In the middle of the night I was awakened by my servant, who told me that some officers of the police were waiting below to accompany me to the Town-hall, where my presence was required. Tired and sleepy, and greatly disinclined to comply with this ill-timed invitation, I speedily dismissed Antonio, and his dismissal was quickly followed by [the entrance of] a satellite of office in *propiã personã*. He entered the room descanting hugely on the gross indecorum of my conduct in presuming to sleep when the King’s authorities were themselves deprived of sleep on my account, and urged me to rise as I valued my reputation for loyalty.

‘Sundry guarantees for my appearance on the next day having been

\* The Honourable Charles Herbert, Captain in the Royal Navy, drowned in the harbour of Gijon, 12th September, 1808.

tendered and rejected, I had no alternative; so, following my garrulous disturber, I went to the Town-hall, where I found the authorities assembled. I begged to know their reason for summoning me at such an unusual hour, but could not obtain a direct answer. . . . It was, however, evident, from their questions, that they viewed my journey into that part of the country with uneasiness, and were peculiarly jealous of my communications with Muscoso and Moreda.'—vol. i. pp. 152, 153.

Moreda was the military commandant of the town, to whom Lord Carnarvon seems to have had a letter of introduction, and at his house he had accidentally met Muscoso, who had been minister of the interior during the revolution of 1820—

'On the following morning I found myself placed under arrest, and unable to leave the inn, a guard being stationed at the door. In this dilemma I wrote to my friend the commandant, requesting him to obtain my release, or, at all events, to acquaint me with the nature of the charges preferred against me. He immediately came to the inn, and informed me that I had been arrested on political grounds, expressing at the same time great indignation at the conduct of the civil authorities, with whom he was evidently at variance; for, indeed, he intimated that my communications with Muscoso and himself had precipitated my arrest.

'To such a curious state of disorganization was the Spanish government reduced in 1827, that the component members of the local administrations were engaged in watching and counteracting each other at a time of great general alarm, and when the calm co-operation of the civil authorities was peculiarly requisite. It must be remembered that a civil war was then raging in Catalonia, and had increased to so great an extent, that the King had actually left Madrid, and, in the hope of checking its progress, had proceeded to Tarragona. . . .

'Moreda was a man of high honour, sincerely attached to his royal master, but averse to intemperate measures, while the civil authorities were secretly favourable to the ultra-Royalist party, and therefore regarded him with jealousy and dislike.'—vol. i. pp. 154-159.

In spite, therefore, of Moreda's countenance, Lord Carnarvon's arrest was not only continued, but he was sent back to Compostella, the provincial capital, under a guard of soldiers. Against all this unaccountable violence Lord Carnarvon, of course, remonstrated; but when he found the authorities obstinate he submitted himself to it, as well as to the privations and discomforts, not to say dangers, of his forced march, with good sense and even good humour. Such adventures, indeed, were not altogether new to him; he here alludes to, and in his appendix gives a detailed account of, a romantic and most perilous accident which befel him in the neighbourhood of Montserrat, in Catalonia, during the insurrectionary war of 1822, when—with somewhat of that habitual incredulity of, and that wilful indifference to danger, which distinguish English travellers—he ventured to explore a district which was the actual scene of the hostile movements of the two parties, and

and had arranged to sleep at a little town called Vilia, the very day on which it was to be the scene of a desperate conflict—indeed, almost a pitched battle between the two armies.

‘As we proceeded on our journey the scenery became bolder, the road bordered the precipice, and the mountain formed itself into a series of recesses or inland bays, terminated by projecting heights. As we turned one of these headlands, we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back, as if startled, and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter of the rock; shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, they came with their muskets to their breasts and their hand to the trigger, rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth, from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented in a course so rapid, the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an irruption of savages than the charge of an organized Guerrilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over, they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trousers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us, they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, “You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!”’—vol. i. pp. 318, 319.

We have not room for the details of this extraordinary adventure—full of as wild and fearful interest as any Radcliffe novel—during which, in the protracted presence of an apparently inevitable death, Lord Carnarvon showed (much as he must have repented the foolhardihood which got him into so frightful a scrape) a combination of presence of mind, discretion, and courage, which probably saved his life, and certainly very much exalts his personal character. The narrative is also an excellent specimen of his lordship’s style. It paints the scenes and the actors to the life—the different characters of the individual banditti are sketched with dramatic—perhaps we might say *melodromatic* vigour; and if we had not a pre-knowledge that Lord Carnarvon had finally survived the danger, the interest would be intensely painful.

Such adventures as these had prepared Lord Carnarvon to bear with comparative indifference the hardships of his Gallician arrest. The first night of their march they were lodged in a ruinous building in a small village, where an incident occurred, which, for its singularity, we are tempted to extract:—

‘The night was far advanced when a loud knocking was heard at the door; two servants being admitted, announced the approach of their mistress,

mistress, the most influential person in the immediate neighbourhood. Directly afterwards, she appeared, followed by a train of domestics, and evidently decorated to the utmost advantage. Her dress was extremely antiquated, but had been gorgeous in days of yore; it was, I have little doubt, an heir-loom in the family, and had probably been worn by herself, and by her maternal ancestors for some generations past, on every solemn occasion. The soldiers received her with every demonstration of formal respect. The stately dame began by saying, she had only just been informed that a party of troops engaged in the royal service were quartered in a miserable building near her house. She expressed her hopes, that no circumstances displeasing to his majesty's government had given rise to such an unusual occurrence; she trusted, her devout aspirations on this head would be confirmed; but at all events esteemed it the bounden duty of a loyal subject to congratulate the troops on their safe arrival, and to assure the individual entrusted with the command, that the loyalty which had ever distinguished her family had suffered no diminution in the person of their actual representative. She concluded by declaring that her house, her grounds, and all her goods were at the entire disposal of the king's troops, as long as they remained in the neighbourhood. The serjeant answered in a strain as formal and polite, and in language far above his station: he thanked her for the affection which she bore the royal cause, and for this mark of attention to his majesty's servants. He spoke in gratifying terms of the proverbial loyalty of her house, and wished that his majesty possessed more supporters, true-hearted as herself, in these degenerate times, when, in too many instances, the son had fallen away from his father's faith. He touched lightly, and with address, upon the object of the expedition, and concluded by declining her offer of accommodation, as the night was far spent, and his troops were obliged to renew their march at break of day. A profusion of parting compliments were then exchanged, which, time and place considered, were rather entertaining. The door was then opened—two menials went forth in advance to clear the way, and after them paced forth the pompous dame; then all her attendants followed; but it must be confessed, their ragged attire spoke ill for the fortunes of the loyal and illustrious line. She was, no doubt, a worthy soul, though not to me "her lips imperial ever spake;" indeed, she scarcely deigned to look on a suspected traitor. After her departure we retired to rest; I slept upon some heath in a shed that opened into the hall; the soldiers collected around the only point of egress, to prevent the possibility of my escape; scattered some straw on the floor, and placing their arms beside them, lay down to enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted repose."—vol. i. pp. 188-190.

Two or three days and nights, interspersed with accidents hardly less strange than the foregoing, brought the noble prisoner back to Compostella.

'We proceeded through the city to the residence of the captain-general. . . . And soon afterwards the secretary of police came to me, examined my passport, declared that it was perfectly correct, and expressed

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pressed his astonishment at the conduct of the authorities of Lugo, whom he denominated madmen. He said, he should represent their folly and insolence in the strongest colours to the captain-general, begged me to accept a thousand apologies, and restored me at once to perfect liberty.—vol. i. p. 212.

But his liberty was of short duration, for early on the following morning he was again placed under arrest, and conducted before the captain-general, the well-known Eguia—who examined him with all the solemnity and all the art of a grand inquisitor—declaring that the secretary of police, who had set him at liberty, was not aware of a voluminous correspondence, of which it appeared he had been the object, with all the local authorities since he entered Spain: his visits to Ferrol and Corunna, and his inquiries about the port of Gijon, with every little circumstance of his conversation and movements, were construed by the captain-general into a body of evidence that he was an emissary of a party hostile to the government, sent to fix on the fittest place for a descent on the coast. Lord Carnarvon's complexion, too, Eguia pronounced to be quite irreconcilable with his assertion that he was an Englishman—'twas clear that such dark hair and whiskers could belong only to a Spaniard; and when his lordship alleged, in reply to this last evidence, his foreign accent and imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language—Eguia told him that they were easily feigned, and could not outweigh the mass of condemnatory evidence he had collected against him.

The captain-general, however, did not ultimately remand him to prison, but permitted him to remain under arrest at the house of a gentleman of the town, to whom he had a letter of introduction, while a missive was dispatched to the British consul at Corunna, to inquire whether he would corroborate the prisoner's account of himself.—When that corroboration arrived, Lord Carnarvon was—set at liberty?—No; he was conducted under a guard to the frontier, and instead of pursuing his destined route, was obliged to return into Portugal the way he came; and so ended his travels in Galicia.

But it was not the royalist party alone which showed itself so ignorant and so jealous—the constitutionalists, *mutatis mutandis*, were equally bigoted, absurd, and tyrannical.

'I have seen the constitutionalists on the pinnacle of prosperity; I have seen them in the depths of misfortune. When compelled to eat the bitter bread of sorrow and distress, their views are temperate, their charity universal; they then acknowledge the value of an endowed church; they are impressed with the immense advantages resulting from a second chamber; and, in a truly Christian frame of mind, only wish for the establishment of some elementary principles of representative government which may secure liberty of person and undisturbed enjoyment

ment of property: yet when the cloud has passed away, and the revolutionary fortunes have become triumphant, the moderation of adversity, and the repentance of humiliation are equally forgotten; and perhaps no party in modern times has entertained more impracticable views, or waded through a deeper sea of guilt, than the truly misnamed *liberal* party of Spain. . . . .

‘I remember talking to a liberal in Valentia about the Inquisition, against which he declaimed with a truly patriotic energy. That institution was most annoying, he said, from its interference with the freedom of private life. “I hate oppression in any shape,” he continued, “I am a friend to the human race; if, indeed, there be a *Jew* among us, *burn him*, I say, *burn him alive*; but interference with honest men like you and me, on account of our opinions, is beyond endurance.”’—vol. i. pp. 143, 144, 235.

We wonder what Senor *Mendizabal* would say to *this*!

On Lord Carnarvon’s return to Lisbon he found the *regent* Dom Miguel just arrived, and was witness to the reluctant and ungracious, if not deceptive mode in which he swore to observe the constitution.

‘During the whole proceeding Dom Miguel’s countenance was overcast, and he had the constrained manner of a most unwilling actor in an embarrassing part. I read the approaching fate of the constitution in the sullen expression of his countenance; in the imperfect manner in which the oath was administered, and in the strange and general appearance of hurry and concealment.’—vol. i. pp. 283, 284.

Whatever may have been Dom Miguel’s personal feelings—and what they were may be gathered from the formal protest which he solemnly and publicly\* made at Vienna, reserving his personal and constitutional rights—it is clear from the despatches of Sir Frederick Lamb, as well as from the more impartial, detailed, and incidental testimony of Lord Carnarvon, that, even if he had wished to sell his birth-right and to maintain the charter, he could not have done it. The Portuguese nation would admit of no compromise of its rights, and what it considered—and justly considered—its liberties—for what was the whole farce of the Pedroite charter but a scandalous juggle to break down the ancient constitution of the kingdom, and to impose, by foreign fraud and foreign force, a puppet sovereign on the Lusitanian people? We have already seen that even while Dom Miguel was still in reclusion on the shores of the Danube the inhabitants of those of the Tagus and the Douro had raised the standard—not of Dom Miguel, he was but a type—but of an independent native sovereign, under their ancient laws and the fundamental charter of the House of Braganza. Lord Carnarvon is, on all these points, an adverse but candid witness,—he was, from youthful impressions and from his

\* We say *publicly* in the diplomatic sense—he annexed it to the kind of treaty which he signed, and thus communicated it to all the negotiating parties.

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personal connexions in Portugal, a friend to the charter; he, like every Englishman, was caught by the plausibilities of the new system, and hoped that a constitution somewhat similar to that which had raised his own country to so great a height of happiness and glory might afford equal benefits to the Portuguese; his testimony, therefore, always honest, is, in this particular, of the most irrefragable authority, for it is against his own personal opinions.

'Groups continued to assemble and shout for the Absolute King; and these proceedings were openly encouraged by persons within the palace, who appeared at the windows, joined in their "vivas," and waved white handkerchiefs in token of their cordial approbation. But the evening of the 1st of March was marked by serious tumults; and the strange selection of time and place, for the perpetration of those outrages, was perhaps the most extraordinary feature of all those extraordinary transactions. That evening was fixed on for the presentation of certain eminent persons, and many others availed themselves of that opportunity to repair to the palace, and offer the earliest tribute of their homage to the Infant; but their astonishment was extreme when they found the inner courts of the palace, and the flight of steps leading into the hall of the Archer's Guard, completely occupied by a lawless mob. To such an extent was the popular feeling at that time in favour of Dom Miguel, that every individual who entertained Constitutional opinions, however moderate, was assailed. The Cardinal Patriarch was compelled to make the sign of the Cross, to call down heavenly blessings on the excited people, and to join in the cry of "Down with the Charter." Fortunately, Count Villa Flor was absent, for the mob expected him with impatience, and had sworn to take his life; but General Caula was severely wounded, and the Count da Cunha was only rescued from assassination by some officers, who drew their swords to protect him in the palace itself.'—vol. i. 284-286.

All this was very bad—but it is surely evidence of the feelings of the people, and ought not to be undervalued by those who are so willing to found the sovereignty of Louis Philippe on the Three Great Days: and Lord Carnarvon confesses—for he did not approve of this reaction—that the movement was too strong and too rapid even for the Miguelite ministry.

'Rio Pardo, a decided absolutist, and then minister of the war department, terrified at the rapidity with which the wheel of revolution was revolving, exclaimed, "We have done in a week what could not have been effected, with safety, in a year."—vol. i. p. 290.

But Lisbon, occupied and controlled by an army composed of and officered by Pedrites, gave but a faint expression of what was passing in the country at large—into which Lord Carnarvon—disappointed and distressed at the reverses which his constitutional friends had suffered—resolved, with more spirit than prudence, to throw himself, with a view of seeing what the real feeling of the nation might be beyond the influence of the capital.

On

On his arrival at Setuval—a considerable town in the south of the kingdom—we have already seen the spirit which prevailed in the north—he was dissuaded from pursuing his journey, and the town itself soon exhibited a scene of which we must abridge his own forcible description. On an open space adjoining the town

‘an enormous concourse of people were assembled. Night had long set in, but we saw by the glare of the lamps the crowd collected most densely around a regimental band, which was playing with amazing spirit the Ultra-Royalist hymn; but even this favourite tune was often drowned by the deafening shouts of “Miguel the First, the Absolute the most Absolute King! and death to the Malleardos\*, death to the infamous Constitutionalists!” It was evident that the designs of the Miguelites in promoting this meeting had been crowned with success. The popular enthusiasm was at its height, and characterized by such extreme ferocity, that I could not behold it without awe, or hear the deadly imprecations heaped upon the Constitutionalists without feeling that a terrible hour of vengeance was at hand. I have mingled much in revolutionary scenes, but never before or since, have I seen the human face distorted by such a variety of horrible passions: passions cradled in fanaticism, nursed in silence and in gloom, but now roused to madness, and ready to break down every barrier opposed to their gratification. Every passing occurrence ministered to their hate, and furnished matter for hateful illustration: if a rocket went up ill, the people called it a Constitutionalist, a declaration received with yells expressive of the utmost detestation and contempt; if it rose well, they cried out that even thus should their knives be sent into the hearts of the accursed Freemasons, and then they expressed fervent wishes that their traitorous heads were burning in the wheel of the rocket. In short, among that assembled multitude all seemed alike transported by one common love for the Infant, by one common hatred to his opponents, and by one pervading sentiment of unlimited and almost phrenzied devotion to the church. They were inflamed by music and the spirit-stirring hymn; by wine, which gave an appalling character of desperation to their gestures; and by religious zealots, who whispered, in each pause of the storm, that every blow they struck was struck for God. It is difficult to describe the effect produced at intervals by the sudden glare of the fireworks dispersing the gloom and lighting up, though but for an instant, their stern and excited countenances. Those momentary gleams showed each man his neighbour’s passion, and strengthened his own from a sense of the general sympathy; so that every moment their expressions

\* The Constitutionalists were about this time contemptuously called the Malleardos, or Spotted Ones, in consequence of an accident that befel Dom Miguel; and the story is illustrative of the quick fancy and readiness of the people who made the application. He was driving an open carriage drawn by two spotted horses, which ran away with him with so much vehemence as to endanger his safety. The people, who were generally attached to Dom Miguel, immediately applied the term Malleardos to the Constitutionalists, thereby intending to express their belief that, in one respect at least, they resembled the spotted horses, being equally disposed to run away with the car of the state, and to compromise the safety of their prince.

of vengeance became fiercer, and their shoots more vehement and unintermitted.

'At length they raised the cry of "Death to the English!" My host had long before urged me to quit the scene, but the deep interest with which I viewed these tumultuary proceedings fixed me spell-bound to the spot. Had my British origin been discovered, my situation might have been very unpleasant, but the same dark face, which in Spain convinced the authorities that I was a native outlaw, effectually shielded me at Setuval from the suspicion of being an Englishman; still my foreign accent might have betrayed me had I been compelled to speak, and I felt on many grounds the necessity of retiring, for the people were ripe for violence; and their leaders, seeing that the time for action had arrived, bade the music cease. The crowd, that had been long pent up, chafing like a mighty stream within a narrow channel, now overflowed on all sides, bearing down on Setuval to carry their revolutionary intentions into effect. In trying to disengage myself from the turmoil, I observed that I was often recognised as a stranger, though not as an Englishman. Many fierce inquiring glances were bent upon me, many persons seemed inclined to stop me, and were only prevented by the hurried movements of the multitude, which pressed on, rank after rank, like the waves of the sea; once, indeed, a savage-looking fellow, rendered still more fierce by intoxication, seized me by the coat, and, declaring that I was a Freemason, desired me to shout for the Absolute King. My actual position was not agreeable, for my host had warned me that although I might pass through the crowd unmolested, still if a mere urchin raised the cry of Freemason against me, the people, in their irritated state, might fail upon me, as a pack obeys a single hound; no well-known Constitutionalist would that night, he assured me, trust himself on that plot of ground for all the treasures of the British exchequer; but the danger, if real, was but momentary, for, disordered by wine and forced onwards by the irresistible pressure of the crowd, my assailant lost his hold before I had time to reply. Extricating myself from the crowd I took refuge in a knoll of trees behind the chapel, where I saw groups of men careering around with shouts and gesticulations absolutely demoniac, and rather resembling enraged wild beasts than rational beings; and still as I made the best of my way to the inn by a circuitous path, I heard the loud beat of the drum and the infuriated cries of the people, as they rushed to attack the dwellings of the Constitutionalists, who were, however, generally speaking, prepared for the tempest, and had fled from their houses some hours before the rising of the gale.'—vol. ii. pp. 28-33.

These are shocking scenes, but they are at least evidence of popular feeling, and of the danger of intervening by a foreign force to repress a national spirit. The hatred which the very name of England now inspires to our most ancient ally, arises solely from our having—not merely by our influence, but by our ships and regiments—endeavoured to impose on the Portuguese nation a constitution for which it was not ripe, and which, even if it had been otherwise palatable, must have been odious when presented

sented at the point of foreign bayonets. The moment that a return to a sounder policy recalled the British troops, and left the Portuguese to settle their own affairs, the nation burst out into such excesses as Lord Carnarvon witnessed—excesses which are, in truth, mainly attributable to the antecedent violence by which it had been attempted to coerce the national independence.

After this terrible lesson, a less adventurous traveller would have abandoned his proposed journey into the more remote and less civilized districts of Algarve and Alemtejo; but Lord Carnarvon, again, we must say with more spirit than prudence, persisted in his course. His first dangers were certainly not from mobs.

'We reached the famous Sierra di Monchique, a mountain-range constituting the northern barrier of Algarve. For many miles before we approached it the country was extremely desolate: for hours together we neither saw any villages, nor even passed a single hut: the few peasants whom we met seemed both astonished and terrified by the appearance of a traveller. Boys and women fled as we drew near, and, when they had not sufficient time to escape, testified the utmost alarm; even the men retreated, when they descried us at a distance.'

'More than once I rode towards some of the peasantry, to inquire our way, but each in turn invariably fled as I advanced; and when I pressed the pursuit, till I had arrived within a few feet of my fugitive, he suddenly vanished, sinking into the gum-cistus, where he lay effectually concealed from my view. In vain I perambulated the place, and shouted; I could not discover the foolish fellow among those high bushes, and neither prayers nor menaces could draw him from his hiding place.'—vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

An enthusiast, as he tells us, from his youth, about the sea and seamen and sea-fights, Lord Carnarvon made a long *détour* to visit Cape St. Vincent, in which he was accompanied by the voluntary kindness of the corregidor of Lagos, the town nearest the Cape, but nearly two days' ride from it. Indeed, nothing could exceed the hospitality and politeness with which Lord Carnarvon was received everywhere in Portugal by all classes, except during the unhappy bursts of political reaction.

The civilities of the corregidor of Lagos, and of most of the other gentlemen he fell in with, were practical and in excellent taste, but the formalities of politeness are sometimes carried to a ridiculous excess.

'I called one morning on a high Dignitary of the Church, and ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation: my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound: when I arrived at the door of the  
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second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us: when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a low bow and, as I supposed, a final salutation: but no, when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs: when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increased humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall-door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.—vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

At Faro, his Portuguese servant, Antonio, who had not the same exciting motives as his master, declined—under a double depression of sickness and terror—to accompany him any farther, and he hired in his room one Juan, a Pyrenean borderer, who had somehow wandered into Algarve. This was an additional difficulty, for Juan had but a poor reputation, and although, as it turned out, he experienced more danger from Lord Carnarvon, than Lord Carnarvon from Juan, yet his lordship was never quite sure that, in addition to his public perils, he had not the personal risk of having a robber and assassin for his companion; but Lord Carnarvon had no choice. The crisis of the struggle between Dóm Miguel and the friends of the charter now approached, and he

‘found no one disposed to accompany me through a country so proverbial for the fierceness of its inhabitants as Alentejo, at a time when it was evidently on the eve of breaking out into open insurrection [against the charter]. During my stay at Faro, very serious apprehensions were entertained for the tranquillity of the town; the people had already given very obvious indications of angry feeling, and great disturbances were expected on the morning previous to my departure; but the storm blew over for that day, and the explosion did not immediately take place.’—vol. ii. p. 83.

All classes in all places exhibited the same hostility to the charter, and the same devotion to him whom they considered their lawful sovereign. At Tavira, the last town on the southern coast,

‘we found many persons assembled at the governor’s house; recent events were the subject of conversation, and although each individual

was

was guarded in the expression of his opinion, it was evident that the general feeling inclined strongly to the Infant. They maintained his heart was excellent, excused his early follies, and declared that the enthusiastic attachment felt for him in Algarve knew no bounds. Madame said, that ladies wept when they spoke of their prince, and carried his portrait in their bosoms, a fact undoubtedly true, as I was assured by one lady that she wore his miniature next to her heart by day and night. The governor informed me that he experienced the utmost difficulty in preventing the people of Tavira from committing acts of violence against persons supposed to be adverse to Dom Miguel's claims. . . .

'Society was very languid at Tavira, partly from local causes, and partly from the gloomy aspect of public affairs; the regiment of Tavira had declared in favour of the Infant on the first announcement of the charter, and had taken refuge in Spain after the suppression of the revolt; the wives of the exiled officers remained at home, and spent their solitary hours in praying for their injured prince, and in mourning over their absent lords.'—vol. ii. pp. 86-90.

At Mertola, situated on the Guadiana, he found the town 'in a state of extreme agitation. The *people* had risen against the authorities some hours before my arrival, and had proclaimed Dom Miguel Absolute King; and large bodies of men were still parading the streets, wearing the Miguelist colours, and threatening to renew the tumults of the preceding day. An immense proportion of the nobility, the clergy, and the magistracy had placed themselves at the head of the movement, and, at a public meeting just held, had drawn up a petition entreating the Infant to abolish the democratic institutions recently established.'—vol. ii. p. 102.

At Beja, still more inland, Lord Carnarvon received some hints that his purposes were suspicious, and his presence not very popular—

'The mayor received me with great civility, but expressed the most unfeigned surprise at the arrival of an English Lor, as he emphatically called me, observing that the motives which could have induced me to visit Beja were quite unfathomable, and far exceeded his powers of divination. The greatest impediment to my researches invariably arose from the total inability of the natives to comprehend the feeling which prompts an Englishman to forsake the comforts of his native land, and prosecute a fatiguing and hazardous journey through a disturbed country.

'In the neighbourhood of the great Peninsular towns, the people, accustomed to the visits of Englishmen, acknowledge the harmless nature of their investigations, and only wonder at the national infatuation. But my arrival created the utmost astonishment in those remote and secluded parts of southern Portugal which had been rarely visited by a stranger; being engaged in no mercantile transactions, and having no ostensible business, I could not assign any of those reasons which influence other travellers, and render their motives explicable to the mind of a foreigner.

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'My journey to the fortress of Sagres, and afterwards to Cape St. Vincent, had not only excited surprise, but actual consternation. The most absurd reports of an approaching descent upon the coast by a British force were circulated among the people, and credited by persons whose more extended means of information should have preserved them from the popular error. The people of Beja were so suspicious of my motives, that some gentlemen to whom I sent letters of introduction were rather disposed to treat them as forgeries, than to admit that an Englishman of rank could actually be travelling through the country, at such a time, for the mere gratification of his curiosity.'—vol. ii. pp. 107, 108.

This is a feeling pretty general in rude districts all over the world; but it is quite clear that it was his character of an *Englishman* which at this moment rendered him so peculiarly obnoxious to suspicion. He, however, pursued his way—

'As I made further progress over these wild plains, there were symptoms of the moral storm, distinct and obvious to the most careless eye. I observed couriers occasionally riding in breathless haste; peasants coming from different quarters, all bearing the red cockade; beggars, who no longer paused to supplicate, but wore a look of fierce excitement, and pushed on in one direction, as if they scented a richer prey; and once I passed a strange, wild-looking man, apparently half pilgrim and half prophet, declaiming, in the emphatic language of the day, in favour of the prince. These circumstances convinced me that society was ruffled by no passing breeze, but was upheaving from its lowest depths.

'It was now clear, from the statements of all with whom we paused for a moment to converse, that the long-apprehended revolt had actually taken place, and that the people were on all sides rising *en masse* against the Constitutionalists. Our situation had now become extremely precarious: Beja, which we had just left, was manifestly on the eve of an explosion; Evora, which lay before us, was actually the scene of fearful commotions, and the same spirit was rapidly diffusing itself through all the neighbouring towns and villages; in short, it was evident, from many concurring accounts, that both in front and in rear, towards the western wilds, and along the Spanish frontier, revolution, from which there seemed no escape, inevitable revolution had drawn around us its fiery circle.

"Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito,"

was, however, in this emergency my safest and indeed my only principle of action.'—vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

But the period of his journey had now arrived:—

'Passing under a high arch and entering the town of Evora, we were challenged by the sentinel on duty, who at first supposed me to be a Spaniard, and, under that impression, behaved with the utmost civility; but my passport soon revealed my English origin, and this discovery produced an immediate change of manner. The city was apparently in a very excited state, for the people had collected together in groups in the public square, and were engaged in earnest conversation, but seeing

me stopped by the guard they flocked around us to inquire the cause, and heard that I was an Englishman with marked displeasure. . . . Several fierce enthusiasts threatened, and indeed seemed preparing, to pull me from my horse. In this annoying conjuncture the sentinel gave a fortunate direction to the growing ferment by declaring me a state prisoner, whose machinations ought to be fully investigated, and for this purpose he would take me to the town-hall and submit my case to the mayor; the people acquiesced in his proposal, and shouted, "To the mayor! to the mayor!"—vol. ii. pp. 117, 118.

We cannot detail all the accidents and dangers which followed this benevolent arrest: with equally good-natured anxiety for his personal safety he was committed first to the guard-room, but, as the popular fury rose, that even appeared too weak a place of defence, and he was finally, and not without imminent danger, removed to the jail, a prison of considerable strength, but evidently not equal to resist an attack, which was openly announced for the object of murdering the prisoners. His situation was now in every way painful and perilous—

'I had never entirely recovered from the feverish attack under which I had suffered in the Algarve, and the want of fresh air and exercise now produced a return of indisposition, and the appalling cry of "Death to the Prisoners," which rose that evening from groups collected beneath my windows, jarred peculiarly on a mind then restless and irritable from disease, . . . and the violence of the mob, which occasionally collected around the prison, convinced me that even its thick walls and ponderous bars would not afford its inmates any certain protection against a sudden burst of popular fury. I was also hardly satisfied with my own conduct. A dislike to bend to circumstances and alter the route I had originally fixed on, when the expediency of such an alteration had become apparent, assisted, in some degree, by a desire to see the great political change in progress, had carried me into scenes which cooler heads would have avoided; and if the loss of life should eventually prove the penalty of my indiscretion, such a termination of my exploit would not be cheered by any consolatory reflections, for I should have perished in an expedition that could hardly under any circumstances have been useful to others or to myself.'—vol. ii. pp. 140, 142.

One night, early in his imprisonment, he 'was suddenly and terribly awakened. I started' (he says) 'up and drank in with eager ears the most dreadful yell that I ever yet heard sent forth by an infuriated people; that shout I felt at once was no longer a general expression of political animosity, but the voice of popular passion freshly and violently excited. The crowd, however, which had so fearfully revealed its near approach, rushed on, and in a moment more I could scarcely hear the distant sound of their heavy tread; but the volcano was labouring, and the eruption was at hand. . . . Soon afterwards small parties rushed down the streets calling out for arms, knocking at the houses, and exhorting their friends to rise; the signal was obeyed, the groups were reinforced, and the tumult increased. At length the drum

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drum beat to arms, and the tocsin sent forth its formidable peal. At this tremendous summons the insurrection became universal, and a furious crowd pressed down the street, as through the main artery of the city. . . . I vainly endeavoured to discover from their hasty exclamations the object of the rising; I wearied my mind in conjecturing the cause. The insurgents had already expelled the regular troops and had proclaimed the Infant—king; the Imperialists had everywhere submitted to their dictation, and the Miguelists remained undisputed masters of the city. Against whom, then, was this furious ebullition directed? My blood froze as the only probable answer suggested itself to my mind. An attack on the prisons had long been threatened by the mob and dreaded by the authorities; for they were then overflowing with those real and supposed partisans of Don Pedro's cause, who had been arrested during that distracted time; and night after night the awful cry of "Death to the Prisoners" had been raised under the prison windows. The people were then probably directing their course to the great prison in the square, and when they had satiated their rage in the blood of its ill-fated inmates, would, I supposed, undoubtedly retrace their steps to the prison in which I was confined, and there renew the slaughterous work. About this time the jailor entered my apartment to fetch a loose ~~bar~~ that was lying in a corner of the room. The old man was evidently possessed with the same belief; he was labouring under extreme agitation, but said resolutely that he would fortify the prison doors, and defend them against the mob to the last extremity.'—vol. ii. pp. 147-151.

These anticipations were erroneous—this tumult arose from an attempt of the Pedroite army to recover the town; a severe action ensued, in which the Miguelites were successful—but the toil of the day and the triumph of victory diverted the thoughts of the populace from the prisoners.

'Their exhaustion was so complete that during the rest of the day a death-like stillness pervaded the populous city of Evora; not a shout, not an exclamation, not even the common sounds of social life were heard; but the ceaseless dash of the fountain playing in the adjacent street alone interrupted a silence which contrasted singularly with the stormy excitement of the morning. Night came on, and an anxious night it was to every prisoner. The fall of the Corregidor [who had been displaced] had been chiefly owing to the efforts he had made to shield unoffending citizens from the lawless arrests of the mob, and to preserve those who were arrested from further violence. Our protector had now fallen, and, although we might indulge in hope, we had no longer any assurance of protection. . . . Though fatigued and slumbering for the moment, we had every reason to apprehend that the spirit of popular vengeance would revive with the reviving energies of the people. But, contrary to the general expectation, the desire of shedding the blood of the prisoners decreased when every barrier to the perpetration of such an act was removed; for, elated by their signal triumph over the troops, and gratified by the deposition of the obnoxious Corregidor,

regidor, the leaders of the insurrection heard with less impatience the calm remonstrances of their superiors in station, and allowed the public feeling to take a better direction."—vol. ii. pp. 155-157.

It does not appear how long this agony was protracted—but it must have been for several days, as Lord Carnarvon was not released but by the interposition of the British minister at Lisbon. Even then, poor Juan the borderer was retained in durance, and it was not till after considerable delay and difficulty that Lord Carnarvon obtained the poor fellow's release. He himself was sent under *surveillance* to the capital:—

'The high towers of Evora faded in the distance. I had intended to have visited Elvas, a fortress of great national importance, but could not deviate from the route prescribed by the authorities, my passport being made out for Lisbon in the name of the king, Dom Miguel the First, although he had not yet assumed the crown. It was, I believe, the first passport drawn up in that form, and was, as such, alluded to in the debates that took place on the affairs of Portugal in the British House of Commons.'—vol. ii. pp. 166, 167.

Thus we see that, before Dom Miguel had assumed the crown, the country had already proclaimed him, and his position was, in some degree, analogous to that of Louis Philippe after the *Three Days*; for if either of these princes had refused, or even longer delayed, to accept the crown, the most deplorable anarchy would probably have ensued. There are, however, two main differences between the cases. Dom Miguel had a claim of right—we think an irresistible one—but at all events a *claim*, which his opponents admitted to be plausible, and which the universal voice and arms of the nation ratified as legal; while Louis Philippe was, *ex confesso*, an usurper, and *as such*, was proclaimed by the short-lived favour of the mob of the capital, with the bare acquiescence of the rest of the country. Yet,—if we are to believe his majesty's ministers,—Louis Philippe is a magnanimous sovereign, legitimated by the voice of the people, and Dom Miguel is a perjured usurper, who had not even a pretext to colour his rebellion!

We cannot refrain from extracting the candid and affecting observations with which Lord Carnarvon takes leave of the painful subject of Portuguese revolutions:—

'Since the period to which I am now alluding, the important question which then agitated men's minds in Portugal has been brought to an issue. Great changes have taken place in the *dramatis personæ*, time has removed the hostile brothers, the victor and the vanquished, from the stage; Dom Miguel is an exile, Dom Pedro dead. In touching upon some of the circumstances which led to the present state of things, I have endeavoured to speak of parties and events with perfect impartiality. Our interposition had at that period very much alienated the Miguelists from the English; but although I lived much more with the

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Imperialists at Lisbon than with their opponents, my opinions were not warped by this circumstance; I deprecate the severe and injudicious policy pursued by Dom Miguel on his return to Portugal, but I must not, in justice, withhold from his party the praise which is unquestionably their due. As a party, they were brave, sincere, high-principled, attached to their religion, and to the old institutions of their country. The honourable fidelity with which they adhered to the fortunes of their prince during the extremity of his reverses, and the unhesitating devotion with which men in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of life sacrificed every earthly possession in his cause, are circumstances that reflect upon them imperishable credit: but their virtues could not redeem his errors, or repair the calamities entailed upon their families and their country by his misjudging policy. In the provinces I found men of both parties anxious to facilitate my journey and to show me personal attention. Even at Evora, the authorities of the city, fairly borne down by the popular feeling, and trembling for their own existence, were, I think, really unwilling to impede my journey, and, with the exception of one individual, showed no disposition to aggravate the rigour of my confinement.

'The rain fell heavily as we sailed down the Tagus. I looked for the last time at Lisbon, beautiful even through her tears. . . . . Early on the morning of the fourth day we hailed the Lizard Point: my long wanderings, the fatigues of my solitary expeditions, and the perils of revolution, were all forgotten as I trod once more upon the soil of native, peaceful, and then unreformed England!'—vol. ii. pp. 178-181.

So terminated Lord Carnarvon's adventurous travels in Portugal. Our extracts, though principally directed to political objects, will show that his narrative abounds with lively incident, sagacious observation, and generous feeling; and it exhibits, in our opinion, one of the most vivid and accurate pictures of the physical, moral, and political aspect of the country over which they extended, of any work that we can name: it will—even in the view of mere amusement—amply repay an attentive perusal.

His lordship concludes his work with some valuable observations on the political state of Spain; with which—though his last visit to Gallicia was so soon interrupted—he had a long and intimate acquaintance, and upon which he is entitled to more confidence than, we believe, any other Englishman can pretend to. The result of all his observations is, that the conduct of the Spanish constitutionalists has been all along, in the highest degree, *unconstitutional*, impolitic, and unjust; and he shows that the present insurrection of the Biscayan Provinces is less a question of the right of succession between Don Carlos and his niece, than a struggle for the ancient rights and liberties of the Biscayan people, which the new constitutionalists, in their blind eagerness for change and for the French revolutionary system of uniformity and

and centralization, had most illegally and insultingly invaded. Lord Carnarvon, in support of these views, gives a political history of the Basque countries, Navarre, Biscaye, Guipuscoa, and Alava, which is full of interest and information. We wish we had room to give a complete view of this learned and lucid deduction of the independent rights of the Biscayans from the earliest ages even down to their invasion by the despotic liberalism of the present day. We must content ourselves with Lord Carnarvon's recapitulation.

'Biscay retains its ancient laws, customs, and tribunals, and is governed by its own national assemblies; it yields contributions to the sovereign as a free gift; it arranges its own taxation; it has no militia laws; it is exempt from the odious system of impressment for the navy; it furnishes its own contingent of soldiers and sailors; it appoints its own police in peace; it provides for its own defence in war; no monopoly, royal or private, can be established in Biscay; no Biscayan can be required to contribute to the crown of Castille a greater amount of taxation than that paid formerly to their Lords, a sum now reduced to a stipulated duty on the iron foundries and to certain tithes and rents. The king, as lord, can only nominate Biscayans by birth to ecclesiastical appointments in Biscay; their alcaldes are freely chosen by the people. No Biscayan, resident in any province of Spain, can be tried, either civilly or criminally, by the laws of Castille, but the case must be referred to Valladolid, to be there determined by a tribunal of Biscayan judges, and according to the laws of Biscay.

'The house of the Biscayan is his castle, in the most emphatic sense of the word. No magistrate can violate that sanctuary; no execution can be put into it, nor can his arms or his horse be seized; he cannot be arrested for debt, or subjected to imprisonment upon any pretext whatever, without a previous summons to appear under the *old tree of Guernica*\*, where he is acquainted with the offence imputed to him, and called upon for his defence; he is then discharged on the spot, or bailed, or committed, according to the nature of the crime, and the evidence adduced against him. This, the most glorious privilege that freemen can possess,—this, the most effectual safeguard against the wanton abuse of power,—this, a custom more determinately in favour of the subject than even our own cherished Habeas Corpus,—was enjoyed by the Basques for centuries before that far-famed guarantee of British liberty had an existence in our islands; and yet a right which we esteem so inappreciable at home we are labouring to subvert in a foreign and, till now, a friendly land. The General Junta, or Biscayan Parliament, regularly assembles every second year, although, upon critical occasions, an extraordinary session is frequently held. It is called together by the Corregidor, who acts in concert with the deputation, which during the recess sits permanently at Bilboa. Notice must be

\* A tree which stood close to the ancient church of Guernica, a town of Biscay, and which, after the patriarchal manners of the people, was the place of their national tribunals and assemblies.

given at least fifteen days before the appointed time of meeting, and the measures intended to be proposed and discussed must then be publicly announced, that the deputies may consult their constituents on each specific point, and receive their instructions.

'The Biscayan towns, with a few exceptions only, are represented. There is no electoral qualification, every inhabitant has a vote,—universal suffrage prevails. These rights have been annulled by the queen's government, practically by Castañon [her commander-in-chief], virtually, but completely, by the *Estatuto Real*,—and yet we are gravely told that the Basques are struggling only for the establishment of despotic power; and, strange to say, our government, professing to act on liberal principles, sends out an officer of similar opinions, to substitute a constituency, perhaps the most restricted in Europe, for that system of universal suffrage which was the ancient law of the land; and to replace a constitution which protects the liberty of the subject in the highest degree, by a species of anomalous charter which defines no privilege, and secures no right. So much for the consistency of party politics, and for the real liberality of our foreign policy. The parliament meets on the appointed day; the Corregidor, the Tribunes, and the Deputies assemble *under the tree of Guernica*, deliver their credentials, and pass on in solemn procession to the adjoining church, where the session is opened. The debates are public, and the measures submitted to their consideration are proposed in Spanish, but discussed in the Basque language. The Biscayan parliament possesses exclusively the right to legislate for Biscay. . . . No order of the Spanish government is directly received by the Basque parliament; any order emanating from the crown of Castille is addressed to the executive authorities of the province, by which it is referred to the Tribunes, who take it into their deliberate consideration, determine whether it be or be not in unison with the law of the land, and, accordingly, either approve or reject it. Their veto upon any resolution of the Spanish government is absolute, and the seemingly inconsistent, but not uncourteous formula of "*Obedecida pero no cumplida*"\* is their peculiar but decisive mode of rejection."—vol. ii. pp. 213-217.

These privileges Lord Carnarvon shows have been strenuously maintained in all times recent as well as remote.

'When the Crowns of Castille and Biscay were united, we find the Biscayans insisting upon the full recognition of their privileges, as the price of their consent to that measure, granting to their new master the Sovereign of Castille, the title of Lord, but refusing him that of King as far as Biscay was concerned,—that he might keep in mind the terms upon which he was received, and the engagement by which he was bound. . . . We afterwards see a King of Castille swearing to respect, but violating those privileges; we find the crime and the punishment following in close succession; we see him legally dispossessed of Biscay by the Biscayan Parliament, and the territory transferred by a vote of that assembly to his sister, the next in succession; and we see the offer accepted by that Princess, upon the express condition of main-

\* "Obeded, but not carried into execution."

taining in perpetuity, and in their fullest sense, the existing rights of Biscay. . . . Philip III. endeavoured to introduce into Biscay some changes at variance with their privileges, but he soon became sensible of his indiscretion, he retracted his orders, confessed his error, and stated, in a public manifesto, that he had been wrongfully advised. In 1804, Godoy (the nick-named Prince of Peace) sent a quantity of stamps into Biscay, insisting on their use in aid of the general revenue. The Deputies met, denounced the act as an infringement of their liberties, and declared that the innovation was contrary to the laws of Biscay, and could not be allowed. The Government threatened; but the Deputies, supported by the sympathy of an unanimous people, persevered in their refusal, and, in consequence, the obnoxious stamps were delivered to the common hangman, and burnt under the tree of Guernica. . . .

'The last time before the Queen's accession, that the Spanish Government contemplated any infringement of the liberties of the Basques, was in King Ferdinand's reign; and the circumstances connected with this intention are extremely curious, as solving an apparent contradiction in the relative feelings of the parties engaged in the present struggle, and showing the principal cause of the popularity enjoyed by Don Carlos in the north of Spain. . . . A profligate minister, anxious to ingratiate himself with the Court by excess of servility, concocted a scheme to abridge materially, if not entirely to suppress, the liberties of the Basques; and submitted the plan to the Council of State, over which Don Carlos then presided. The minister dwelt upon the possibility of extracting a larger revenue from the Basques; upon the expediency of extinguishing a spirit of independence, so dangerous from the example it held out, and strongly urged the policy of reducing all the provinces of Spain to the level of a common servitude, and of thus at once extending and securing the absolute prerogative of the Crown. In consequence of this proposal, the question of the Basque privileges underwent a protracted investigation; and when the inquiry was brought to an issue, Don Carlos rose and stated, that the ministerial scheme involved a manifest breach of the compact solemnly entered into between the Crown of Spain and the people of the free provinces—that good, if, indeed, any good could eventually result from such a measure, was not to be obtained by a positive violation of faith; that the Crown was bound to respect the established rights of the meanest subject of the realm; that such a conspiracy against their privileges was not to be endured; and that the proposition itself was an insult to Castilian honour. . . . The vigorous condemnation pronounced by Don Carlos had an electrical effect on the council; and the worthless project expired in its birth.

'The project, indeed, expired, but gave rise to results unexpected by the projector: the honorable part which Don Carlos had taken in the council, on a question of such vital interest to the Biscayans, was quickly known in Biscay; and, from that moment, he became the undivided object of their enthusiasm—the centre of their hopes—the idol of their affections; and, in his person, they now revere the representative of their ancient sovereigns, and the guardian of their actual liberties; and when they raise the war-cry for that Prince, the loyalty and the liberties of

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Biscay seem identified in their eyes, and are indissolubly bound up in the magic of his name.

‘Such was the conduct pursued by Don Carlos in his more prosperous days; and this is to a great extent the real secret of the unbounded affection felt for him by the Biscayans, in these the days of his adversity: past Governments had endeavoured, as we have seen, to suppress their free privileges, by gradual and crafty encroachments; but it was left to the almost incredible madness of the liberal legislation of Madrid to sweep away their long-established Constitution, and their whole system of laws, by a stupid exercise of power resting on no conceivable right; it was reserved for the liberal Ministers of Great Britain, who once professed themselves the friends of constitutional liberty all over the world, to assist in the most oppressive crusade against a free people, that has disgraced the annals of Europe since the partition of Poland.’—vol. ii. pp. 257-267.

This is the people and these are the rights which an *English* government is striving to subdue and suppress!—*Proh pudor!*

The foregoing clear and irrefragable exposition of facts (to which our abridgment does very imperfect justice) coming from a man of Lord Carnarvon’s knowledge of the country—his generous and, in the true sense of the word, liberal spirit—his talents and his truth—must make a great sensation against the at once miserable and detestable policy of our government;—and it is not therefore surprising that our foreign department should have made an endeavour to counteract it. A pamphlet has, accordingly, been published with, as we are informed, the countenance, if not the co-operation, of our Foreign Office, called ‘The Policy of England towards Spain.’ We have no doubt that the materials of this pamphlet have been prepared under the direction of M. Mendizabal, who from being long known as a stock-jobber in England, suddenly appeared in the character of revolutionary prime minister of Spain, and who, we believe, still pursues his double avocation. We are induced to give some credit to the report that the work has been revised in Downing-street—for it bears the marks of that gentleman-like style of misrepresentation, that self-complacent sophistry, and that well-bred indifference to public facts and personal consistency, which characterise all the official defences of our foreign policy: but its original parentage is marked by the *spirit of stock-jobbing* which prompted and pervades it; and we have no doubt that its manufacturers would laugh at all criticism, if they could find that their literary effort had raised *Spanish bonds one-half per cent.* In short, we believe it to be the joint production of Change Alley and Downing Street. The author, or rather, perhaps, his Downing Street auxiliary, endeavours at the outset to conciliate his readers by paying a just tribute to Lord Carnarvon’s character:—

‘A nobleman

'A nobleman whose honourable political character and distinguished abilities must always command a respectful deference for his opinions, and whose literary attainments never fail to prepossess his readers in favour of the author and his subject.'

But he would have us believe that his lordship is led astray by a generous enthusiasm, and that his account of the Biscayan constitution is strongly tinged with 'romance.' We, of course, cannot affect to enter into the voluminous details of such a discussion, but we can exhibit a few of the larger and more important questions, on the issue of which must rest the credit of the antagonist statements; and from what we have hinted of the birth and parentage of the pamphlet, our readers will not be surprised to find that its admissions defeat its assertions—its assertions are at variance with its facts—and its facts are contradictory to its conclusions.

'Lord Carnarvon (vol. ii. p. 188) says, that Don Carlos disavowed all connection with the insurgents (of 1827), "he reprobated their schemes," and "asserted his royal brother's right, without equivocation or reserve." It is perfectly true, that Don Carlos never openly avowed his connection with the party who wished to place him upon the throne of his brother; *but it is as incorrect to say that he disavowed them.* . . . . In 1822, a Carlist mutiny broke out in the regiment of which Don Carlos himself was the colonel. Neither *threat* nor persuasion could induce him to punish the offence, or to disavow his connection with its authors.'—*Policy, &c.* pp. 4, 5.

It is thus confessed that so early as 1822, Don Carlos was the object of '*threats*,'—from whom, we should wish to ask? Certainly not from his brother the King—for this so called 'Carlist mutiny' was neither more nor less than a mutiny in favour of *Ferdinand* against the usurpation of the Cortes, which, as the sequel proved, and as every body now knows, it was the first object of *his* policy to overcome. But in addition to the author's frequent admission that 'Don Carlos never openly avowed any connection with that party,' we can add one or two private anecdotes of a much more recent date, which will show how well Lord Carnarvon was justified in his representation of the Infant's conduct in the very difficult circumstances in which he was placed.

A Spanish gentleman now in London, was proceeding in the month of January, 1833, from Madrid to Turin on a mission. Passing through Saragossa, Cuevillas, then a brigadier, sought for an interview, and told him that two individuals had come to him, bearing, what affected to be, autograph letters from Don Carlos, desiring Cuevillas to prepare the royalist volunteers for a simultaneous rising. Suspecting them to be spies, he had told them to say no more, or that he would inform the police—but hearing that the gentleman

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gentleman (whose father he knew to be in the confidence of the Infant Don Carlos) was passing through, Cuevillas desired him to inform his royal highness that if these documents were genuine, he would immediately obey his wish, and that all the influential men of the royalist volunteers were ready to come forward at his summons. This was communicated to Don Carlos, who returned for answer—that whilst his brother was alive, he was his king and theirs, and he should consider all those making similar offers as traitors.

Don Tomas Reyna (brother to the Reyna who afterwards cast the Carlist mortars and artillery) also went to the Infant about the same time, deputed by his regiment, the horse grenadiers of the guard, on a similar message—and received the same answer. The Count del Prado—Alcudia—Vallejo—Bellingerro, and Colonel Fulgocio, all made offers of the same nature to Don Carlos, who answered, that he recognized no king but Ferdinand VII. whilst he was alive, and that he expected them to do the same, and highly disapproved their conduct.

And this happened at a period when Don Carlos knew, as all the world now knows, that the advisers of the dying Ferdinand were preparing a violent change in the succession, to the exclusion of Don Carlos. It was this intrigue which prompted those offers, and would have perfectly justified Don Carlos in taking any measures in his power to counteract the traitorous machinations of his enemies.

The pamphlet admits:—

‘the correctness of the ancient Basque history cited by Lord Carnarvon, but’ (it adds) ‘we object to the process of induction by which he seeks to make that history applicable to the present times.’—*Policy*, p. 18.

And then it proceeds to contradict two or three remarkable instances given by Lord Carnarvon of Biscayan independence:—

‘Lord Carnarvon (p. 256) would, by inference, lead us to believe that the Inquisition had never entered the frontiers of the Basque provinces; such, however, is not the case, but to have openly established it there would have been an unnecessary violation of their privileges. The provinces were, therefore, attached to Logrono, which was made the central point of the “holy office” in that part of the country, and the nomination of commissioners, as in the rest of Spain, was given to the parish curates, and thus the boasted privileges were respected in form, but in substance trampled under foot.’—*Policy*, pp. 19, 20.

We never doubted that the ambitious fanaticism of the Inquisition would push itself wherever it could, and as far as it dared—but the very fact that this institution, terrible, irresistible, omnipotent in every other part of Spain, should never have dared to enter Biscay, is, in itself, conclusive evidence of the real independence of that happy province. But ‘it had a seat at Logrono’—what is that but

but another proof of the impotent jealousy with which the Inquisition viewed the privileges of the Basques? It established, where it had a right to do so—in *Old Castille*—a kind of holy fortress, to prevent the irruption into its territories of Biscayan liberty. When a fortress is erected on a frontier, is it a proof that both sides of the frontier are submissive to the same authority? But the Inquisition, though they durst not act openly on Biscay, operated the same end through 'the parish priests.' The author must have believed English readers strangely ignorant, when he supposes them not to know that the secular clergy in Spain, as well as France, were essentially identified with the *people*—that the parish priests in Spain were no allies of the Inquisition, and that however zealous they might be for the theological doctrines which were common to them and the Inquisition, they were the last people in the world to assist to spread its despotic influence and political power.

'Equally an illusion is it to say, that in recent, as in olden times, liberty and property have been inviolable. During the *ten years* preceding Ferdinand's death, the property of those suspected of liberal opinions was unmercifully confiscated, while a vigorous police and royalist volunteers, though under other names, were established, as in other parts of Spain.'—*Policy*, p. 20.

Ferdinand died in 1833, so that even according to this admission, Biscay enjoyed these immunities till 1823, and Lord Carnarvon's complaint is, that the revolution of 1820, and its practical violences in 1822, had *first* invaded the liberty of the Basques:—The pamphlet, therefore, proves the exact truth of his lordship's assertion.

But the most extraordinary attempt of all at contradiction, is that which relates to the local and fiscal privileges of the Basque provinces:—

'The provinces have the privilege of importing foreign goods duty free; but it could not be expected, and never was allowed, that they should be permitted to extend this advantage to other provinces, and under cover of their own privileges destroy the customs revenue of Spain. The custom-houses, therefore, which the privileges do not allow of at the sea-ports, are placed upon the frontiers of Castille; and the same system both of prevention on the one hand, and of contraband on the other, are established there, which prevail on the Swiss and Belgian frontiers of France. The Basque provinces, in short, as a necessary consequence of their privileges, have long been treated, with respect to commerce, as a foreign nation by the rest of Spain.'—*ibid.* pp. 21, 22.

This may have been good or bad for the Basque provinces—that is not here the question—but it proves in the most conclusive manner, what Lord Carnarvon asserts, and what the pamphlet professes to deny, that down to the late innovations the Basque provinces maintained their independence; and the mutual commercial

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mercial inconvenience alluded to by the author, only makes the case stronger against him, for it shows that the Basques *would* not, and that Spain *could* not, remove that inconvenience by the abolition of these provincial privileges.

We apprehend that after this exhibition of the mode in which Lord Carnarvon's assertions on such important subjects as we have quoted, are really substantiated by the very allegations which are advanced against them, we need go no further on this head except to say that on all minor topics the intended contradiction is equally corroborative of the original statement.

But as the pamphlet has put its contest with Lord Carnarvon upon this *issue*, we are anxious that our readers who may not see the original publications, should not take the question merely on *our* showing—we shall, therefore, quote the account given of the Basque provinces by M. Malte Brun, in the last volume of his General Geography, published in 1829, before these disturbances began, and therefore not liable to any suspicion of temporary or political bias:—

'The three Vascongadas or Basque provinces form a triangle bounded by the sea, by Navarre, and Old Castille. Endowed with that indefatigable activity and that love of independence which characterise mountaineers, the industrious Biscayans have found in their rugged soil the *palladium of their liberties*. Voluntarily subject to the dominion of Spain by virtue of ancient treaties, the kings of Spain are rather their protectors than their sovereigns. Each of the provinces has its separate government—its general assembly, in which the interests of the whole people are discussed, and which examines the orders of the king, which cannot be carried into effect till they have been submitted to this form. They tax themselves for the expenses of their internal administration, and their contributions to the crown are only considered as a free gift, which is rarely demanded, and would not be granted if it were not moderate.'—*Malte Brun. Géographie Universelle*, vol. viii. p. 78.

We suppose that this unquestionable testimony, which is, in fact, a summary of Lord Carnarvon's statements, will settle this portion of the contest between him and his official antagonist.

The pamphlet next proceeds to state, or, rather, to mis-state the question of the succession. We care nothing—because England is not, or ought not to be, in any way concerned—about the question of the succession; but we cannot allow the pamphlet to mis-state the case without making one observation. The author's whole argument on this point rests on a single word. He calls the Cortes—which under Philip V., in 1713, proclaimed the Salic law, which excluded females, to be the law of the land—'a *mock Cortes*'—that is the whole and sole argument; but *how* it was a *mock Cortes*—in *what* the mockery or illegality consisted—there is not the slightest hint. The Jacobites called the Convention  
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parliament, which settled the British succession, a mock parliament, and certainly with more plausibility than, we believe, the author, if he had condescended to attempt to prove his fact, could have impugned the Cortes of 1713. But he has not only left his epithet '*mock*' devoid of any kind of proof or support, but he has omitted to notice two other most material features in the case. The first is, that whether Philip V. and his Cortes were right or wrong, Ferdinand, at least, had no right to gainsay their acts; he derived from them his whole right to the crown, and he had therefore no colour or pretext of right to exclude by a secret and merely personal act of his own the rights of his brother Don Carlos, which, with regard to the *succession*, were identically the same with Ferdinand's right to the *possession*. Ferdinand had only a life interest in the crown, and it was a '*mockery*' of all legality and all justice, that he should pretend to dispose of the vested rights of his brother and the constitutional allegiance of the nation. And by *will*, too—what pretext was there that any such alteration in the constitution of Spain could be made by *will*? and such a will!—made secretly in 1830, in 1832 secretly revoked, in 1833 again secretly and in *articulo mortis* revived. And let us further observe, that the settlement under Philip V. was ratified by the treaty of Utrecht, and was, therefore, become part of the international law of Europe. If we felt the least public interest in this question of the succession, these are a few of the observations which we think it would very much puzzle the author to reply to.

But though we have thus, in justice to Lord Carnarvon, examined a few of the details of this would-be answer, we will meet the pamphlet and its ministerial clients on broader ground, by asking, if all its allegations on this subject were as *true* as we believe them to be *false*, what has England to do with the internal concerns of Spain? We are not here to discuss the general principle of *non-intervention*, nor to show how that general principle may and must be modified by particular circumstances; but if, in any ministers, a wanton intervention in the domestic affairs of a foreign people would be impolitic and unjust, it is in the case of the present ministers—we must say—the height of impudence and apostacy.

During the political crisis which preceded the appointment of Lord Palmerston to the Foreign Office, it suited the opposition and their partizans to affect a vehement suspicion that the Duke of Wellington's government were inclined to *intervene* in the Belgian question. *Such* an intervention would, we think, have been justifiable by international law, and by the principles of the '*Pacification of Ghent*,' and all our early engagements with the Low Countries—by the treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick—the

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Barrier treaty—the treaties of Utrecht and of Aix-la-Chapelle, and finally and directly by the last great settlement of Europe at the congress of Vienna—in short, by all the international transactions of Europe, from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to those of George III. It did not, however, as the events proved, enter into the policy of the Duke of Wellington to attempt such an intervention; but the right to do so was so obvious that the adversaries of his Grace's administration, in 1830, thought that *non-intervention* was a plausible cry, around which might be rallied all those who were honestly averse to meddling with the internal affairs of foreign countries, and all that shrewder class who saw, in a broad and indiscriminate principle of non-intervention, a sanction and encouragement to the French, the Belgic, and every future democratic revolution—at home and abroad. *Non-intervention*, therefore, in its widest sense, became the watchword of the party—and when, in the midst of their clamour, they suddenly and unexpectedly found themselves called to power—the whole programme of their foreign policy was composed in the single word, NON-INTERVENTION.

We shall recal to public attention some of these declarations. In the House of Lords, Nov. 8, 1830, Lord Lansdown, the present president of the council, in moving for a paper relating to the Netherlands, after saying that every one agreed in the necessity of abstaining from interference in the arrangements of France, went on to say—

‘It was because he felt the same necessity with regard to the Belgians that he thought the perfect settlement of the affairs of both the one and the other would be best forwarded by abstinence on the part of this country from the appearance of all intervention, *even by way of advice*, unless it was required by the people of that country themselves.’—*Hansard*, vol. 1. (N.S.) p. 247.

Lord Grey enforced the same policy:—

‘We are not bound to interfere by any obligations whatsoever. If we are not so bound, I repeat, my lords, with my noble friend, that in my opinion sound policy, justice, and respect for the independence of other people, as well as regard for the interests of this country, enjoin us on the present occasion not to interfere with the internal affairs of Belgium. I cannot avoid feeling surprised at what was stated by the noble lord, [Aberdeen] that the government only contemplated amicable interference, such as would be beneficial to the Low Countries, and conducive to the interests of Great Britain; for that interference in times like the present is contrary to the policy usually pursued by this country—must be pernicious to its interests, and can only lead to the most disastrous results.’ *Ib.*, p. 256.

Thus not even an *amicable and verbal interference by way of advice* could be tolerated by these noble lords. Lord Palmerston, too, in a speech towards the close of the then preceding session, and

and which he afterwards revised and published, stated the admitted principle of non-intervention—

‘That is, the principle that every nation has a right to manage its own internal affairs as it pleases, so long as it injures not its neighbours; and that one nation has no right to control by force of arms the *will* of another nation in the choice of its government or rulers. To this principle I most cordially assent. It is *sound*, it ought to be *sacred*; and I TRUST ENGLAND WILL NEVER BE FOUND TO SET THE EXAMPLE OF ITS VIOLATION.’—*Hansard*, vol. 21, p. 1646.

We could select twenty passages to the same effect from the speeches and publications of his majesty’s present ministers—but these will suffice. But a very short possession of office convinced them that they had entered into an unwary pledge. They had made and promulgated it when they fancied that intervention was likely to be employed *against* revolution—they were very much embarrassed with it, when they found themselves in power, and saw that intervention might be most usefully employed in *furthering* revolution. They were caught, like the Crotonian of old, in a cleft stick of their own rending; and they never could have extricated themselves from it, but that—fortunately for the revolutionists of Belgium, of Portugal, and of Spain—the epidemic mania of reform seized the people of England, and so entirely absorbed all the national faculties, that foreign affairs were for a season totally forgotten, and when at length remembered, the democratic party had acquired so overwhelming an ascendancy in the counsels of England, that there was not only a willingness but an anxiety that, in defiance of promises and pledges, of law, of justice, and of policy, the British ministry should intervene—even to the sword—wherever and however their intervention could further the progress of revolution over the face of Europe. Then came the concerted intervention of France and England in the affairs of Belgium—the very altar on which the *non-intervention* principle had been so recently consecrated. Naval blockade, military invasion, everything that could exaggerate their private inconsistency and their breach of public faith was shamelessly employed, and the astonished world saw the *non-intervention* cabinet of England intervening by force of arms against her most ancient ally, and, with the furious zeal of apostates, overturning the system of policy which, from the days of Elizabeth, we had thought it alike our interest and our duty to maintain.

The impunity of this unprecedented outrage encouraged them to proceed still further; and the ally which—next to Holland—was our oldest and best connexion—Portugal—was destined to be our next victim. How miserably for that unhappy country Lord Carnarvon has shown; how fatally for our own honour and safety, no distant day will, we fear, irremediably prove! Having thus

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thus dismembered ourselves of our two nearest and best continental alliances, our next stroke of policy was to aid, if we did not cause, the disorganization and desolation of that other country, which had been so lately the scene of our glory, and by which, as a fulcrum, we had been enabled to overthrow the gigantic despotism of Buonaparte, and elevate Europe from a state of almost hopeless prostration. We intervened in Spain—with what profit to Spain, with what honour to ourselves, we are not now inquiring—but we *intervened*! Now, we will ask, is there in the annals of party, in the history of nations, so sudden, so entire, so flagrant, so unjustifiable a breach of pledge—a desertion of principle—a contempt of personal consistency—a forfeiture of national faith, as the British ministry have individually and collectively exhibited in these—we can hardly refrain from calling them *scandalous*—tergiversations? In November, 1830, they came into office under a solemn undertaking towards the king and the people of the broad principle of NON-INTERVENTION: and in every succeeding month from that day to this, they have been pushing intervention, both in its principle and details, to a degree before unknown in the transactions of nations.

If their intervention had been directed to objects by which British interests were to be benefited—if it had been discreetly and honourably conducted—if it had been successful—if it had conduced to the tranquillity and the happiness of the nations whom we undertook to guide or to drive—it would *still* have been, *in these men*, gross inconsistency, and a flagrant violation of *their own* principles of public law. But how much deeper must be the indignation, when we see the deplorable consequences of this policy—when we see that what with ‘cooling our friends and heating our enemies,’ England has not now one single sincere friend among all the millions that inhabit the continent of Europe. We talk not of the *governments* only—but of the *people*? In those countries in which ten years ago, and for two hundred years before, an Englishman was welcomed as a friend, or honoured as a protector, he is now an object—in Holland of insult—in Portugal of violence—and ‘*Down with the English,*’ and ‘*Death to the English,*’ are the salutations—varied according to the national temper—which we individually receive in those countries on which we have inflicted our intervention.

But if such is our odour amongst the *people*, our public position, with relation to their *Governments*,—those very governments which our interventions have established,—is still worse. To BELGIUM we have given a king, who, both figuratively and literally, has passed from the arms of England into those of France; and although there is still a show of independence in the mimicry of a court at Brussels, every one sees and feels that—though the

transfer is not yet formally made—we have signed and sealed the eventual cession to France of that country which, for one hundred and fifty years, she had been endeavouring to obtain, and which England, by William, by Marlborough, and by Wellington, had, for one hundred and fifty years, preserved from her domination! To SPAIN we had given constitutions and governments, and they have vanished—we had guaranteed the *Estatuto Real*, and it has been overthrown; a *serjeant* of the line, and two companies of National Guards, overthrew, in five minutes, at La Granja, five years of Lord Palmerston's diplomacy, and erected in Madrid that most monstrous of tyrannies, a military democracy. Even before this last revolution hear what Lord Carnarvon says was the feeling of the government under the *Estatuto Real* :—

'Their real views and principles are hostile to the system upon which the government is conducted and society is based in England. They hate us for our established church; they hate us for our laws of primogeniture; they hate us for our house of lords. Desirous of rooting out the last vestiges of aristocratic institutions in their own country, they abhor a system of liberty, preserved and tempered as it is in England, by a graduated subordination of ranks, and by aristocratic checks.'—vol. ii. pp. 294, 295.

What, then, must be our influence with the government formed under the auspices of Serjeant Garcias? And who was it, we ask with shame—double shame—shame for England and shame for Spain—who was it that reduced that high-minded and chivalrous nation to such a state of imbecility as to place her queen, her cortes, her nobles, and her people—her ancient institutions and her modern charters, all at the mercy of a drunken serjeant? That question shall be answered by authorities which, differing in their principles and wishes on the subject of Spain, yet concur in their view of the *facts*, and are therefore, on that point, entitled to implicit confidence. Lord Carnarvon says—

'It is most difficult to reconcile, with any notion of good policy, the obstinate attachment with which our ministers continued, by acts of increasing favour, to support the democratic party in Spain, in spite of their increasing atrocities; at a time, too, when it was evident that, by such a course, they were not promoting the interests of good government, or even of the queen, but were *feeding the fire so quickly destined to involve in a common destruction the Estatuto Real, the child of their adoption*, and the more ancient institutions of Spain.'—vol. ii. pp. 346, 347.

And on the other hand, the *National*, the organ in France of the ultra-revolutionary party in Spain—in replying to the disapprobation, which the English ministerial journals affected to express of the revolution of La Granja, and the subsequent and similar revolt in Portugal, says,—

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complices of the new revolutionary movements in Spain and Portugal. The replies of the Whig journals have been awkward, obscure, and contradictory. . . . And if the British government (adopting the tone of their defenders) were now to profess a kind of affected neutrality in this new aspect of the contest, its conduct would be not less *shameful* after all the *encouragements*, *SECRET* or *public*, which it has given to the Spanish revolution.—*National*, Oct. 1836.

This whole affair of La Granja is really, we believe, the most shameful which the history of the world can produce. John of Leyden and Masaniello, were heroes and demigods compared to our new ally, Serjeant Garcias. We say, our ally, because the quadruple treaty, which languished so miserably under his predecessors, Martinez de la Rosa and Torreno, has been put into zealous and belligerent activity, in support of the Mendizabal government established under Garcias' auspices.\*

The recent Portuguese revolt, indeed, was operated by hands not quite so mean; but the principle of military violence was the same, and as regards *us*, the event was much more humiliating. Garcias, as Lord Carnarvon and the *National* agree in thinking, was only working out Mr. Villiers' diplomacy, and does not seem to have had to encounter even his disapprobation; but the last Portuguese revolution was effected in the teeth, and against the earnest wishes—we do him the credit of believing—of the British minister—in the face of British soldiers, and under the guns of British ships collected there—if for any comprehensible object—for that of preventing such catastrophes. There too we had enthroned a queen, established a charter, and dictated a ministry, and there, we confess that—much as we disapproved and deplored the policy of our intervention—we at least thought that it was likely to be successful; and that our enormous force might have been able to keep the peace at Lisbon, and to protect the person of the queen, and the authority of the glorious constitution that Dom Pedro, under our countenance, had imposed on the Portuguese people:—and so, we have no doubt, they would have been against

\* While this sheet is passing through the press, we learn from Madrid that Serjeant Garcias has again appeared on the scene; but not with so high an object or such splendid success as at La Granja. Garcias, it seems, complains of the *ingratitude* of Mendizabal, who has not sufficiently rewarded the *serjeant's services*. On the 4th of February Garcias, who, it seems, could not otherwise obtain an interview with his quondam patron, waited for him at the door of his residence, and began to urge his claim; but being unfavourably received, he proceeded rather warmly to reproach Mendizabal 'with his *ingratitude to the man who had made him minister*,' adding, that he would be deceived no longer, and seized the minister by the collar. Mendizabal called the guard, and the poor serjeant was sent to gaol, whence he loudly demands justice and a trial. The latter, it is said, will not be granted, as it would be too fruitful in *scandal relative to the La Granja revolution*; and accordingly we find by the last reports that his mouth is stopped by his being kept in *solitary confinement*, and it is conjectured at Madrid that he will be spirited away to the colonies without further noise. Garcias, it seems, could seize the queen and overturn the constitution with impunity; but when he collars Mendizabal, he is sent to gaol.

any attempt of the *legitimate* prince, or the friends of the *ancient* monarchy—against *them*, we have no doubt, our forces would have acted effectually; but our anti-legitimate policy did not dare to oppose an anarchical revolt, of which, indeed, it was itself the cause. The gale rose in an unexpected quarter—our fleet was taken aback—our diplomacy was washed overboard—and our whole system of Portuguese policy went in a moment to the bottom.

This, considering the position in which we had chosen to place ourselves, was an intolerable outrage and affront. Even Lord Palmerston seems to have felt it. The King of Belgium, whose nephew had married Queen Maria da Gloria, made a journey to London,—and there and then, we have no doubt, was concocted that notable scheme for the re-establishment of the royal authority, and for repairing the insult to British policy, which was soon after attempted with the happy result of still further diminishing the royal power, and still more deeply injuring the honour and the interests of England. A counter-revolution was attempted. The queen, her consort, her ministers, and her court eloped to the castle of Belem, and proclaimed the Pedro charter—but no one joined her;—she was, as it were, besieged in the castle, and reduced to the necessity of parleying with the rebels. The British marines were landed—this only inflamed the mischief—the insurgents refused even to treat while the territory was defiled by these foreign mercenaries—and they were obliged to re-embark. In the meanwhile, the young queen began to discover that the castle of Belem was not quite so well furnished as her palace—that her *bed-chamber* in the fortress was rather *uncomfortable*, and that in the hurry of her elopement her *cook* had been left behind. These considerations were decisive—her majesty surrendered almost at discretion, taking nothing by her motion but mortification; and things returned into the *status quo ante*—a cheering sight to the *five or six thousand* British officers and men who had come so far, and stayed so long, to have a distant prospect of this lamentable farce—at which, we believe, we may say with the old Chronicler, '*Les Anglais se divertirent moult tristement!*'

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel in the debate on the address, while they regretted the false policy of the 'Quadruple Treaty,' admitted, with the candour of honest statesmen, that public faith now required that it should be executed—but they showed that the way in which our ministry seemed to understand that treaty, and their armed co-operation—so lamentable in Spain and so ridiculous in Portugal—were alike unwarranted and unjustifiable. 'Six sail of the line were collected,' said Sir Robert, 'in the Tagus, for the purpose, it must be supposed, of protecting the queen, but in fact to be the witnesses of her humiliation;' and the Duke of Wellington asked whether the country was prepared

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to incur the inevitable expense of these belligerent interventions? We have taken the trouble of extracting from the official Navy List for January, the amount of British force on the Lisbon station, and we find it as follows:—

Cornwallis	74	Minden	74	Hastings	74	Pembroke	74
Hercules	74	Russel	74	Malabar	74	Pique	36
Castor	36	Ringdove	16	Maquenne	24	Partridge	10
Pearl	20	Speedy	8	Tweed	20	Viper	6

With the Phoenix, Pluto, Comet, and Salamander steam vessels—in short, 7 sail of the line, 5 frigates or corvettes, 4 brigs, and 4 armed steam ships\*. To which, we believe, we may add a couple of battalions of royal marines; and this powerful fleet and its more than proportionate cost—nearly a fourth, we believe, of the whole naval force and expense of the country—is the price we pay for the mortification of seeing the two queens we had crowned, and the two constitutions we had guaranteed, made the puppets and playthings of a mutinous and licentious soldiery.

Our limits do not allow us to enter into the deplorable details of our military intervention in the Biscayan contest, which, whatever be its result, has already inflicted indelible discredit on England, and prolonged calamity on Spain. We cannot—who can that knows anything of the question?—who can that reads Lord Carnarvon's able summary of the case?—we cannot be indifferent to the fate of the Basques and Navarrese. We anxiously wish them success in their endeavours to maintain their distinctive rights and national liberties; we feel towards them as our ancestors did towards the Dutch and the Swiss of old, under analogous circumstances; and we grieve that England, forgetful of all her old principles, should be now in league against what in better times would have commanded, at least, our sympathies. This, we confess, is the only point of the whole Peninsular contest in which we feel the slightest interest. Two nations of such lofty pretensions as Spain and Portugal, who have suffered their dearest rights and interests to be decided by a handful of foreigners, can excite in us no feeling but indifference or contempt; and we should not have taken the trouble of writing these lines on the subject, if our government had not contrived to implicate our national reputation in these disgraceful transactions.

But while our military character and our political influence are thus lowered, our *commercial* interests are assuredly not advanced by this course of policy. The government which our costly intervention has forced upon Portugal has shown its gratitude for our efforts and its sense of our influence, by promulgating

\* It is probable that the whole of this force was not in the Tagus at once, but we suppose the line-of-battle ships and frigates were, and the whole force have certainly been employed in this *Irish* species of non-intervention.

a new tariff of duties, highly detrimental to British trade, and in direct contravention of all the policy of the two countries since the days of Charles II. We do not say that our fleet should have battered the town of Lisbon because the Portuguese government is mad enough to do such things; but we do say that the fleet ought not to have been employed to create and to maintain that insane government, nor made to be the witnesses of the sacrifice of those interests which it is its proper duty to protect. The Portuguese government would not have *dared* to issue such a tariff against England—or, at least, would not have existed a day after it had been issued—if there had not been a *British squadron in the Tagus*. The countenance of that squadron gave them courage to injure and insult us.

In Belgium and Spain, also, we find that our political meddling tends only to our commercial detriment. Belgium, already a department of France *in petto*, naturally enough prepares itself for its future destination by giving France every possible advantage over us. In Spain we are told that we are negotiating a commercial treaty—with what success for English interests may be prognosticated from a statement which M. Guizot lately made from his ministerial bench in the French Chamber—

‘The French government has never lost sight of the *commercial interests of France* in Spain; and whenever they seemed to be in any way compromised by *this or that particular arrangement between ENGLAND and Spain*, we immediately took measures to prevent any such arrangements being realized.’—*Speech of M. Guizot, 16th January, 1837.*

Mr. Villiers may—and welcome—meddle\* himself in all the petty personal intrigues of the court and cabinet, but if he attempt to carry any commercial arrangement favourable to England, France tells us fairly that she takes care that ‘*it shall not be realized.*’ We are not amongst those who complain when British diplomatists fail in obtaining what the country with which they are treating feels that it cannot grant with justice to its own interests or engagements; but we are, and have a right to be, offended when we see a British minister, all-powerful in Spanish intrigues, but impotent when he treats for a British object—and impotent, not because Spain herself objects, but because a third power interferes imperiously, and says, ‘I will not *permit* you to realize any such arrangement.’ We complain of a system of intervention which renders Spain a foot-ball between two parties—whose rival interests are not to be discussed on fair inter-national principles

\* Take, for instance, a paragraph of news from Madrid, 21st January:—‘Navarez [a general who had lately resigned or been re-called from his command,] on his arrival in Madrid, waited immediately on Mr. Villiers, who has endeavoured to mediate an interview between the dissatisfied general and M. Mendizabal. It is not known whether he has been successful; but it is remarked that the British minister meddles in everything.’—*Gazette de France, 1st Feb. 1837.*

—but are to be decided by such arguments as—‘ if you don’t do this, we will abandon Bilbao,’—or ‘ if you do that, we shall open the passes of the Pyrenees.’ Such a mode of negotiating, with a pistol at the throat of the unfortunate ally, is not only disgraceful in itself, but is in the highest degree dangerous as a *precedent* for this species of burglarious interference with national independence. And let us observe the success of this system, compared with the old and legitimate practices of European diplomacy. Russia is supposed to be at the present juncture not over friendly to British trade or British policy—yet Lord Durham has, we are told, concluded a commercial arrangement—advantageous we hope to Russia, but at all events satisfactory to England, at a moment when our *belligerent negotiators* at Madrid and Lisbon have not merely failed, but have, in the instance of Lisbon, been the attesting witnesses of unprecedented fiscal aggression on British commerce.

Nor is it only with great public calamities—a profligate waste of public money—and a neglect of public interests, that our policy is reproachable. We have become the cause or the accomplices of the most lamentable private wrongs. The Duke of Wellington—whose long and glorious connexion with the Peninsula naturally interests him in the details of individual suffering, which to other eyes are lost in the general misfortunes—in reference to the Peninsular policy of His Majesty’s ministers, said on the first night of the session :—

‘ He objected to it, not only on account of its expense, but still more so on account of the injury which it inflicted on the parties existing in that country. To his own certain knowledge he could say, that three parties had been ruined in Spain by the intervention of his Majesty’s government at different times. Individuals had been ruined, their properties destroyed, their fortunes sacrificed, by the course which his Majesty’s government had pursued. Acting under the assurances of his Majesty’s government, those individuals adopted a certain line of conduct. The government was obliged finally to go forward with the movement. Those persons were in consequence abandoned, their fortunes were sacrificed, and their prospects blighted for ever.’—*Times*, 1st Feb., 1837.

How just was Vergniaud’s description not only of the revolution in which he played a part, but of every revolution, that it was *Saturn devouring his own children!* Such has been the fate of those Spanish constitutionalists referred to by his grace, who, seduced by the countenance of England to support the *Estatuto Real*, find themselves sacrificed to the new revolution of La Granja, and are now deploring in exile and poverty their misplaced confidence in British intervention.

But the case of the Portuguese refugees is, if we are not misinformed, still more striking. When the queen submitted to the terms

terms of her besiegers, and was about to return to her better-furnished palace and table, the councillors and companions of her flight inquired what was to become of them? They were kindly and discreetly advised to *shift for themselves*, and fortunately they were able to effect their escape to the British squadron. Our readers will recollect that in a former part of this article we quoted Lord Carnarvon's grateful testimony to the talents, the moderation, and the patriotism of Count Villa Flor, and the kindness of his beautiful and amiable lady. On the Miguelite revolution they thought it prudent to leave Lisbon, and embarked in an English vessel; on the turn of the tide in favour of Pedro, they re-appeared, with the title of Duke and Duchess of Terceira, and were placed at the summit both of political and social influence. Count Palmella, so well-known and respected in England, also created a duke by Pedro, was in similar circumstances. These two men—amiable in every point except their adoption of the revolutionary principles of their English protectors—began, when they had attained undisputed power, to discover that they had enough of revolution—they had opposed the military revolt—they were parties to the Belem attempt, and were amongst those left by royal gratitude to *shift for themselves*. In more danger from their late friends and disciples than they had been from their Miguelite antagonists, they had again to fly their native country, and again sought refuge in the English fleet, and, we presume, exile on the English shores.

We have heard that the interesting Duchess of Terceira, as soon as she heard the royal *sauve qui peut*, ran instantly without change of dress or even an attendant, down to the shore, threw herself into the first boat, and thought herself happy to reach in that condition the rough but kind hospitality of English seamen.

What has since become of her and her husband, we do not know; but the Duke of Palmella may be seen every evening still busy with *kings, queens, and knaves* in a rubber of whist, at the Traveller's Club.

Such have been the fruits of revolutionary intervention—so powerful to disturb, so impotent to protect—which has degraded and desolated every country to which its baneful influence has been extended, with the agonies of civil war and the chaos of anarchy—with spoliation and massacre—with the ruin of individuals—the dissolution of social order—the license of the populace, and the slavery of the people.

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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *Germany in 1831.* By John Strang, author of ‘Tales of Humour and Romance, from the German of Hoffmann, Langbein, Lafontaine, &c.’ ‘Necropolis Glasguensis,’ &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836.

2. *Sketches of Germany and the Germans; with a Glance at Poland, Hungary, and Switzerland in 1834, 1835, and 1836.* By an Englishman resident in Germany. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836.

IN reviewing, two or three years ago, Heine’s ‘History of recent German Literature,’ we took occasion to refer the ignorance of the English public regarding the subject-matter of his book, to a habit of looking to Madame de Staël as the grand authority on German belles-lettres and philosophy, in entire forgetfulness of the changes effected since she wrote. With equal justice might the ignorance of the self-same public, regarding the social and political condition of Germany, be referred to the habit of relying on Mr. Russell’s Tour, which concludes with the year 1822—since which society and government have made prodigious advances, though it may well be made a question whether these advances have been towards evil or towards good. There is thus a chasm of fourteen years, in stirring and eventful times, to be filled up; and had either of the authors before us succeeded in correcting Mr. Russell’s errors, supplying his deficiencies, and finishing off an accurate picture of Germany as it is, he might have reckoned confidently on soon dividing the honours of his predecessor, and eventually superseding him. But neither of them can be complimented on having succeeded to this extent; not even Mr. Strang, who, for fullness of information and general accuracy of remark, deserves to rank far before his more immediate competitor. He is evidently well skilled in the language, and thoroughly conversant with what, for the sake of distinction, may be termed the classical literature of Germany. The translations mentioned in his title-page were also the means of procuring him introductions to many of the principal living writers. But he did not stay long enough to avail himself of these advantages to the full, and many of his impressions appear to have been hastily caught up; whilst the ultra-liberal turn of his political opinions affords strong additional ground for questioning the justice of his reflections on

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subjects directly or indirectly connected with government. Moreover, Mr. Strang's book was written six years ago, and much of it relates to matters belonging more to the last century than to this. It is obvious that he has, in many places, recently re-touched his letters,—as the chapters are called, though there is nothing of the epistolary style or form about them,—but the effect has been rather to destroy their authenticity as actual impressions of what he saw in 1831, than to make them a faithful representation of what was to be seen in 1836.

The other gentleman is so extremely superficial that we have frequently been led to doubt the applicability of the designation which it is his pleasure to substitute for a name. At least, we should be glad to know the precise number of months, weeks, or days which, in his opinion, constitute *residence* in a place—for his book (excepting the chapters on Vienna) contains little beyond what an ordinary traveller might collect from valets-de-place, guide-books, newspapers, and tables-d'hôte, with the occasional assistance of a stationary acquaintance or two. His observations on so much of manners as may be seen in passing, are good, and some of his descriptions of scenery are striking, but whenever he attempts to penetrate an inch below the surface he is wrong. His literary taste and information may be estimated from the fact that he speaks of Rotteck (a radical rhetorician of Carlsruhe) as 'placed, by the united suffrages of his countrymen, at the head of German cotemporary literature'—which is about as correct as to term Lord John Russell the first English poet and historian of his age. We also think it a duty to reprobate, in the strongest terms, the tone adopted by this gentleman in alluding to English travellers on the continent, for matters are coming to a fine pass indeed if every man who has acquired a smattering of foreign habits is to set up for a Horace Walpole, and exclaim,—'I should like my *country* well enough, if it were not for my *countrymen*.' At page 3, for example, describing the company on board the steam-boat, he says,—'One family of my dear wandering countrymen, evidently better acquainted with pounds, shillings, and pence than Germany, had hired a French servant in London, who persuaded them that through Hamburgh was the most convenient route to the mineral baths of Nassau.' Matthews used to personate a Londoner starting on his first expedition to Margate with Cook's Voyages in his carpet-bag, and if our 'dear wandering countrymen' be characterized by one thing more than another, it is the eagerness with which they cram themselves for a trip to foreign parts by a preparatory course of maps, guide-books, and itineraries. Yet in the teeth of this known peculiarity, the author risks his credit at the commencement on such a story as the above.

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We have briefly characterized these books, to which we shall have frequent occasion to refer, by way of showing what degree of reliance is to be placed in them.

Mr. Russell did not visit Hamburg, and only passingly alludes to it. Hamburg, however, is undeniably one of the best starting points for a tour, and both of the travellers now under review commence with it; the Resident giving us a short, dashing sketch, —Mr. Strang a long, elaborate account, occupying a full half of his first volume. Still, though this seems a most disproportioned space to be allotted to a town, we should rather say that too little labour has been expended on Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and Munich, than too much on this northern Venice; so rich are the author's materials, and so valuable the observations he has blended with them. The times are gone when a colony or corporation of traders, possessing only a few square miles of territory, could contend with monarchs for the prize of empire; and the glories of Hamburg and Lubeck, Venice and Genoa, are departed never to return. But Hamburg still retains a highly respectable position as the grand mercantile emporium of the north, sufficient, without referring to history, to justify us in noting down a few particulars relating to it.

One singular anomaly in its legislation is the facility which seems to be afforded to insolvency. 'I am told,' says Mr. Strang, 'that an individual in Hamburg makes a regular business and a very comfortable livelihood from manufacturing sets of false books for unprincipled debtors.' A privilege enjoyed by the wives of traders is said to add not a little to this facility—

'The law holds that, for five years after marriage, the dowry of a wife is a preferable debt to all others upon the estate; and hence, should the husband see fit to become bankrupt, before the lapse of five years subsequent to his marriage, the fortune brought by his wife, from being preferable to all other debts, forms, as it were, a new capital to recommence with. The consequence of this peculiarly favourable law towards married men is, that of all eras in a mercantile man's history, the most important to creditors is the period when the debtor is called upon to decide with himself whether he shall or shall not take advantage of this privilege by declaring himself bankrupt; and let me tell you it is a privilege of which not a few are constantly found to avail themselves. There is a shrewd suspicion entertained that the early matrons of Hamburg have had some hand in making this law, as holding out an encouragement to matrimony!'—*Strang*, vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

An important part of the population consist of the English residents and the Jews. The Jews are about six thousand in number, and, as usual, amongst the wealthiest of the inhabitants; yet they are still persecuted with a degree of rancour for which nothing but the bitter spirit of commercial jealousy can account.

In August, 1835, an attempt was made to expel some young men of the Jewish persuasion from one of the places of public resort; the Jews resisted, but were overpowered by numbers and turned out. Three days afterwards the chief police magistrate caused an intimation to be conveyed to the elders of the synagogue, that they had better warn their young friends to abstain from visiting public places for some time, as he could not answer for the consequences. The position of the English residents is thus described by Mr. Strang:—

‘The English merchants residing here herd together in the same way that they do everywhere else, and retain as usual their national manners, prejudices, and mode of living. They are a jovial, happy set of fellows, whose industry is only surpassed by their hospitality, and whose love of good eating makes them prefer their own national dishes to the more varied and greasy cookery of Germany. The English residents mix but little with the natives, and seldom take any interest in matters connected with this country, save its commerce, to the changes of which they are obliged to be as much alive as are their most indefatigable opponents in trade—the Jews. Beyond acquiring a perfect knowledge of their business, the generality of the English in Hamburg may be put in the same category with a noble emigrant who once resided in this city, of whom it was said, that he had lived five-and-twenty years abroad, and had forgotten nothing, but at the same time had learned nothing!’

Mr. Strang is here applying, probably unconsciously, to his countrymen, what was originally said of the French emigrants who returned with the Bourbons in 1814. In hospitality it is impossible for the English to excel the Hamburgians. But we are far from agreeing with Mr. Strang that Hamburg is the residence which a gourmand of discrimination would select, unless he brought his own cook along with him; for gastronomy, considered as one of the fine arts, has been cultivated with little better success than painting and architecture by the citizens. The eel-soup which he so joyously commemorates, struck us to be about upon a par with the conger-pie in which our Land’s-Endians exult; and it would require the stomach of a Cornish miner or a Hanseatic burgomaster to digest either the one or the other of these delicacies.

Mr. Strang opens the topic of Hamburg literature with the remark, that ‘literary distinction here is about as valueless as stars or ribbons, and hence there are but few who have really done anything for the literature or science of Germany, who have made choice of this town as a permanent residence.’ It is amusing to contrast this estimate with Mr. William Taylor’s, founded on probably nearly the same statement of facts. In a section of his ‘*Historic Survey of German Poetry*,’ entitled *Hamburg Poets*, he says—‘Early provided with respectable schools of learning, this

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this city has asserted literary rank from the times of Lambreius and Gronovius to the present. It vied with Zurich and Leipzig in the early cultivation of German vernacular literature, and continues to be a patroness of instruction and an emporium of literature.' Mr. Taylor's list of Hamburg poets comprises Hagedorn, J. E. Schlegel, Ebert, Kramer, and Klopstock; to which may be added Voss, who passed the latter part of his life at Wansdeck, a village in the vicinity. Coleridge relates, that on hearing Klopstock termed the German Milton, he contented himself with drily observing, 'a very German Milton indeed.' There are passages, however, both in the 'Messiah' and in the 'Odes,' which go far towards justifying the comparison; and it is impossible to deny Klopstock the praise of being the first to awaken—or rather to re-awaken—the national genius of his countrymen, to show them of what their language was capable, and teach them to found a new literature of their own. Hamburg, therefore, may well feel proud of having numbered such a man amongst her sons—i. e. her adopted sons, for Klopstock did not come to live at Hamburg till he was past thirty, and the charms which lured him thither were not those of the climate, the situation, the libraries, or the eel-soup, but the charms of a Miss Molly Moller, for whom he deserted his former love, Fanny (immortalized in one of the finest of his odes), on the alleged grounds of indifference to his attentions when with her, and a decided tendency to promiscuous flirtation when he was away.

Amongst living literary characters connected with Hamburg the most conspicuous are Heinrich Heine, whose peculiar political opinions are attributable, as we formerly intimated, to his having been born a member of the oppressed Jewish community in this place; Dr. Julius, a modest and amiable scholar, author of a valuable work on prison discipline; Dr. Lappenberg, known, among other things, for some good antiquarian essays, and one of the most accomplished gentlemen we ever met in any country; and Dr. Wurm, the editor of the *Kritische Blätter*—a sort of Literary Gazette or Athenæum, conducted with considerable spirit and ability.

'Through the pages,' says Mr. Strang, 'of the periodical [work?] which Dr. Wurm at present conducts with so much credit to himself, he has lately sent forth much valuable and just criticism on the modern literature of our country—criticism that might well shame the misnamed Reviews of England. In Germany there is as yet happily very little pandering to authors and booksellers as in England; and none of that shameless systematic puffing and critical quackery which has of late so strikingly characterized the Zoili of your newspaper and magazine press. Happily for Hamburg, the editor's pen is placed in the hands of men whose

whose critical acumen is only equalled by their critical candour. What a contrast do the opinions of such men hold out to those of

"Your crawling critics—underlings of sense,  
Who damn for spite and eulogize for pence!"

The exceeding acrimony of this passage induces us to suspect that Mr. Strang is not quite satisfied with the reception which he himself has received from the *pressgang*, as Mrs. Butler politely denominates these Zoili. Still, we have no objection to admit to him that the periodical press of Germany is, on the whole, characterized by a better spirit of impartiality and good faith; but, on the other hand, he must allow to us,—what indeed is too glaring to admit of dispute,—that it is far inferior in talent and extent of influence to our own. The principal cause is obvious enough. In Germany the general rule is for each contributor to subscribe his name to his contribution—a rule which may act beneficially by keeping the writer on his guard both against unfounded eulogy and intemperate censure; but which certainly acts injuriously by cramping the freedom of the criticism, and excluding a large and valuable class of contributors altogether; for many of our best reviews are chiefly composed by persons who would as soon think of engaging in personal conflict with a mad bull as with an angry author; or who, from temper, rank, or connexion, would decidedly object to appearing before the public at all in this manner. 'Besides,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'there will always be a greater authority ascribed by the generality of readers to the oracular opinion issued from the cloudy sanctuary of an invisible body than to the mere dictum of a man with a christian name and surname, which may not sound much better than those of the author over whom he predominates.\*' Sir Walter might well have said, 'which may sound much worse.' Who, for instance, would even look at a pamphlet by *John Thompson* on Mr. Hallam's Literary History or any other new work by an author of established reputation?

As to the influence of the periodical press on literature, the evil is slight in comparison with the good. We ourselves may have had the misfortune to kill off a cockney poet or two in our time—

'Oh, that the soul, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!'

and Lord Brougham is accused, on pretty strong evidence, of having broken the heart of a philosopher by similar means.†

But

\* 'Life of Cumberland'—in allusion to the 'London Review,' which was started on the continental principle and failed; and see Byron's Works, vol. ix. p. 62, note.

† Dr. Young's theory of light was treated with the most sovereign contempt by Lord Brougham in the earlier numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and Dr. Young died without reaping the honour of it. The theory is now recognised as true; and  
M. Arago

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But these are accidents; and on the whole Dr. Johnson was quite right in saying that no man was ever written down except by himself. Puffing, again, is, in the long run, as powerless to elevate as undue severity to depress, of which no stronger proof can be afforded than some facts cited by us a few years ago, illustrative of the fate of the dandy school of novel writers. It thence appeared that books published at half-a-guinea a volume, and puffed at the rate of thousands a year, were regularly advertised as on sale for exportation at the average rate of ninepence a-piece.

The Hamburg theatre enjoys a high reputation, thanks to Schroeder, who filled the post of director for upwards of thirty years, and successfully made head against the French (misnamed classical) drama, which was in its zenith at the commencement of his management. Shakspeare is now the fashion; and the English company who embarked with Mr. Barham Livius for Germany in 1834, were enthusiastically received by all classes; but their career was rudely cut short by the refusal of the Hamburg manager to allow the use of his theatre for less than three-fourths of the profits per night, and by the prospect of having similar difficulties to encounter in Dresden and Berlin.

The journey from Hamburg to Berlin affords to Mr. Strang an opportunity of introducing an animated account of the military poet Theodore Körner, who was killed upon the road—and to the Resident, an opportunity of making two singular statements regarding Mecklenburg; the one as to the nobility, the other as to the geese.

‘During my progress through the country, I met with a Herr Baron, who exercised the profession of relieving men’s chins of what in Christendom is considered an incumbrance; and at one of the inns I found a Herr Graf [*i. e.* Count] for a landlord, a Frau Gräfin for a landlady, the young Herren Gräfen filled the places of ostler, waiter, and boots, while the fair young Fräulein Gräfinnen were the cooks and chambermaids. I was informed, that in one village, of which I now forget the name, the whole of the inhabitants were noble except four, and these were married to Geborne Fräuleins! [born lady-countesses.] During one of my lake excursions, I had for my companion a retired merchant from a southern state in Germany, who, ignorant of this prepossession in favour of noble rank, purchased an estate on the banks of one of its beautiful lakes. He had wealth, talents, intelligence, and gentlemanly manners, but he had no quarterings! How, then, was it possible for

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M. Arago has formally vindicated Dr. Young from the noble critic’s animadversions, in a discourse delivered at the Institute. Lord Byron, by-the-bye, believed to his dying day that Lord Brougham was the reviewer of the *Hours of Idleness*—witness some well-known lines in one of the later cantos of *Don Juan*; but this, we believe, was quite a mistake.

the

the high-blood natives, who perhaps traced their descent from the Vandal deities, to visit him! At length, finding that the humid air and lakes of Mecklenburg were no equivalent for absolute solitude, he was preparing to remove to some country less aristocratical in its social institutions.'—*Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 44, 45.

At one time it was not uncommon in English farces to tickle our national pride by turning Italian counts into valets and French marquesses into barbers and cooks. The above strikes us to be neither more nor less than a clumsy revival of the joke. Mecklenburg undoubtedly abounds in families privileged to prefix *von* to their names, and the pride of birth will there, as in other places, be often found in connexion with poverty; but the story of the retired merchant is a palpable absurdity. Far from its being a point of etiquette in Mecklenburg for the noble to keep aloof from the plebeian, the Grand Duke may frequently be seen dining at the table-d'hôte of his capital, and familiarly conversing with the guests; nor are his subjects in the habit of considering such acts of condescension as derogating from the dignity of their sovereign. We undertake to say that there are counties in England where a retired merchant would find much more difficulty in establishing himself among the landed gentry than in any district of Northern Germany. After reading such injurious insinuations we are by no means astonished to find that this gentleman's progress through the country was impeded, with a sort of patriotic instinct, by another class of denizens, whom, to the best of our recollection, he has equally calumniated.

'In every part of Mecklenburg herds of swine and flocks of geese abound; the former wander nearly wild through the extensive forests, supported by acorns and roots, while the latter literally cover the banks of the lakes and rivers with their white plumage, resembling at a distance flakes of moving snow. In my rambles through the country, it was my fate to become more than once the object of their most violent animosity, particularly in passing through narrow lanes; here I repeatedly encountered flocks of some hundreds, who, with outstretched necks and extended wings, were hissing and gabbling, evidently determined to dispute my further progress. Pray don't laugh, reader, for I assure you that blows from my cane only infuriated them still more; for as fast as I beat off one score of my assailants, another came boldly to the attack; but perseverance will conquer geese of every description, and this weapon at length subdued my hostile gabblers in Mecklenburg.'—*ibid.*, vol. i. pp. 45, 46.

In our opinion, the world would not have lost much if the geese had proved victorious in the fray.

The approach to Berlin is certainly very fine, though the flatness of the country somewhat diminishes the effect; and we quite agree with Mr. Strang that the drive from Charlottenburg is infinitely

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nitely superior to the boasted opening into Paris from the west. It has been remarked as a curious trait of national character, that the modest Prussians call the entrance to their capital a *Thiergarten* (zoological garden), and the conceited Frenchmen the entrance to theirs *Les Champ Elysées*, which is about as applicable as the term *belle* to France itself,—one of the ugliest and most uninteresting countries in the world to travel through. Berlin is generally and justly esteemed one of the handsomest cities in Europe, for it abounds in broad streets and fine squares, and boasts a great variety of public buildings extremely well situated for effect. Entering by the Brandenburg gate, crossing the *Pariser Platz*, driving up the whole extent of the Linden street, and stopping at the Hotel de Russie near the bridge, the traveller must be very fastidious, or very sleepy, who is not lost in admiration and astonishment. But the first view of Berlin is everything, and the impression rapidly wears off. Being almost as much the creation of Frederick the Great, as Petersburg was the creation of the Czar, it presents hardly any building of historic interest—no Westminster Abbey or Notre Dame—for the imagination to rest upon; so that, as regards association, one might fancy one's self in Liverpool or New York. Then the architecture is exceedingly monotonous, and there is a staring, glaring look about the houses which on a bright day is absolutely intolerable. Yet far from presenting a gay and exhilarating appearance, Berlin presents exactly the reverse; for in consequence of the great extent of the city compared with the population (more than twelve miles of circumference for less than 230,000 inhabitants), there is a total absence of life and bustle in the streets—except in the Linden Street at the particular hours when it is the fashion to promenade there. This effect may be traced to the founder's vanity, who wished to possess a capital bearing the same rank amongst capitals which he himself had succeeded in acquiring amongst kings. When the city was considerably advanced, he exclaimed exultingly to the French ambassador,—‘Well, we are getting on—Berlin is nearly as large as Paris.’ ‘Certainly,’ replied the ambassador, ‘only we don't grow corn in Paris.’ The river, again, is a dull, heavy, slow, melancholy-looking stream, rather impairing than improving the salubrity of the place. ‘Its sluggish course,’ says the Resident, ‘is so tedious in conveying away the pollutions it receives, that during the heat of summer the public health is seriously affected; and it was a fact, announced by the authorities, that during the summer of 1834 the deaths exceeded the births by forty-four weekly.’ But he should not have forgotten to add, that during the summer of 1834 Berlin was suffering severely from the cholera.

Architecture

Architecture has made greater advances in Germany since the commencement of the present century than in any other country that could be named, and some of the public buildings recently erected in Berlin are peculiarly deserving of the attention of the connoisseur. Amongst the most remarkable is the Royal Museum, after a design by Schinkel, the Prussian Palladio, an edifice by the side of which our National Gallery would look supremely ridiculous. The arrangement of the pictures is also well worthy of imitation, when a collection is large enough to warrant it; the several schools being arranged chronologically, so that the gradual progress of each may be traced with facility. The *Sing-Academie* by Ottimer, the court-architect of Brunswick, is a Grecian building of great beauty, and having been erected at the expense of a private society as a concert-hall and school for the study of sacred music, bears equal testimony to the musical and architectural taste of Berlin. The arsenal, the guard-house, the opera-house, the royal palace, the library, the university, with some fine specimens of sculpture by Rauch, an artist of first-rate genius, &c. &c. are sufficiently described by Russell and other travellers. Leaving, therefore, the external condition of the capital, we proceed to make a few remarks on the constitution, the social state, the internal administration, and the political prospects of the monarchy.

The Prussian government is, to all intents and purposes, an autocracy, so far as the total absence of constitutional checks can make it one. There is no chamber, no parliament, no privileged class or representative body of any kind empowered to lay a *veto* on the will of the sovereign, in whatever direction he may think proper to exercise it, nor is he even subjected to the salutary admonitions of a press; yet there is not a country in the world where enlightened public opinion exercises a more immediate influence on the conduct of affairs, or where sterling merit is more sure of its reward. ‘Why, Sir, (said Johnson) in such a government as ours, no man is appointed to an office because he is the fittest for it, nor hardly in any other government, because there are so many connexions and dependencies to be studied. A despotic prince may choose a man to an office merely because he is the fittest for it: *the King of Prussia may do it.*’\* A glance at what he is now doing will amply verify the justice of this remark. In England, under the dynasty of *Reform*, public opinion means brute clamour—the best qualification for official employment is incapacity—and almost the only parliamentary candidates of literary or scientific notoriety who stand the slightest chance of gaining the sweet voices of the populace, are persons who have contrived to acquire a factitious and fugitive reputation by quackery. In

\* Boswell’s Johnson, vol. iii. p. 186, Edit. 1835.

America, where the people are all in all, matters are still worse : the bare notion of promoting a man who was not a partisan of the President, would be scouted as an absurdity, and few and far between are the instances in which a distinguished name has proved a passport to the Chamber of Representatives.\* In France, conflicting factions divide the attention of the people, and views of personal aggrandizement exclusively occupy the King's—who has this excuse, however, that there seems no mode of saving the nation from a renewal of the horrors of the first revolution but despotism.

It follows, that to find a practical example of the blessings which are commonly supposed the necessary results of liberty, we are obliged to turn from countries rife with it to a country where it is nominally extinct. In Prussia, the King is actually doing what Johnson stated he might do : talent is not merely appreciated when known, but sedulously sought out and courted into the public service, so that each department is filled by persons occupying the first rank in the science, art, pursuit, or study, a knowledge of which may be necessary or useful for the due discharge of the duties of their post ; and no sooner is a measure called for by the deliberate opinions of those best qualified to form an opinion on it, than it is done. Every branch of the internal administration bears evidence to the truth of these observations ; but we will content ourselves with referring to the now well-known educational system,† and the progress made in commerce and manufactures since the peace.

‘ No reform (says Mr. Strang) is ever permitted to emanate from the people themselves. Every change that takes place, whether civil, ecclesiastical, or political, is the result of government concoction ; and be the object what it may, nothing is tolerated unless previously decreed and regulated at head-quarters.’

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\* ‘ When (says M. de Tocqueville) you enter the Chamber of Representatives at Washington, you feel struck by the vulgar aspect of this great assembly. The eye often looks round in vain for a man of celebrity within its bosom. Almost all the members are obscure personages whose names present no image to the thought. They are for the most part village lawyers, traders, or even men belonging to the lowest classes. In a country where education is almost universally diffused, it is said that the representatives of the people do not always know how to write correctly. —Two paces off is the entrance of the Senate, whose narrow precincts contain a large proportion of the celebrities of America. Hardly a man is to be seen in it who does not recall the idea of a recent illustration. These are eloquent advocates, distinguished generals, able magistrates, or tried statesmen. Every word that escapes from this assembly would do honour to the greatest parliamentary debates of Europe.’

The obvious cause is that the representatives are elected directly by the people, the senators are not.

† See Cousin's Report, translated by Mrs. Austin, and the admirable preface prefixed by that lady to the work.

Mr. Strang should tell us how any change—civil, ecclesiastical, or political—could take place otherwise in a country where the whole legislative authority is vested in the King; but we are not to infer that public opinion goes for nothing on that account. Some eight or ten years ago, for example, it was in contemplation to extend the Prussian code to the Rhenish provinces, which retained, and still retain, the French. A strong feeling of dissatisfaction was manifested on the part of the provinces in question, and the project, though a pet one of the King and ministry, was laid aside. The victory was celebrated, in true John Bull style, by a grand dinner at Bonn, where speeches were made which would have done honour to an English county meeting for freedom of expression. Still the privilege of being heard is subject to one important restriction: *ne sutor ultra crepidam* is the word, and no one is listened to about matters not affecting himself—so that if useful discussion be occasionally suppressed, the people are rescued, on the other hand, from the baneful influence of demagogues, and left free to pursue the noiseless tenor of their ordinary occupations undisturbed, instead of being periodically inflated with the restless spirit of self-conceit, as in England, where agitation (to borrow an expression of Burke's) is rapidly becoming the daily bread of the constitution—where every idle mechanic or bankrupt shopkeeper thinks himself capable of deciding summarily on questions which have perplexed the best and wisest for centuries—where convicted swindlers are respectfully listened to on questions of the greatest moral and religious, as well as political importance—and the majesty of the Monarch is obliged to submit to be bearded in St. James's by *honourable* members of Parliament, who in no preceding reign could have found access to the drawing-room of the humblest gentleman in the land. Since the days of Trajan, therefore, perhaps there never was a country to which Pope's celebrated couplet was more applicable than to Prussia under the King now upon the throne—

‘For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whatever's best administered is best.’

But then comes the grand question—what guarantee have the Prussians for the continuance of good government, and are the really enlightened amongst them satisfied with a state of things so palpably dependent upon accident? \* Both Mr. Strang and the Resident assure us that they are not, and concur in stating that a free press and a free constitution are generally demanded by the thinking classes of society; but we believe we

\* We on a former occasion quoted the reply made by Alexander of Russia to Madame de Staël, when she was expatiating on the prosperity of his empire under his rule.—‘Madam, I am but a happy accident.’

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have enjoyed as ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the opinions of the thinking classes as either of them, and our impression is, that the removal of the censorship and the grant of a representative assembly (which are what is meant by a free press and constitution) are regarded as measures of doubtful expediency, whilst the army, the municipal assemblies, and the poverty of the nobles, are confidently relied on as safeguards against any undue exercise of the prerogative. This may require a few words of explanation; first, as to the army.

On the trial of the poor ex-ministers of Charles X., M. Arago (the celebrated mathematician) deposed that Prince de Polignac, on being informed that the troops were going over to the people, exclaimed,—‘Well, then, the troops also must be fired upon!’ This is just the sort of order which a Prussian minister would have to issue in the case of a popular movement emanating from a strong national feeling of oppression; for the Prussian army is neither more nor less than a large standing militia, in which every male, on attaining twenty years of age, takes his period of service—so that each citizen is a soldier, each soldier a citizen, and the feelings and interests of the two orders are the same. Nor has the crown so much as left itself the means of conciliating the attachment of the officers. An indispensable preliminary to the obtaining of a commission is service during a given period in the ranks; whilst money and favour are equally unavailing to advance promotion a step. Blücher’s son is a subaltern of many years standing, which (considering the enthusiastic admiration with which the memory of Marshal Forwards, as they call him, is cherished) affords the most decisive exemplification of the rule.

Another check, of a yet more formidable description, is presented by the municipalities. The administration of the affairs of each town, city, or municipal district throughout Prussia, is vested in representatives chosen by the inhabitants, and magistrates chosen by the representatives. The only control over their choice retained by the crown, is the privilege of selecting the burgo-master out of three candidates named on the part of the town. The qualification for voting is rather higher than that created by the new corporation bill in England, but sufficiently low (under 25*l.* a year) to give a decided democratic tendency to the institution; and there can be little doubt, that should any serious attempt be made to convert the government practically into what it already is theoretically—a despotism—these corporate bodies would not be deterred from venturing beyond the recognised limits of their jurisdiction, but meet, pass resolutions, present addresses, and take any other steps that might be deemed necessary for the protection of their liberties.

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A third ground of security is afforded by the non-existence of any privileged class interested in making common cause with the king. This anomaly is principally attributed to the celebrated law of 1810. Till within a few years previously to the passing of this law, the greater part of the landed property of Prussia consisted of *estates noble*—that is, estates which could only be held by persons of noble birth—and was, moreover, subjected to a variety of feudal restrictions which materially impeded the progress of agricultural improvement. The tenant was ordinarily restricted to a particular mode of cultivation, and the landlord to a particular family or class of tenantry, being in no case permitted to turn farmer or employ his own capital on the land. Stein, who was appointed minister soon after the battle of Jena at the express dictation of Napoleon, removed some of the most invidious of these restrictions, and Hardenberg, who succeeded him, swept the whole of them away by the edict above mentioned, which provided that the actual possessors for the time being under leases (renewable or otherwise) should be free hereditary proprietors of the land on giving up a certain portion to the lord, one-third when the lease was renewable, and one-half when the holding was for life or a fixed number of years. The justice of this measure is ably discussed by Mr. Russell. The ‘Resident,’ who seems to have a very loose and vague notion of it, asserts that Hardenberg refused all indemnification to the proprietors for the loss of the services of their boors. This was not the fact: the right to indemnification was distinctly admitted, and the mode of awarding it defined, although, as may be collected from Prince Pückler Muskau’s last work, neither party was eventually a gainer by the good intentions of the government in this respect. We shall quote the passage, because it throws light on a kind of jobbing which the Whig party are doing their utmost to bring into general reception in this country.

‘If it had been carried into effect without any unnecessary vexatious interference, and at the least possible expense; if proper attention had been paid to the various local circumstances which presented themselves in the different provinces; if it had been carried on with energy and the difficulties determinately surmounted, there would be little cause to complain. But instead of this, the inhabitants have been exposed to a tedious and harassing process, in furtherance of which multitudes of new appointments have been created under the name of general commissioners, for the purpose of separating and dissolving the connexion of the serf with the lord of the soil.

‘A whole army of economy commissioners have been enlisted, principally consisting of bankrupt proprietors, ruined farmers, discharged civil officers, bonneteurs, and engineers, the whole brood let loose upon the already impoverished and miserable inhabitants, who have been, through

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through their instrumentality, betrayed into innumerable disputes, and subjected to various and expensive pecuniary charges.

'We have witnessed the commissaries enriching themselves at the rate of more than two thousand rix dollars annually; many of the overseers have become small capitalists, while the valuable crumbs which fall from the table of the principal commissioners have dropped into the pockets of their clerks and underlings.

'Notwithstanding all this expense, the regulation remained, in most cases, defective and undetermined; and in many instances it has been well attested that the charges attending the fulfilment of this law, even before it was completed, exceeded the whole worth of the indemnification to the proprietor, so that he not only lost the services of the peasants, but was absolutely obliged to pay for being deprived of their services.

'Thus the proprietors of landed estates and the peasants are naturally becoming poorer and poorer during the wearisome, protracted, and expensive proceedings, and behold, with a state of mind bordering on despair, an evil averted for the sake of carrying into effect a theory which will be productive of advantage to none *except a mass of civil officers, whom the government has created without necessity, and when the business is terminated, will be turned adrift upon society, thereby producing a still greater necessity*; and to accomplish this the interests of one generation are sacrificed! This sounds harsh, but it is too true.'—*Tutti Frutti*, vol. i. p. 150.

We should be glad to know what is to be done with the host of commissioners whom our Whig government has created without necessity, and will, some time or other, we presume, be obliged to turn adrift. The more respectable members of the legal profession are already complaining loudly of the deteriorating effects of this kind of patronage on the bar.

To return to Prussia:—the nobility lost much in property, and more in influence, by the direct operation of this measure; but it was its indirect operation that has destroyed them as a class. 'The law (says Mr. Russell, vol. ii. p. 88,) appeared at a moment when the greater part of their estates were burdened with debts, and the proprietors were now deprived of their rentals. They indeed had land thrown back upon their hands, but this only multiplied their embarrassments. In the hands of the boors the soil had been productive to them; now that it was in their own, they had neither skill nor capital to carry on its profitable cultivation, and new loans only added to the interest which already threatened to consume its probable fruits. The consequence of all this was, that besides the portion of land secured in free property to the peasantry, much of the remainder came into the market, and the purchasers were generally persons who had acquired wealth by trade or manufactures.' As a landed aristocracy,

aristocracy, therefore, the Prussian nobility can hardly be said to exist; and the *prestige* of birth avails them next to nothing with the people and little with the crown. With the exception of a few places about the court, honours and offices are distributed with exclusive reference to the personal merits of the candidate.

It is obvious that a king, without the aid of a nobility or an army personally dependent upon him, would stand little chance in a struggle against a people so far advanced in civilization as the Prussians, and with such ample means of combination within their reach. The most enlightened amongst them are well aware of the strength of their position, and are far from anxious to see the quiet of the country disturbed by election contests, and their domestic privacy invaded by the press. Indeed, we once heard a distinguished jurist contend, with the apparent approbation of a mixed company at Berlin, that the evil of what are termed free institutions more than counterbalanced the good; for 'would not a stranger,' he added, 'from the tone of your newspapers, and the speeches of the leading members of your reforming ministry, infer that the sole objects of human life were the making and altering of laws, and the modelling and remodelling of constitutions?'—In Prussia, moreover, it would be hardly possible to form a chamber of deputies duly representing the feelings of the nation, on account of the various and conflicting interests that must clash in it; for the Prussian monarchy is principally made up of territories acquired by cession or conquest within a comparatively recent period, and held together by the strong arm of compulsion, so that on the first show of a popular movement they would probably fall asunder of themselves. In such an event, the Rhenish provinces would be appropriated by France, the Silesian by Austria, the Polish by Russia, and little would remain to profit by the liberality of the sovereign beyond the original dominions of his electorate. A catastrophe of the kind is thought by sagacious observers to be even now impending over the United States of America; but they, fortunately for them, have no powerful neighbours to take instant advantage of a false step. It must be admitted, however, that at the time Mr. Strang's book was written, the call for a free constitution was much more general than now, because considerable apprehensions were entertained regarding the conduct and character of the Crown Prince. As many heirs apparent have done before him, the heir apparent of the Prussian crown was wont in early youth to amuse himself by quizzing his father's confidential servants, and many good stories are related of the jokes which he was in the habit of playing off at Hardenberg's expense. 'Can you divine, Hardenberg, what is the first thing I shall do when I am king?' said he once to the chancellor. 'I am confident,'

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confident,' replied the premier, 'it will be something equally honourable to your royal highness and beneficial to the public.' Right for once, chancellor, for it will be to send you to Spandau! '\* But he is grown older and wiser since he is reported to have talked in this manner; and he would now (unless public report speaks false) be more inclined to say, like Henry V. to the Chief Justice who had committed him,—

'There is my hand;  
You shall be as a father to my youth—  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practised wise directions.'

The Prince is understood to lean at present to the *liberal* side, which would have the effect of bringing the administration into still closer harmony with the national feeling; so far, at all events, as its foreign policy is concerned—for some jealousy undoubtedly prevails of the influence of Russian counsels at court. On this subject the Resident remarks—

'Whether it be owing to this influence that the government manifests such a decided hostility to England and her interests, I know not; but, certainly, in her exhibitions of this enmity she has been most industrious, both in her commercial tariff, to which she has had the adroitness to gain over the minor states in Germany, and also in the language of the public press, which is, we know, here the organ of government. Let us take up any of her *say-nothing*, stupid, political journals, and we shall probably find some bitter censure'—[is this saying nothing?]'—'upon England and her inhabitants. But, for our consolation, we know that they do not speak the sentiments of the people, but those of the government; for the Germans have just as much of a free press as coincides with the will of the Dictator, the Imperial Nicholas:—whose puppet, with what truth I know not, the Prussians assert M. Ancillon to be. However, we must admire the sagacity of the writers; for, whether manufactured in Frankfurt, Augsburg, or Berlin, the pills given to the British lion are very carefully sugared over. Still, if an English statesman breaks the sweet incrustation, he will make several notable discoveries; for instance, that our commerce is rapidly declining! our trade with Germany at an end! and our feeble, tottering, Whig administration scarcely able to restrain a people on the verge of anarchy! and, above all, burdened with a debt that cripples all our energies!'—*Sketches*, vol i., pp. 90, 91.

The contemptuous feeling with which our 'feeble, tottering, Whig administration' is generally regarded on the Continent has certainly extended to the Prussians, and our national character is proportionably degraded in their esteem—but we have searched in vain for proofs of decided hostility; and we are convinced that

\* A fortress in which convicts and other prisoners are detained. Some other anecdotes to the same purport are related by Mr. Russell.

the return of the Duke of Wellington or Sir Robert Peel to office would instantly re-establish us on our ancient footing with our allies. The same writer subsequently states the common opinion in Berlin to be that the commercial league has originated in the refusal of England to receive Prussian corn and timber unless burdened with duties which almost amount to a prohibition; 'but the fact is,' he adds, 'that Prussia's real object was the extension of her political influence.' That this was one of her objects we have no reason to disbelieve; yet where is the necessity for speculating about the sinister motives of a measure which carries so ample a justification on the face of it? The vexatious manner in which the custom-house duties were levied throughout Germany was the subject of universal complaint—it being necessary for the traveller or merchant to stop and submit to be searched anew at the frontiers of each petty state through which his goods or his person had to pass. Some notion may be formed of the extent of this inconvenience by the simple inspection of one of the larger sort of coloured maps. The professed object of the commercial league was to remedy this inconvenience, by subjecting the whole of the north of Germany to one general tariff of duties, to be collected on one grand frontier, and equitably divided amongst the several states comprehended within the line. So long as the average amount of duty remains the same, and no particular country is favoured at our expense, it is obvious that we have no just ground of complaint; and the only mode in which England can be expected to suffer from this arrangement is by the indirect facilities afforded to France and Switzerland—who have several of the petty states to cross on their way to furnish the north of Germany with commodities which England supplies direct through Hamburg.

The manufactures of Prussia herself are flourishing, and her exports in woollen stuffs and wrought iron, branches of trade in which she comes into direct competition with England, are increasing yearly. For beauty and finish, the articles manufactured at the Prussian iron-foundries confessedly excel those manufactured at Sheffield or Birmingham—a superiority (according to Mr. Strang) entirely owing to the peculiar fineness of the sand. 'The cotton manufactures,' says the Resident, 'established by Frederick the Great, have not kept pace with some of the other branches of national industry; and it is only by imposing a prohibitory duty on English manufactures, that the public can be compelled to wear them.' We are not aware of the precise amount of duty; but as English cottons are in very general use amongst the ladies of Berlin, the duty can hardly be described as a prohibitory one. Indeed we do not hesitate to say that the principles of

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of free trade are better understood in Prussia than in any other country of the Continent, not excepting France, where, with all her pretension to liberality, the most injurious prejudices on these subjects are in full activity, and the most absurd jealousies of their commercial rivals prevail amongst the merchants and manufacturers.

The principal remaining topics are jurisprudence, literature, the drama, and society.

Both the writers before us agree in lauding the administration of the law in Prussia; but their opinions are evidently taken up at second-hand from Prussians comparing their own system with that of the neighbouring states; for in this point, and in this only, is it commendable. The procedure in a suit is made up of a succession of allegations and counter-allegations, strongly resembling our bills and answers in chancery. There is no oral pleading, and the duty of the advocate is limited to the preparation of the voluminous papers in the cause. The judgment is also delivered in writing, with the reasons at length. In all cases of the slightest moment it is a matter of course to carry the cause through each of the allowed stages of appeal, ending with the law-faculty of a university; and, as these are numerous, it is a matter of rare occurrence to find a suit involving a debatable question definitively decided in less than three or four years. In criminal cases, the duty ordinarily undertaken by the private prosecutor in England devolves on the district magistrate or judge, who, when he has collected all the evidence, documentary or otherwise, calculated in his opinion to throw light upon the case, transmits the whole in the shape of a report, with the documents appended, to a superior tribunal, which directs additional inquiries to be instituted, or forthwith proceeds to the acquittal or condemnation of the prisoner. There is nothing wearing the semblance of a public trial; and the accused is subjected to a series of personal examinations in order to induce a confession. The judges, generally speaking, are men of talent and integrity; but no talent or integrity can cure the defects of a system so radically wrong. Jurisprudence, considered as a branch of public study, is nowhere better taught than in Prussia, and in Professor von Savigny the university of Berlin may pride herself on the possession of the first of living civilians. Professor Gans is another Berlin jurist of celebrity; but his enthusiasm in favour of what he terms liberal principles has led him into indiscretions ill becoming his situation as an instructor of youth. Four or five years ago he delivered a series of lectures on modern history, which set the university in a flame, and led to much disorderly conduct on the part of the most hot-headed of his auditory; yet he was allowed to lecture on, and still retains his professorship, though entirely dependent on the crown.

German literature at the present moment is much in the same condition as our own; most of the celebrated authors by whom the close of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century have been illustrated are dead, or have ceased to write: as for rising poets of distinction, there are none: criticism is principally occupied in settling the respective claims of the past or passing generation (particularly of Goethe and Schiller) upon posterity; and the public interest is frittered away on novelists, manifesting little merit beyond the slender one of cleverness. Menzel\* enumerates several classes of prose fictions now or recently popular in Germany, as the amatory, the physiological, the philosophical, the historical, &c.; the last, he tells us, from the time Sir Walter Scott first set the fashion, have been produced in such numbers that no critic can possibly keep pace with them, and they are forgotten as speedily as read. Yet not content with the home-manufacture, the Germans import largely and very indiscriminately from England; for every tawdry production of the silver-fork school, as well as every feeble drivelling imitation of Scott, that can obtain by puffing the slightest show of notoriety, is sure to be translated without delay. On inspection of the Leipsic catalogues for 1835, it will be seen that German translations of *fifty-eight* foreign novels appeared within the year—a number which puts selection out of the question. Foreign circulation, we observe, is commonly cited as an unerring test of genius, an unequivocal pledge of immortality; but it really proves nothing more than that the tastes and habits of the idle classes are nearly alike in all countries that have arrived at nearly the same point of cultivation, and that there exists a large class in each to whom the excitement of fictitious narrative has become as much a necessary of life as opium to the opium-eater. When the thoughts, sentiments, images, and characters of a poet or novelist have so thoroughly worked themselves into the minds of a foreign people, as to influence their modes of thinking and form part of their ordinary speech, he may well term such homage decisive of his claims; but such homage has not yet been paid in Germany to any English authors of the present age except Scott and Byron; and such assuredly never will be paid anywhere to the *fifty-eight facile principes* of the puffing paragraphs and the shop-windows.

The Resident is silent as to the literary and scientific characters of Berlin. Mr. Strang contents himself with giving short accounts of the personal appearance and pretensions of the following:—Langbein (since dead), a sort of would-be Boccaccio, two or three of whose tales of humour have been translated by Mr. Strang;

\* Die Deutsche Literature, vol. iv., last edition.

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Philip Kaufman, a clever translator of Shakspeare and Burns; Raupach, the principal dramatic writer of Berlin; the antiquarian collector Raumer, with whose name the English public are already familiar; Gans, the law-professor above mentioned; Chamisso, the author of Peter Schlemil;\* Mitscherlik, the celebrated chemist; and Alexander von Humboldt, the traveller. His estimate of these gentlemen's claims to distinction is impartially and accurately drawn up; with the exception of Raupach, who is described as a tragic writer exclusively, though his comic writings are amongst the most remarkable of his works. His favourite character, *Till*, is one of the most humorous and original that exist in any language. Mr. Strang appears to have limited his observation to those with whom he had opportunities of forming a personal acquaintanceship: yet it is surprising that the translator of Shakspeare did not call his attention to (after Tieck and Schlegel) the ablest of the German commentators on Shakspeare, Franz Horn—that Gans did not suggest von Savigny—and that the names of Varnhagen von Ense, Boeckh, and Becker, are omitted in the list. There are several others which might well have found a place there, but it would require readier means of information than exist elsewhere than on the spot to qualify us for supplying the deficiency; and we shall, therefore, close this topic with a remark on the social position of the literary and scientific men of Germany, who have often been held up as objects of envy to their English contemporaries.

Now, it is a matter beyond dispute that many of the solid advantages, and the most catching of the factitious advantages, are with them. Hardly a man amongst them of the slightest merit is to be found without a riband at his button-hole or a collar round his neck; and a large majority of those who have attracted general attention by their works hold places at court, employments under the government, or, at the least, professorships in the universities. Thus, Goethe was a sort of prime minister at Weimar; the Humboldts, Frederick Schlegel, and Niebuhr were ambassadors; Tieck is a court-counsellor; A. W. Schlegel, Heeren, Müller, Boeckh, the Grimms, Gans, Blumenbach, Hugo, Savigny, Mittermaier, &c., &c., are professors. The prizes, however, are few in proportion to the number of those who play for them, it being computed that there are not less

\* Dr. Bowring, the translator of Peter Schlemil, states it to be the work of the Baron de la Motte Fouquë; why, it is for the Doctor to explain, as there was never the slightest doubt upon the point. This tale constitutes the least of von Chamisso's titles to distinction. The Baron de la Motte Fouquë resides at Halle. His first wife, who rivalled her husband in literary celebrity, died many years ago. His present wife, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in Germany, has never yet appeared in print, but she is constantly confounded by travellers with the authoress.

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than fourteen or fifteen (Mr. Strang says fifty) thousand living authors in Germany; and an author who relies on the public will find it very difficult to eke out more than a scanty subsistence by his pen. The periodical works pay next to nothing, the best articles being ordinarily supplied gratis by the leading members of the universities; and original books have hitherto afforded a very inadequate return. Science may thrive best under the existing state of things; but we incline to think that measures recently adopted for giving authors an exclusive copyright throughout the whole of the Confederation (a privilege accorded by special favour to Goethe) will do more for literature than all the state patronage that has ever yet been lavished on it.\*

With regard to the reception of the learned in society, it is no easy matter to estimate it. In such university towns as Halle and Bonn, they, of course, take the lead, and in the capital they stand high, though perhaps rather by reason of the limited influence of the aristocratical circle than as part of it; a distinction which we will here endeavour to explain.

It has been said that the grand essentials to success in English society are three: rank, wealth, and celebrity or notoriety of some sort—it little matters how gotten, or for what—

—————‘ the few  
Or many (for the number’s sometimes such),  
Whom a good mien, especially if new,  
Or fame or name for wit, war, sense, or nonsense,  
Permits whate’er they please, or did not long since.’

We rather think that most countries of Europe will be found, on a close inspection, to resemble England, more or less, in this respect. But in a metropolis like London, wealth abounds in such prodigious masses, it is so frequently found united with rank, and there are so many paths to celebrity, that literature has unavoidably a harder battle to fight, and, single-handed, has certainly a sorry chance against the field. There are, first, our rich nobles and commoners, constituting the landed aristocracy; then our bankers and merchants, rivalling or outdoing the class just mentioned in munificence; then the professions, particularly the law, which has the singular advantage of conferring wealth, rank, and celebrity, at a blow; then the parliamentary adventurers, like Tierney, or Sheridan—who, according to his biographer, was indebted for his brilliant position in society to his politics.

\* The question was brought before the Congress at Vienna, by Cotta, the celebrated publisher. An attempt is at present making, under the auspices of Miss Martineau and certain leading members of Congress, to secure some kind of copyright for English authors in America; and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd has given notice of a motion for extending the very limited period during which literary property is protected by our English Copyright Acts. To each of these schemes we wish all possible success.

‘By him (says Mr. Moore) who has not been born among the great, this (equality) can only be achieved by politics. In that arena which they look upon as their own, the legislature of the land, let a man of genius, like Sheridan, but assert his supremacy—at once all these barriers of reserve and pride give way, and he takes by right a station at their side which a Shakspeare or a Newton would but have enjoyed by courtesy.’

Mr. Moore, however, errs in supposing that this equalizing tendency is peculiar to politics. Any common pursuit or interest which brings men much together will cause the barriers in question to be thrown down or forgotten for the time,—not excepting literature when followed *con amore* by the great; and it may well be doubted whether Sheridan felt more upon a level with his company at Devonshire House, than Swift at Harley’s levee, or Pope in Bolingbroke’s hay-field.

The same causes are in operation at Paris, though controlled or rendered less obvious by the weakness of the aristocracy, and the disorder into which the established rules of social intercourse have been thrown by a series of revolutionary changes, almost daily opening some new land of promise to the adventurer. But we are not to suppose that the relative positions of rank, wealth, and fame, have been reversed, because a journalist (like Bertin de Vaux) is occasionally raised to a life-peerage (a very different thing from an English peerage, by the way), or because a flashy historian (like Thiers) actually managed to become premier for a time—since even he found it expedient to strengthen his position by marrying a rich wife and setting up a handsome establishment. In a word, literary distinction in an educated community will always raise a man in the estimation of his own immediate circle or class, including the highest; but the utmost it can ever do for one who, without birth or connection, aspires to mingle with the aristocracy (landed, monied, or political) of a large metropolis, is to give him an introduction. If his manners suit those of his new associates, and his means are sufficient to enable him to fall in with their habits and modes of living without restraint—if, above all, he shows no consciousness of inferiority, and invariably respects himself—he will gradually come to be considered a regular member of their society.—If not, he must be content, at the end of his first season, to fall back upon the circle from which he started, and console himself by railing at the ignorance, prejudice, superciliousness, and narrow-mindedness of the higher classes, who refuse to place a fashionable novelist or a dandy poetaster on precisely the same footing with a duke, or a *millionaire*, whose banquets and balls are the envy of the town.

Mr. Allan Cunningham, a sensible and manly writer in general,

neral, thus peevishly remarks on Burns's reception in Edinburgh:—'A man with ten thousand a-year will always be considered by the world around superior to a man whose wealth lies in his genius; the dullest can estimate what landed property is worth, but who can say what is the annual value of an estate which lies in the imagination? In fame, there was no rivalry; and in station, what hope had a poet, with the earth of his last-turned furrow still red on his shoes, to rival the Montgomerys, the Hamiltons, and the Gordons, with counties for estates, and the traditionary *éclat* of a thousand years accompanying them?'—Burns may have been hardly used by his noble friends, and we cordially agree with Mr. Allan Cunningham that something better than an exciseman's place should have been got for him; but all accounts of Burns's manners and habits tend to show that he was radically unfit for, and took no real pleasure in, the polished circles of a metropolis; and with regard to the complaint expressed in the above passage, we challenge our good friend Mr. Cunningham to consult his own thoughts and feelings, and declare whether he himself does not fully participate in the very prejudice (allowing it to be one) which he condemns. Johnson has probed it to the bottom in his usual sturdy, down-right way:—'I said (says Boswell), I consider distinction of rank to be of so much importance in civilized society, that if I were asked on the same day to dine with the first duke in England, and with the first man in Britain for genius, I should hesitate which to prefer. *Johnson*.—To be sure, Sir, if you were to dine only once, and it were never to be known where you dined, you would choose rather to dine with the first man for genius; but to gain most respect you should dine with the first duke in England. For nine people in ten that you meet with would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a duke: *and the great genius himself would receive you better because you had been with the great duke*.'—Whether it be that the fancy of men of genius delights to revel in the images associated with rank—that their taste is more refined, or their vanity more excitable—it does appear to us, after studying a good many of such characters, that they partake even more largely than other people of this tendency. Johnson complains in another place of the little attention paid him by the nobility—(which in truth was very little)—and accounts for it by saying that great lords and ladies did not like to have their mouths stopped—as if great lords and ladies were singular in this respect. Congreve, when Voltaire called on him as a dramatic writer, said he wished to be called on as a gentleman; which elicited from his visiter the sarcastic retort—that if Congreve had been only a gentleman he should

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never have called on him at all. Byron had the same weakness—so has Manzoni; and many English writers of far inferior stamp have carried it to an extent that made them general objects of ridicule; forgetting that the best proof of the extent of their literary fame was to be found in this very circumstance,—that their other claims to social distinction were merged in it.

In Germany there prevailed, till very lately, an undue eagerness to obtain the privilege of prefixing the mystic *von*, the symbol of nobility, to the name, as *von* Goethe and *von* Schlegel, neither of whom had any title to it by birth. But this, which is rapidly diminishing, constitutes almost the only weakness that can be adduced against them. Whether titled or untitled, they are thoroughly in earnest in their pursuits; with them, intellectual distinction is the end, not the means: they take a just pride in their literary or scientific character, and are rarely smitten with the ambition of shining amongst the *beau-monde*; being probably actuated by a lurking consciousness that, whilst woman is woman, the *savant* must rest satisfied with much that sort of reception in the boudoir which Beauty accords to Reason in the song; and that there is, or ought to be, a heavy respectability about a professor or man of science which must inspire a *belle* in the full flush of *coquetterie* with a feeling near akin to that which one of Mrs. Siddons's admirers avowed when accused of flirting with her—'Flirt with a stiff, stately, grave person like that—I should as soon think of flirting with the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

In applying these remarks to living characters, the reader will hardly fail to observe how large a number of our most distinguished writers derive incomes and influence from other sources than literature—from birth, connexions, hereditary or acquired property, or professional success. This is a sign of good augury and cannot fail to add to their consideration in the world; for when born nobles, estated gentlemen, wealthy bankers, bishops, deans, canons, and eminent lawyers, make up the best part of the corporation of authors, authorship must soon cease to be employed as a synonym for poverty, and it will be absurd to sneer at poets as denizens of Grub-street, when they are notoriously giving the best possible dinners in St. James's Place. But the best sign of all is the increasing appetite for reading—in other words, the increasing demand for the commodity which the author has to sell. So widely spread is this demand already, and so rapidly is it increasing, that literary labour will soon become as sure a source of profit as any other kind of intellectual labour that can be named. Nay, pass but a perpetual copyright act, (a measure against which it would be difficult to discover any valid argument,) and we may see as many powerful families founded by the pen, as by the

the gown, the mitre, or the sword. Why should not Wordsworth's poetry constitute a *majorat* as well as Blenheim or Strathfield-saye? In the mean time it is evidently the duty of the government to follow the example of Prussia in giving the intellectual classes a share of the employments which their habits and acquirements peculiarly qualify them to fill, whilst honours and titles might be distributed occasionally. However, we lay little stress on ribands and decorations, particularly such a riband as the Guelph, which appears to have been conferred in entire forgetfulness of the rule that, at the commencement at all events, the man should decorate the order, not simply the order the man. If Lord Brougham—with whom we believe the plan originated—really wished it to succeed, he should first have conferred the order (as he conferred an increase of retiring pension) on himself, and have got some of the most distinguished of the Whig circle—Mr. Moore, Mr. Rogers, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Hallam, and the Rev. Sydney Smith—as prelate, or dean, or at least as acting chaplain with a sufficient salary—to strut about with him similarly adorned.\*

We have heard it asked whether it would not greatly strengthen the English universities, as well as afford an additional provision for the class whose interests we are now discussing, if laymen were more generally eligible to the professorships and the headships of the colleges. At present, no doubt, England offers, in this respect, a striking contrast to Germany, where most of the living, acting, influential science and literature emanates directly from the universities, which are proportionally elevated in public esteem. The fact is, that *our* academical foundations date mostly from the time when all our lawyers, physicians, &c., were usually in holy orders. But however we may regret some consequences of this fact, we had rather see things remain as they are, than encourage rash tampering, on any, however plausible pretexes, with English charters.

The drama constitutes the chief amusement of Berlin; the three theatres—the opera-house, the theatre royal, and a minor theatre devoted to comic pieces—being regularly attended by all classes. Mr. Strang attributes their success to the early hour of dinner, seldom later than three, and the shortness of the representation, occupying not more than three hours, usually from six to nine. Both these causes exercise a certain degree of influence, though not quite so much as Mr. Strang attributes to them; and it would be taking a very superficial view of a curious and important question to account for the decline of the drama in England by the lateness of fashionable hours and the unconscionable

\* Those who wish to pursue this subject further may consult *Babbage on the Decline of Science*, and *D'Israeli on the Literary Character*, vol. ii. ch. 24.

length of the performances. The theatre never was, perhaps never will be, the strictly national amusement of this country; it never formed part of the regular arrangements of the day with either of the grand divisions of society, though there have frequently been influential knots of wits and people of fashion who for a period made a practice of frequenting it. The mass of English playgoers are persons who take this mode of enjoying a holiday or giving their families a treat; whilst in most of the continental capitals a large portion of the middle class are as much *habitués* of the theatre as the highest class in England of the Italian Opera. Whatever the cause of our inferiority—it undoubtedly exists, and will probably go on increasing now that the last of the most distinguished family that ever adorned any stage has retired, whilst Germany still retains her Schroeders and Devrients.

Music is another of the national tastes of Germany; and we believe there are more genuine amateurs in Berlin than in London, though the population of London is more than five times as numerous. Nothing can well exceed the enthusiasm with which a performer of genius is received. It is said that on Sontag's first appearance in Berlin, a party of her military admirers bribed her maid to give them one of her cast-off slippers, and toasted her in it nightly till it was worn out. To the best of our recollection the same compliment was paid to Ninon in France. There is another anecdote to the effect that a party of students forced their way into her hotel whilst her carriage was driving from the door, and made prey of a wineglass containing about a spoonful of wine, which, it was conjectured, her pretty lips had touched; this they forthwith put up to auction, and seventeen dollars were bid and paid down by one of the party to obtain possession of the prize.

Mr. Strang was only in Berlin during the summer months, when the principal inhabitants are away, and frankly owns that he knows little of the best society but what was told him; but he has, notwithstanding, discovered a custom which we certainly never witnessed, and never even remember to have heard of before:—

‘On rising from the board [at a banker's dinner] I was somewhat struck with the kindness of the custom which preceded the retiring movements to the ante-room. The host saluted his wife and the other ladies with a kiss, which was instantly followed by the other male guests. I may merely add that with all the admiration which my companion and myself felt for the beauty of several of the fair guests, we could not so far get over our national *mauvaise-honte* as to enable us to do the *amiable* [query *aimable*?] with grace by thus kissing in public.’

Mr. Strang's good fortune, of which he showed himself so utterly

utterly undeserving, is remarkable—not simply in his being the first foreigner to light upon so pleasing a custom, but in his meeting with so much beauty in Berlin, where the women in general are more than ordinarily plain. The Resident has evidently borrowed the little he says about society from Prince Pückler Muskau's letter from Berlin, published in his *Tutti Frutti*. According to this weighty authority the court circle is the best, but it is strictly exclusive. Even foreigners of rank are rarely admitted, with the exception of the Russians, who have hitherto been highly favoured; though it seems not improbable that the unfriendly feeling recently manifested by the Emperor Nicholas towards his German visitors at Petersburg, may produce corresponding dispositions towards his own subjects in Berlin. The *corps diplomatique* form no exception to the rule: little intercourse beyond what is strictly official being kept up between them and the court—nor do they visit much in any circle but their own. 'Berlin,' adds the Prince, 'is, generally speaking, destitute of any decided tone: fashion exercises but a feeble sway; and there is no individual subject of paramount importance to impart a determined character to society. There is neither political nor indeed any other description of party feeling, which it is well known always animates conversation.'

The Resident, without anywhere referring to the Prince, copies the last remark almost verbatim; but we shall, notwithstanding, take the liberty of challenging both its truth and application. In the first place, the animation imparted by political or party feeling to conversation, is utterly destructive of its agreeability, and generally ends by putting knowledge and ignorance, vivacity and dullness, on a par; since every fool can bandy fustian phrases, got by rote from the newspapers, with an antagonist. In the second place, there is no want of this ingredient at Berlin. Never, for instance, was party question discussed with greater heat than the Polish revolution there, and in no town of Europe was the conduct of the Russian autocrat more vehemently condemned. This is a fact about which no doubt can be entertained; but to verify our own impression of the general tone of political discussion, we have consulted many who have enjoyed the best means of information, and the result has been that it is free and uncompromising in the extreme. Most of our Prussian friends refer us to a recent novel by Immerman, called *Die Epigonen*, (composed much after the plan of Wilhelm Meister,) as conveying a faithful picture of the manners and conversation of the time. We have referred to it accordingly; and if the author, who holds a high judicial situation in Prussia, has not greatly overcharged his picture, the coteries of Berlin fully equal the coteries of Paris and London in liberalism.

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We have made Prussia our principal object in this article, because her institutions are very imperfectly understood, whilst the problem presented by them—a country theoretically enslaved and practically free—is peculiarly calculated to excite the curiosity of the investigator. We shall be comparatively brief in our notice of the other grand divisions of Germany, whose characters, social and political, are broadly and palpably defined.

Saxony has lamentably declined in strength and influence since she headed the Protestant interest in Germany. She has been growing weaker and weaker from the period of the reigning family's adoption of the Romish faith: but the fatal blow was given by the allied monarchs at the final settlement of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon, to whom the king of Saxony remained faithful to the last. A partial dismemberment of territory in favour of Prussia was enforced amongst other measures of humiliation, and at present the whole population is said not to exceed twelve hundred thousand. Saxony enjoys what is called a constitution, *i. e.*, a chamber of representatives; but this avails her nothing against the Diet, which, directly or indirectly, controls the policy of every minor state within its reach. Despite of Austrian and Prussian dieting, however, the Saxon censorship is tolerant enough to admit of Leipzig becoming the focus of most of the political literature of Germany. The number of pamphlets forthcoming at each of the great book-fairs is immense, and the tone of some of them is free enough in all conscience. Whatever, too, the Saxons lose by restrictions on the liberty of the press, they manage (like the Prussians) to make up by the most unrestricted liberty of speech—and altogether they seem to suffer little from any undue pressure of authority. Indeed, their apparent happiness gives Mr. Strang occasion for one of those outbursts of common-place radicalism which contrast so strangely with the general good reasoning and good feeling of his book. An example is subjoined to justify the distrust we have felt it our duty to express.

'Saxony, to be sure, can boast of none of the hot-bed splendour of Britain, but then she is utterly exempt from the moral and political corruption that distinguishes our oligarchy, and which is the cause, not only of many a withering blight in the fair garden of industry, but of that wide-spreading wretchedness which may be said emphatically to be the foul manure which supports the glaring flowers, &c. &c. . . . My gorge always rises, however, when I think of the system under which our vast debt accumulated to so hopeless an amount. The annals of the world do not afford another instance of so long and prosperous a career of insolent political peculation, fraud and villany. In Venice the same system was carried to perfection; but in point of extent it was, in comparison to ours, as a farthing candle to the sun,' &c. &c.

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There is good deal more of the same sort of trash—but we have quoted quite enough for a specimen. The chief literary importance of Dresden at present is derived from its being the residence of Tieck, the most distinguished living writer of Germany. He receives company every evening from six to ten, and is peculiarly kind to Englishmen. Mr. Strang has given a description of him, but we prefer borrowing a passage from Mrs. Jameson's, which is much the more graphic of the two.

'While he spoke I could not help looking at his head, which is wonderfully fine; the noble breadth and amplitude of his brow, and his quiet but penetrating eye, with an expression of latent humour hovering round his lips, formed altogether a striking physiognomy. The numerous prints and portraits of Tieck which are scattered over Germany are very defective as resemblances: they have a heavy look; they give the weight and power of his head, but nothing of the *finesse* which lurks in the lower part of his face. His manner is courteous, and his voice particularly sweet and winning. He is apparently fond of the society of women, or the women are fond of his society, for in the evening his room is generally crowded with fair worshippers. Yet Tieck, like Goethe, is accused of entertaining some unworthy sentiments with regard to the sex, and is also said, like Goethe, not to have upheld us in his writings as the true philosopher, to say nothing of the true poet, ought to have done.\*

It strikes us that Mrs. Jameson is unnecessarily sensitive in the concluding remark. We remember nothing in Tieck that can fairly be called an unworthy sentiment regarding women; and though Goethe may have been betrayed into a few passing expressions of a depreciating tone or tendency, such characters as Mignon and Clara should at least exempt him from the imputation of any leaning to Mahomedanism in this particular—

'Oh, who young Leila's glance could read,  
And keep that portion of his creed  
Which says that woman is but dust,  
A soulless toy for tyrants' lust!'

The ordinary amusement at Tieck's *soirées* is a dramatic reading by himself—usually scenes from his own and Schlegel's admirable translation of Shakspeare. We had the good fortune to be present at one of his readings, and agree with Mrs. Jameson, that, with the exception of Mrs. Siddons, there has been nothing of the kind within living memory to be compared with them. This lady's description of the Dresden Gallery is also much the best we are acquainted with; but this has been described so very often, that we probably should only weary our readers by dwelling on it, and the guide-books are sufficiently eloquent about the Green

\* Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad, vol. ii. p. 97.—This work, in addition to its many other merits, contains copious and varied information relating to the history and progress of the fine arts in Germany, particularly in Dresden and Munich.

Vault and the other curiosities, to save future travellers the trouble of enumerating them.\* We cannot quit Dresden without alluding to Retzsch, whose portrait has been sketched by the same graphic pencil to which we are indebted for Tieck's.

'His figure is rather larger and more portly than I expected, but I admired his fine Titanic head, so large and so sublime in its expression; his light-blue eye, wild and wide, which seemed to drink in meaning and flash out light; his hair profuse, grizzled, and flowing in masses round his head, and his expanded forehead full of poetry and power. In his deportment he is a mere child of nature,—simple, careless, saying just what he feels and thinks at the moment, without regard to forms, yet pleasing from the benevolent earnestness of his manner, and intuitively polite without being polished.'

Mr. Strang enters Austria by the way of Prague, which gives him an opportunity of collecting much valuable information regarding Bohemia. The Resident prefers descending the Danube, and treats us to two or three lively descriptions of the most striking scenes upon his track. This writer, indeed, improves amazingly on entering Austria, and in the little we have to say about Vienna we shall have more than once occasion to refer to him. The Austrian empire, however, is little altered since Mr. Russell wrote. Its policy is still directed by the one same master-mind, Metternich's; whilst the inhabitants are the same gay, lively, good-humoured, thoughtless, and contented race of mortals that they were fifteen years ago, and, for aught we see to the contrary, are likely to remain for fifteen or fifty years to come. 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die,' is the motto the Viennese should place upon their gates, whilst the Epicurean is the only system of philosophy which would have the slightest chance of finding ardent votaries within their walls. How comes this? Here is a mighty nation, without a constitution, without a house of commons, without a free press, without trial by jury, without, in short, any one of the elements which go to make up what is termed liberty,—yet travellers of all persuasions agree in terming it the happiest nation in the world! Leaving others to account for the anomaly, it shall be our business to put the facts beyond dispute:—

'There is no city, I am persuaded,' says the honest *radical* Mr. Strang, 'where a foreigner sooner finds himself at home than in Vienna;—and nowhere is a stranger sooner taught to forget all the preconceived political grudges which he may have acquired against the Austrian government. Here he finds the people all comfortably housed, and all well dressed; all living well, and all in the best possible temper, both with themselves

\* The fullest account of all matters of the kind, in addition to the ordinary information, will be found in *A Hand-book for Travellers on the Continent*, &c., published in the summer of 1836.

and others. The thousands who frequent the beer-houses and wine-cellars, are either singing or laughing; and if, by accident, they allude to anything connected with politics, which is very seldom, you never fail to find, amid the inuendos which may be thrown out respecting the conduct of certain inferior officers of the state, or among the passing jokes levelled against the misgovernment of Metternich, and his not over-popular coadjutor, Mittrovsky, the whole assembly are ever ready to join in one chorus of loyalty towards each member of the royal family, and particularly their good "*Koaser Franzert*," as the emperor is here emphatically designated. In the public walks and public gardens, every one seems more merry than another; and the individual who can mingle with the crowds of pretty faces that smile upon him in the Esplanade, or can gaze upon the fairy forms that flit through the brightly illuminated Volks-garten, in such evenings as the present, and who does not catch the spirit of universal happiness which prevails, must be a stoic indeed. And then, in the social circle, although the foreigner, no doubt, if he mixes with the people, must be prepared to take a hard hit now and then, adroitly levelled against the habits, manners, or feelings of his native country, yet the sarcasm is poured forth with so much good nature, and with such a kindly air, that one cannot help joining in the laugh, although raised at the expense of one's country. England affords the Vienna joker endless materials for his wit, which, to my cost, I have frequently experienced since I came here. For instance, the burning of stacks of grain to better the condition of the people—the impressment of seamen to defend liberty—our religious enthusiasm, and our devotion to the spirit-bottle—our vaunted morals, and our thousands of criminals—and a hundred other things, were ready to be thrown in my teeth whenever I began to hint about the Austrian censorship of the press, the severity and prying secrecy of the police, or the insecurity of the post-office. So you see, our glorious constitution in church and state is not as yet altogether the envy of the world and the admiration of surrounding nations!—*Strang*, vol. ii. pp. 284-286.

The tinkering our constitution has undergone at the hands of Whig-Radical ministers has certainly not tended to elevate it in the estimation of foreigners, and Lord Palmerston's foreign policy bids fair to bring the English flag into downright contempt from one end of Europe to the other. For the present, therefore, it seems most prudent not to institute comparisons, and submit with the best possible grace to the sneer. Our other traveller is equally decisive in his testimony:—

'Happy people! Badinage apart, in good truth, it would be difficult to find, at this moment, a more good-humoured, more contented, or a happier population. Enjoyment is with them the great business of existence, from the noble to the peasant. A fine fat capon from the fertile valleys of Styria, and a flask of genuine Hungarian wine, are more acceptable than the most liberal constitution; and a Bohemian pheasant, garnished with sauerkraut and salami di Milano, more palatable than the production of the most able pen. But notwithstanding this devotion

to sensual enjoyments, yet, on trying occasions, the Viennese have ever proved themselves zealous lovers of their country; and the trait in their character, which shines out in most beautiful relief to their epicurism, is unshaken fidelity to their rulers; for surely no part of Germany suffered more during the late war; and yet, when their armies were beaten, the emperor in retreat, Vienna sacked by the invader, and the country bankrupt, they never raised a murmur against the government, but threw the whole blame of their disasters upon the traitor princes of Germany, who had shamefully deserted their emperor. No native of Austria figured in the ranks of the Corsican; no artist immortalized the triumph of the enemy of his country; no pen eulogized his victories; no vivats welcomed the triumphal entry of Napoleon the Great into Vienna, as we find was the case in the Prussian metropolis. On the contrary, the nobles and citizens emulated each other in sacrificing their property to support the war, and in volunteering to fill the ranks of the army. It is well known, that the volunteer corps, composed of the citizens of Vienna, were among the bravest soldiers in the Austrian army.—*Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 156, 157.

We shall be told, perhaps, that these enviable effects are produced by a Machiavelian refinement in policy—by plunging the people in bigotry, or keeping them in blind ignorance of everything that might lure them from sensual indulgence, and rouse the true energies of intellect. Quite the contrary. Though the Romish is the dominant faith, its persecuting spirit is kept down—most other modes of belief are freely tolerated—and, in 1821, a college was founded by the Government expressly for the education of Protestants. Education, again, is widely, almost universally, diffused through the instrumentality of schools established by imperial authority. Mr. Strang states, that one normal school (in the Johannesgasse at Vienna) sends out annually from 1600 to 1700 persons capable of teaching. No one, after this, can well venture to deny that the schoolmaster is abroad in Austria, or assert that Metternich has shown much anxiety to block up all approaches to the point from which our political Archimedeses assume to move the world.

Literature has made less progress in Austria than in the north of Germany—partly in consequence of the self-indulgent character of the people, and partly, we do not doubt, in consequence of the strictness of the censorship. Yet Vienna boasts some names of celebrity: as the orientalist of orientalist, Joseph von Hammer—(now—we beg pardon—Baron Hammer-Pürgstall—he having inherited the Schloss-Hainfeld immortalized by Captain Basil Hall)—Grillparzer, the Collins, Deinhardstein, Mailath, Zedlitz, Bauernfeld, Castelli, Caroline Pickler, &c. &c.; and it is remarkable that some of the most distinguished have shone in

a walk—the drama—which is more peculiarly liable to suffer from restraint. The higher classes of the capital are eminently remarkable for cultivation and accomplishment: French, Italian, and English, are currently spoken in the best circles, and an enlightened patronage is extended to the fine arts by the nobility—the wealthiest nobility in Europe, with, perhaps, the exception of our own.

The criminal code of Austria is characterized by mildness, and the civil code is not deemed inferior to the Prussian or the French. Supplemental codes are at present under the consideration of the Government—unless, indeed, they have already received the force of laws; and a law-commission, composed of enlightened jurists, is constantly at work to correct the errors and supply the deficiencies of the whole. A despotic prince is necessarily invested with power to supersede the ordinary administration of justice, but complaints of the oppressive exercise of this privilege are rarely heard in the hereditary dominions of the emperor; though it is far otherwise, we fear, in the Italian provinces, where the Austrian rule appears to be animated by the same spirit of oppression which is almost invariably manifested by democratic states towards their colonies.

Admitting, therefore, the full force of the ordinary objections against autocracies—the present state of Austria, equally with that of Prussia, must be allowed to throw some plausibility, at least, around Coleridge's favourite doctrine, that the best form of government is one in which the people, whilst they exercise a certain degree of control over their rulers from without, take no active or initiative part whatever in the administration;—for even the Austrians have given popular demonstrations enough to show that no positive encroachment on their actual means of enjoyment would be tolerated, although they may be culpably careless in not providing against contingencies which may happen once or twice in a century, and stupidly insensible to fears, which, like the sword over the head of Damocles, are utterly destructive of present peace and comfort in almost every country pretending to be free.

The chief objects of interest at Munich, are painting, sculpture, architecture, and beer. The King is the chief patron of the last: unless much belied, he is personally acquainted with the interior of every beer-shop in his capital; and he reigns over subjects well worthy of their prince, for, according to Mr. Strang, when you see a Bavarian peasant not working, you are sure to find him with a can in his hand. Beer, indeed, must be to him what it was to Boniface—meat, drink, sleep, and clothing; since despite of a failing which seldom fails of bringing an Englishman

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to want, no signs of poverty are discernible from one end of his Bavarian majesty's dominions to the other. 'Let the thunders of the pulpit' (said Burke) 'descend on drunkenness—I for one stand up for gin.' Had he lived at Munich, it would have been simply necessary for him to change the last word of his peroration.

The old maxim, however, that those who drink beer will think beer, is inapplicable; for the king, with all his eccentricities, is perhaps the most accomplished monarch of his day; and the fine arts, under his auspices, have been cultivated to a point which, considering the limited resources of the nation, is astonishing. We allude not merely to the patronage lavished on painters and sculptors, but to the national galleries, built after designs by Klenze. The opera-house, too, opened about ten or twelve years since, is one of the finest theatres of Germany. With the exception of Schelling, to whom neither of our travellers alludes, there is no writer of European celebrity at Munich, and the literature of the place is certainly below the level of its intellect. 'How can it be otherwise,' exclaims the Resident, 'restricted as it is by the surveillance of the censorship?' How is it otherwise in Prussia and Austria, where the censorship is incomparably more strict? Yet such is ever the shallow flippant philosophy of radicalism. Bavaria, in truth, enjoys more liberty in the widest sense than any of the other members of the confederation, for she has an upper house and a lower house, in the last of which all state-matters are publicly discussed, as well as several political journals, in which the debates are reported and freely commented upon. The criminal code of Bavaria was the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated Feuerbach, but it is far from giving satisfaction; his favourite principle, that punishments are efficacious in proportion to their severity, being pushed to an impolitic excess.

Society at Munich is pleasant but wrong, there being a good deal of amusement combined with a good deal of quiet immorality. '*Se passionner, se battre, se ruiner, enlever, épouser, et divorcer*,' is given by Mrs. Jameson, on a Polish count's authority, as the rise, progress, and catastrophe of a Polish amour; thus making a six-act piece. An amour at Munich may be generally included in two: *se passionner, s'ennuyer—s'ennuyer, se passionner.*—

'Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,

Another as sweet and as shining comes on.'

In this sentimental gallantry the lives of half the women in Munich pass away; love with them being rather a breeze just ruffling the surface than a tempest wasting the recesses of the heart. Clubs and associations which, in other places, are said (we believe untruly) to be detrimental to society, here confessedly

sedly enliven it, as they are constantly giving balls and parties; a practice which it might be as well for English establishments of the sort to adopt occasionally. A ball or two per annum, at least at the really aristocratic clubs,\* would go further towards removing the ladies' objections to them than the most logical series of reflections that could be adduced in their vindication. A *fête* was given a few years since at Munich, which may afford the managers a hint. Each lady's ticket specified the name of a cavalier, who was to present her with a bouquet on entering the ball-room and attend upon her during the day. There were nearly three thousand present, yet such tact was shown in the arrangement, and so well had the respective inclinations of the company been guessed, that, we are credibly informed, only fifty-four ladies were dissatisfied, and only twenty-three reputations deteriorated, of which nineteen belonged to Englishwomen. Most of the fair Bavarians, probably, had little of the sort susceptible of deterioration, or, from long practice, they were more upon their guard against imprudencies, which must be very glaring to injure them in the opinion of their compatriots. Sir James Mackintosh has an entry in his *Paris Diary* which would exactly suit a Munich one:—'I am told Madame de—— is excluded from society. I really should like to know what *her* offence can be.'

From Munich we pass through Stuttgart and Augsburg towards Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden; and it is to be regretted that we have no time to stop upon the way, for at Augsburg is published the celebrated *Allgemeine Zeitung*, supposed to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world, though much inferior to the English *Times* in extent of influence; and at Stuttgart reside Menzel, one of the most remarkable writers of modern times, and Dannecker, the Canova or Chantrey of Germany, unless the title be contested by Rauch—not that we mean to say that the styles of these great sculptors are the same, but simply that nearly the same relative rank is held by each amongst his countrymen. Uhland, also, the lyrical poet, is living in the immediate neighbourhood of Stuttgart, and, to the best of our information, is a member of the Chamber of Deputies at Würtemberg. But we are compelled to pass over his Majesty of Würtemberg's dominions, with the remark, that his subjects enjoy as much liberty as the Diet thinks good for them, and that the women of his capital are amongst the prettiest in Germany.

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\* We limit our remark, because many of our most flourishing clubs are so composed that, though the members have no objection to reading the papers and eating their chops in the same dining-room, the congregation of their respective woman-kind in a drawing room would not be at all desirable.

And this reminds us of a circumstance illustrative of the King of Bavaria's gallantry, which well deserves to be commemorated. In his chivalrous zeal for the honour of Bavarian beauty, he has founded a gallery for portraits of all the handsome women of all ranks his painters can get to sit to them, and we are assured that numbers have already yielded to the wishes of royalty thus flatteringly expressed, although apprehensions are entertained that their reputations will not fare the better with posterity. They probably encounter the risk in much the same spirit of philosophy in which a beautiful Englishwoman of rank answered the objection of a prudish friend, who begged her not to sit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, because he was apt to paint women with a certain impropriety of expression, a kind of *Sir Peter Lely* look about the eyes. 'And if he does, my dear, what can *that* signify, so long as he makes one look so handsome?' Pauline's retort on the subject of her sitting to Canova for her statue is well known. When a lady asked her how she could bear to sit to him in the requisite state of nudity? she replied, 'Oh, I didn't feel at all cold: there was always a fire in the room.'

Of all the minor states of Germany in which a constitution has been conferred, Baden has shown herself most worthy of one, by the talent displayed in her House of Commons, and the number of useful reforms that have been set on foot. The debates in the *second chamber* (as it is termed) are conducted with a high degree of order and ability, and we have heard extempore speeches there which would do no discredit to a Stanley or a Peel.

The Grand Duke's fiddling, the chief point of attraction at Darmstadt, has ceased; the Brunnen of Nassau have been completely dried up by Sir Francis Head; the fame of Westphalia still rests upon her hams, which cut a much better figure on a table than in a book: Hesse Cassel is too near Prussia to be worth considering apart—and Weimar, since Goethe's death, has dropped into insignificance, and lives only in recollections of the past. Hanover, as our readers are aware, has been undertaken by Mr. Theodore Hook, who promises a complete history of the reigning family, with ample and accurate accounts of the constitution, revenue, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, institutions, manners, customs, habits, &c. &c. of the electorate. In such hands we are quite satisfied to leave it;—and here for the present the subject of Germany and the Germans may be dropped.

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ART. II.—*A History of British Fishes.* By William Yarrell, F.L.S. Illustrated by nearly four hundred wood-cuts. In 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

**ZOOLOGY**, we have always thought, will never be satisfactorily unveiled till every country contributes its Fauna to the general fund, and till we shall be enabled, by a series of monographs, to ascertain, not only the number of actually existing species, but their geographical distribution.

As long ago as the establishment of the Zoological Club of the Linnean Society, it was a favourite suggestion of some, that its members should turn their attention to the animal productions of our own country, and publish detached works, each treating of a particular branch of the subject and accessible to the general reader, which, when completed, might form as perfect a catalogue of British species as the nature of things would permit, and be at the same time a useful and agreeable text-book of the zoology of these islands. The proposition was received by men according to their tempers. The sanguine hoped; the cautious—not to say the timorous—began by suggesting difficulties which soon led them towards Doubting Castle, and at last conducted them into the safe custody of Giant Despair; and there is some reason for believing that more than one Mr. Pliable found his way into the Slough of Despond. The proposition slumbered—the Zoological Society of London sprang up; the proceedings and transactions of that society rose from the ashes of the Zoological Journal, whose office was done when those interesting publications were called into existence. A vast field was opened; new materials poured rapidly in from every quarter of the globe, and afforded such temptations to the naturalist that it was impossible to keep pen off them. But in the midst of this dazzling collection of foreign zoological riches, some good men and true did not think ‘that there is nothing in this island worth studying for,’—as some did in worthy Michael Drayton’s time, whereat he expresses his wrath,—and quietly buckled to the work. The first of these hand-books—‘books that we may take to the fire with us,’ and within the power of almost every reader’s purse—is now finished; and we have in Mr. Yarrell’s ‘Natural History of British Fishes’ an earnest of the able execution of the series, and of the elegant and reasonable form in which they are to be presented to the public. We hail the appearance of this book as the dawn of a new era in the Natural History of England, and we are satisfied that no better department of the subject could have been selected to lead the van. Every one is interested about fishes,—the political economist, the epicure, the merchant, the  
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man of science, the angler, the poor, the rich. But it is not for the sake of the 'grandes rhombi patinaque,' or on account of the plentiful table which the Giver of Good has provided in the ocean depths, that this branch of natural history is so particularly interesting to Britons. There is no better nursery for the hearts of oak than our fisheries. While the crew of a fishing-boat are plying their lines or nets, they are also learning to be seamen, nay, more, to become pilots; for an accurate knowledge of the nature of the ground-surface, of the situation of banks and channels, and of the particular direction and force of tides and currents, is absolutely necessary to their success. Our neighbours, the French, are well aware of this, and watch their fishing-grounds with the greatest jealousy; their local authorities are ever on the watch for an English trespasser; but we fear that there is no such anxious solicitude on the alert in behalf of the British fishermen, and they complain, too often with good reason, of the aggression of the French. It behoves those in authority to look to this. We have long been accustomed to assert our title to the sovereignty of the seas, nor would we even hint that the title may ever be disputed with success, but in the event of another French war, we should have to struggle with as fine a body of hardy seamen as ever stepped the deck. As a class of men, they are—no, not superior—but their boats are larger than those of the English, as well found and better manned, and the men are confident and intelligent in proportion. We understand that, in these days, the complement of a French fishing crew, compared with an English one, is as eight to five.

But, to take a more narrow view of the matter, we think we shall be able, with Mr. Yarrell's help, to convince the reader that a great addition might be made to the quantity and quality of our food by taking advantage of a knowledge of the physiology of fishes, and that our rivers, lakes, and ponds might become the source of considerable emolument by a proper attention to this neglected branch of domestic economy. The Romish ritual made it a point of discipline that certain days, and the whole of Lent, should be marked by an abstinence from flesh. To that observance we probably owe the introduction of some of our fresh-water species\* and the cultivation of all. With reference to this view of the subject, to say nothing of the public health, the late Dr. McCulloch's remark, that it would have been well if, at the Reformation, the fast days had not been entirely abolished, has often occurred to us. It is a common saying, that the keep of a good horse costs just as much as that of a bad one, and,

\* The Vendace or Vendis (*Coregonus Willughbei*) of the lochs near Lochmaben for example—introduced, there can be little doubt, by means of spawn.

therefore,

therefore, that he who has a bad horse in his stable, is a fool for his pains. There is a fallacy lurking about this proposition, in which, as in some other such smart dicta, truth is sacrificed to point. Many a man who finds it absolutely necessary to keep a horse, does not find it exactly convenient to pay the price of a good one; but, in the case of fish, we will venture to say that there is no more reason why a man should have bad fish in his ponds, than that he should have bad fruit in his gardens. The *goramy* of the continent of India, a delicious fresh-water fish, has been introduced with the greatest success by the French into the Mauritius; and the late General Hardwicke, who was an eye-witness of that success, was clearly of opinion—and he was a competent judge—that it might be naturalized in this country. We think this a subject of some importance, and therefore subjoin the most material part of General Hardwicke's statement.

'In the tanks and fresh-water preserves,' says the General, speaking of the Isle of France, 'the proprietors breed a fine fish, long since imported from China and Batavia; it is known under the name of *goramy*, and is the *Osphronemus olfax* of Commerson. It is completely naturalized in the island, and having multiplied to a vast extent, is considered by the inhabitants an important acquisition, and is esteemed by every one who has eaten of it as one of the best fishes of the country. The largest I met with was in length nineteen inches, and in transverse diameter seven and a half. I was told that few were taken of a larger size, and none exceeding it more than a few inches.

'The late Marquess of Hastings, when Governor-General of India, caused some pairs to be imported and placed in the fine fresh-water preserves in the park at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, but the issue was unsuccessful; the voracious fish which infest most of the tanks in Bengal, it is supposed, destroyed them. We may hope, however, that the attempt to give to our Indian settlements so desirable an acquisition will be repeated, and that not only the naturalization of these fishes may be effected in India, but the transmission of them be secured in favour of Great Britain.

'We have sufficient evidence of the practicability of such a measure in the existence of the gold and silver fish of China, which have been naturalized both in England and in many parts of the continent of Europe. The efforts now making in this country to promote the natural sciences, will, it is to be hoped, stimulate some naturalist to new exertions, to procure the addition of so fine a fish as the *goramy* to the edible fishes of our own country.

'Originally inhabitants of the fresh waters of China, they are also plentiful in those of Java, where they constitute an important article of provision, which is sold in the markets. They were first imported into the Isle of France by the commandant of the troops of that colony, M. de Séré; and the first individuals are stated to have exhibited little shyness, and to have appeared almost domesticated, if  
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such a term may be applied to a fish. So early as 1770, when Commerson visited the island, they had already become abundant, having spread from the tanks in which they were at first kept, into the rivers, where they multiplied with great facility, and preserved all their good qualities. Lacépède, who first described and figured them from the materials collected by Commerson, was struck with the advantages to be derived from the naturalization in Europe of so valuable a fish, and he expressed a fervent hope that pains might be taken to secure for France 'une nourriture peu chère, exquise, salubre, et très abondante.' I am not aware whether any attempts were made, in consequence of this suggestion, but, at a more recent period, the transmission of living goramies has been effected to the French West India islands, and the experiment affords the most flattering hopes of permanent success.

'It is recorded that one hundred specimens of this fish, in a young state, were embarked on board a French vessel, at the Isle of France, in April, 1819, out of which number twenty-three only died during a long voyage, and the remainder were distributed between Cayenne and the islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique. In these colonies, they not only multiplied beyond expectation, but they gave early evidence of their fitness to fulfil the purpose of creation, to the astonishment of those naturalists who witnessed the experiments made on the spot. M. Le Grand, director of the botanical garden of the colony, and M. Guidon, surgeon to the hospital, were present, and bore testimony to a fact, not perhaps known in the history and physiology of osseous fishes, *i. e.* that the goramy is viviparous, the young being formed in the egg previous to its exclusion from the abdomen.'

We here see, from the peculiar mode of re-production of the goramy, that the introduction of the fish itself is a necessary step towards its naturalization, and that even in that form, the importation of useful species is quite feasible; but we are convinced that, in the great majority of instances, new species might be brought into this country in a much more portable form—and we appeal to Mr. Yarrell for the proof.

'Dr. Walker of Edinburgh,' writes our author, 'in an essay on the natural history of the salmon, published in the Transactions of the Highland Society, quoting the experiments of Jacobi of Berlin, says, he found that when the spawn of both sexes were extracted from dead fishes, the ova by mixture can be fecundated by the milt; and when placed under water in a proper situation can be brought forth into life. He further discovered that this artificial fecundation can be accomplished with the roe and milt of fishes which have been dead two and even three days. This appears to point out the mode of obtaining the fishes of neighbouring countries by the transportation, as far as possible, of the living gravid fishes, afterwards for a time while dead, and finally by the mixture and further transportation of the mixed roes.

'But there appear to be other and still greater facilities. Colonel Sykes and other observers who have lived long in India, state to me that

that the tanks and ditches near fortifications are alternately filled and empty on the occurrence of every rainy and dry season; but that a few days after the commencement of each rainy season these tanks and ditches are replenished not only with water, but also with small fish. The solution appears to me to be this—The impregnated ova of the fish of one rainy season are left unbatched in the mud through the dry season, and from their low state of organization as ova, the vitality is preserved till the occurrence and contact of the rain and the oxygen of the next wet season, when vivification takes place from their joint influence. If this solution of the problem be the true one, it points at once to what perhaps may be effected after a few experiments,—namely, the artificial fecundation of the roe, the drying of that roe (or of other roe naturally impregnated) sufficiently to prevent decomposition, and its possible transportation to, and vivification in, distant countries.—*Introduction*, pp. xxiv. xxv.

We see no reason why the fecundated ova, when carefully dried up to a certain point, might not be carried about like the eggs of silkworms, and hatched by a proper application of moisture and temperature. We know that many of the *Branchiopoda* swarm after sudden and violent rains, in pools which had previously been dry for months: the well-known *Apus productus* of Latreille, *Binoculus* of Geoffroy, *Monoculus* of Linnaeus, gives a familiar example of the retention of the living principle in the ova of that order, after long desiccation. Nor let any one be apprehensive that the introduction of foreign species into our ponds among the present tenants, might be the cause of calling a bastard, and, perhaps, a deteriorated breed into existence. When the subject was not so well understood as it is at present, it was far from uncommon to hear of mixed breeds. 'There is a kind of bastard small roach,' says honest Izaak Walton, 'that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size, which, some say, is bred by the bream and the right roach:' but modern naturalists are rather sceptical as to the existence of hybrids among the fishes. Some idea of the care taken to insure an unadulterated continuation of the species, may be drawn from the reflection, that all the *Cyprinidae* (carp, tench, roach, dace, bream, &c.) spawn about the same time, and though at that season the banks and tufts of weeds are alive with them, and the water, a medium very well calculated for the indiscriminate diffusion of the male influence, is in continual agitation, from the reckless impetuosity with which they fulfil the Divine command, there is no well recorded instance of a hybrid. We happen to know, that of the many so called hybrids, submitted to Mr. Yarrell during the progress of his work, there was not one that did not turn out to be a true and unmixed species. Those who would see what a revenue

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may be derived even from the usual inhabitants of fish-ponds, and how to order them, may consult the sage Dr. Lebault's '*Maison Rustique*,' to whom Gervase Markham was obliged for his '*Country Farm*;'\* the plan of Lord Bacon's fish-ponds; the '*Discourse of Fish-ponds and Fishing*, by a Person of Honour,' supposed to be the Hon. Roger North; Duhamel, &c. &c.

The canal in St. James's park was evidently well stocked in the reign of Charles II., who delighted in feeding the water-fowl which abounded there; the lively picture in Peveril of the Peak is on the retina of every one's imagination—and there is no mean authority for the gallantries that were displayed on its bosom.

'Beneath a shoal of silver fishes glides,  
And plays about the gilded barges' sides;  
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take;  
At once victorious, with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize—'

So says Waller in his poem '*On St. James's Park lately improved by his Majesty*.'

Before we proceed to a more minute examination of Mr. Yarrell's book, it may be as well to recall to the mind of the reader the origin and progress of the science of Ichthyology—so far, at least, as it has come down to us.

Aristotle is generally quoted as the first writer on the subject, though there is no doubt that it was treated of, after a fashion at least, in ages much more remote. Taking a general view, he contents himself with describing some of the faculties and habits of fishes, without attempting to separate them from the other animals; nor did Pliny and Ælian, who usually follow in his wake, do much in addition, beyond considering these inhabitants of the waters as a distinct class. Long before the time of these sages, however, there had been a kind of classification, for we find the following mandate in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, '*These shall ye eat, of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas, and in the rivers; them shall ye eat. And all that have not fins and scales in the seas, and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you:—ye shall not eat of their flesh, but ye shall have their carcases in abomination. Whatsoever hath no fins nor scales in the waters, that shall be an abomination unto you.*'

But it was not till the revival of letters, when Belon, one of the fathers of natural history, who did so much for ornithology and other branches of the subject, devoted two books to aquatic

\* Folio. London, 1616.

animals,

animals, that the dawn of ichthyology appeared with anything like clearness. In his arrangement of the fishes in groups, some of which are sufficiently natural, we see the first efficient attempt to place the study on a sure basis. Then came Rondeletius, of whose system much cannot be said. He takes the Gilt-head (*Chrysophrys aurata* of Cuvier et Valenciennes, *Sparus auratus* of Linnæus) as his type, after a long hesitation, because, he says, it is the best known both to the ancients and moderns, and because of the esteem in which it is held for the excellence of its flesh; and he classes the other forms according to their near or remote resemblance to it. But Rondeletius possessed a clear judgment, and was a good observer. Unlike Pliny, Ælian, and too many more, both ancient and modern, he only described what he saw; the consequence is, that he is quoted with approbation and advantage even at the present day. His 'Histoire Entière des Poissons' did much for ichthyology, and from his time the science was favourably looked upon throughout Europe. Salvian, Bossueti, Conrad Gesner, Piso, and others; successively published their works, but though they added their contribution of new facts, they cannot be considered as systematists. At length, in 1605, Aldrovandi published his great work, which may be considered as a general Thesaurus of natural history, and in it arranged the fishes according to their haunts. Many others followed, whom our limits will not allow us to reckon up, till the year 1686, when Willughby, an English gentleman, published his 'History of Fishes.' His arrangement very much resembles that of Belon, though it is improved; but Willughby's strength lay in his knowledge of the external and internal organization of fishes, and of the utility and adaptation of the parts to the wants of the animal. Another interval, not without its authors, brings us down to our countryman John Ray, who, in 1707, published his 'Synopsis Methodica Piscium,' for the most part a corrected abridgment of Willughby, but containing indications of generic distinction, which made it the text-book, till Artedi, the friend and follower of Linnæus, undertook the department of the fishes with the same views as his own; but death came upon Artedi while his hand was yet upon his work, which Linnæus finished, and superintended its publication in 1738, under the title of 'Bibliotheca Ichthyologica.'

In Artedi's method the cetaceous animals (whales, &c.) were placed among the fishes, but the former were afterwards properly transferred to the mammiferous animals; these being removed, the following four divisions remained,—1st. The *Mala-copterygians*, or soft-finned fishes, such as *Clupea* (the herrings), *Salmo* (the salmon family), *Esox* (the pikes), *Cyprinus* (the carps),

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carps), *Muræna* (the eels), &c. &c.; 2nd, the *Acanthopterygians*, or spine-finned fishes, *Perca* (perches), *Mugil* (mullets), *Sparus* (gilt-heads), *Trachinus* (weevers), &c. &c.; 3rd, the *Branchios-tegous fishes*, whose fins have articulated rays, but which have no rays on the membrane of the gills—*Cyclopterus* (lump fishes), *Lophius* (anglers), &c.; 4th, the *Chondropterygians*, or cartilaginous fishes, such as the lampreys, sturgeons, sharks, and rays. Linnæus adopted this method in the first edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, but, in the second, he changed the arrangement, and rejected some of the genera. Taking his characters from the disposition of the fins, he divided the fishes into four great groups, —1st, *Apodes*, those without ventral fins; 2nd, *Jugulares*, those whose ventral fins are placed in advance of the pectoral; 3rd, *Thoracici*, whose ventral fins are placed under the pectoral; 4th, *Abdominales*, whose ventral fins are placed behind the pectoral.

Klein, who seems to have regarded Linné only as a person to be opposed, Schæffer, Gronovius, Brunnich, Scopoli, and Gouan followed, but with no great success—(except in the case of Gronovius, who, for some years, held a kind of *divisum imperium* with Linnæus)—though the works of most of them will repay the trouble of a perusal. But it remained for Lacépède to fix for some time the attention of ichthyologists. In his extensive and elaborate work he separated the fishes into two great groups—the *Cartilaginous* and the *Osseous*. Each of these groups embraces four divisions, depending on the combinations resulting from the presence or absence of the opercular, or gill-cover, and branchial membrane. The first division comprises those fishes which have neither gill-cover nor gill-membrane; the second, those which have no gill-cover, but which possess a membrane; the third, those which have a gill-cover but no membrane; and the fourth, those which possess both a gill-cover and a gill-membrane. In the second sub-class, that formed for the osseous, or bony fishes, the order previously followed is inverted, so that the first division includes fishes which have a gill cover and a gill membrane; the second, those which have a gill cover and no gill membrane; the third, those which have no gill cover but which have a membrane; and the fourth, those which have neither the one nor the other. Besides these divisions Lacépède instituted orders, for the distinction of which he availed himself of the labours of Linné; thus Lacépède's first order is formed of the *Apodes*, the second of the *Jugulares*, the third of the *Thoracici*, and the fourth of the *Abdominales*. He also preserved all the genera adopted by Linné, but added many others, with characters founded mostly on important parts, and like Gronovius, frequently rested, among other distinctions, upon the number of the back-fins.

Duméril,

Duméril, the successor of Lacépède in the chair of Ichthyology at the Paris Museum of Natural History, took a comprehensive view of the subject, and in his 'Zoologie Analytique' published an extensive work on fishes. Following, so far, Linné and Lacépède as his guides, he adopts the two grand divisions,—the Cartilaginous and the Osseous,—and to each of these he assigns four orders. These contain a multitude of families, but the new genera added by Duméril are very few. De Blainville, in his 'Prodromus,' proposed the same primary divisions—his first sub-class being the Cartilaginous fishes, under the name of *Dermodonts*, and his second the Bony fishes, under the name of *Gnathodonts*. The first sub-class is made to contain four orders:—The *Cyclostomes* (lampreys, &c.), the *Selaques* (rays), the *Sturgeons*, and the *Polyodonts* (Squalidæ, sharks, &c.) The second sub-class he separates into two tribes:—The first, the *Crustoderms*, or Branchiostegous fishes; and the second, the *Squamoderms*, or fishes properly so called. The first tribe has no subdivisions; the second he divides into three orders, viz.—the *Tetrapodes*, the *Dipodes*, and the *Apodes*; and these again into four sub-orders, namely,—the *Abdominales*, the *Subthoracici*, the *Thoracici*, and the *Jugulares*.

Cuvier brought to the subject not only complete knowledge of all that had been done by his predecessors, but an ample acquaintance with the organization and anatomy of these animals, together with the penetrating acuteness of observation which distinguished, in all his researches, that great philosopher. In his 'Règne Animal' he proposed the amended method, which, with the co-operation of M. de Valenciennes, has ripened into the 'Histoire Naturelle des Poissons,' now in the course of publication, and, in a great measure, the text-book of ichthyologists. Lastly, Professor Agassiz, taking the external integument as the basis of his system,\* is giving the world the results of his labours in that splendid work on fossil fishes, a new number of which, in every respect worthy of those which have preceded it, has just appeared.

As illustrators, the authors last named may justly claim the pre-eminence; nor must we forget Bloch (who has figured about six hundred species), Seba and Catesby, who, with Belon, Rondeletius, and Gronovius, are the principal remaining writers who have published figures of these inhabitants of the waters.

To return to the ichthyology of our own country—with the exception of the observers of a few local species, Pennant and Donovan seem to be the only authors who have attempted the history of the fishes of Great Britain *in detail*, and though they did much, still much remained to be done. In proof of this as-

\* See Quart. Rev., vol. 55, p. 433.

section we need only mention that Mr. Yarrell's work contains a greater number of species *by one-fourth* than had previously appeared in any British catalogue, and no less than two hundred and forty fishes are admirably represented in wood-cuts which in point of accuracy and execution leave nothing to be wished; besides these there are upwards of one hundred and forty illustrative vignettes, many of them portraying teeth, scales, gill-covers, swimming bladders, and other viscera, while some present us with pictorial scenes, many of which remind us of Bewick.

Before we proceed to pass rapidly in review the several families which haunt our seas and fresh-waters, a few words on the physiology of these brilliant creatures, from Mr. Yarrell's 'Introduction,' will not, we are sure, be unacceptable:—

'The branchiæ or gills in fishes possess complex powers, and are capable of receiving the influence of oxygen, not only from that portion of atmospheric air which is mixed with the water, but also directly from the atmosphere itself. When fishes, confined in a limited quantity of water, are prevented by any mechanical contrivance from taking in atmospheric air at the surface, they die much sooner than others that are permitted to do so. The consumption of oxygen, however, is small; and the temperature of the body of fishes that swim near the bottom, and are known to possess but a low degree of respiration, is seldom more than two or three degrees higher than the temperature of the water at its surface. Dr. John Davy, however, in a paper read before the Royal Society in 1835, on the temperature of some fishes allied to the Mackerel, all of which are surface-swimmers with a high degree of respiration, observed that the bonito had a temperature of  $90^{\circ}$  of Fahr. when the surrounding medium was  $80^{\circ} 5'$ ; and that it therefore constituted an exception to the generally received rule, that fishes are universally cold-blooded. Physiologists have shown that the quantity of respiration is inversely as the degree of muscular irritability. It may be considered as a law, that those fish which swim near the surface of the water, have a high standard of respiration, a low degree of muscular irritability, great necessity for oxygen—die almost immediately when taken out of water—and have flesh prone to rapid decomposition: mackerel, salmon, trout, and herrings are examples. On the contrary, those fish that live near the bottom of the water have a low standard of respiration, a high degree of muscular irritability, and less necessity for oxygen; they sustain life long after they are taken out of the water, and their flesh remains good for several days: carp, tench, eels, the different sorts of skate, and all the flatfish may be quoted.\* . . . .

' With

\* An example of the enduring tenacity of life in the tench lately came under our own observation. In September last four tench were taken out of a mere, at Playford, in Suffolk, in the morning, and were packed in dry straw. They arrived in London on the same evening, and two of them showing strong signs of life, they were put into river water and soon came round. At half-past ten on the following morning they were packed again, with the dead ones, in dry straw, slung to the lamp-iron of a coach, and so carried to Sunbury, whence they were wheeled in a barrow

'With tenacity of life is connected the extraordinary power observed in some fishes of sustaining extremes of high and low temperature. The Goldfish not only lives, but thrives and breeds to excess, in water the temperature of which is constantly kept as high as 80° Fahr. Fishes exist in the hot springs and baths of various countries the temperatures of which are found to range between 113 and 120 degrees of Fahr.; and Humboldt and Bonpland, when travelling in South America, perceived fishes thrown up alive, and apparently in health, from the bottom of a volcano, in the course of its explosions, along with water and heated vapour that raised the thermometer to 210 degrees, being but two degrees below the boiling point.

'On the other hand, in the Northern parts of Europe, Perch and Eels are advantageously transported from place to place while in a frozen state, without destroying life. Mr. Jesse, in the second series of his 'Gleanings in Natural History,' page 277, says, a friend of his, who resided near London, had a single Goldfish with the water in a marble basin frozen into one solid body of ice. He broke the ice around it, took it out, and found it to all appearance lifeless, and looking perfectly crystallized. This was about noon. Leaving the fish with the ice in the basin, and a fire having been lighted, he after dinner, more from accident than any other cause, looked at the basin, and to his astonishment saw the ice in a great measure thawed, and the fish moving. At midnight, when he went to bed, it was as lively as usual. Dr. Richardson, in the third volume of his *Fauna Boreali-Americana*, devoted to Fishes, says of the Grey Sucking Carp, a common species in the fur-countries of North America, that, like its congeners, it is singularly tenacious of life, and may be frozen and thawed again without being killed.

'The eyes in fishes are observed to occupy very different positions in different species. In some they are placed high up near the top of the head—more frequently on the flattened side of the head—but always so situated as best to suit the exigencies of the particular fish. The external surface of the eye itself is but slightly rounded, but the lens is spherical—a structure that in a dense medium affords intense power of vision at short or moderate distances, rather than a long sight. When water is clear, smooth, and undisturbed, the sight of fishes is very acute: this is well known to anglers, who prefer a breeze that ruffles the surface, well knowing that they can then approach much nearer the objects of their pursuit, and carry on their various deceptions with a much better chance of success.

'The sense of hearing has by some been denied to fishes—perhaps because they exhibit no external sign of ears: the internal structure, however, may be most successfully demonstrated in the various species of Skate, in which, the firmer parts of the head being formed of soft and

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barrow, with other luggage, to Upper Halliford, Middlesex. On their arrival, about two p.m., one only was living. It was put into a tub of rain water, recovered in the course of the day, and on the next morning was turned into a pond quite lively and well. The four tench were much of a size, and weighed together about five pounds, but the survivor was rather the smallest.

yielding

yielding cartilage, the necessary divisions may be effected with great ease. The Chinese, who breed large quantities of the well-known Gold-fish, call them with a whistle to receive their food. Sir Joseph Banks used to collect his fish by sounding a bell; and Carew, the historian of Cornwall, brought his Grey Mulletts together to be fed by making a noise with two sticks.

From the rigid nature of the scaly covering in the generality of fishes, it is probable they possess but little external sense of touch: but they are not wholly unprovided with organs which in the selection of their food are of essential service. The lips in many species are soft and pulpy; the mouths of others are provided with barbules or cirri, largely supplied with nerves, which are doubtless to them delicate organs of touch, by which they obtain cognizance of the qualities of those substances with which they come in contact. The Gurnards may be said to be provided with elongated, flexible, and delicate fingers, to compensate for their bony lips. It is a rule, almost without an exception that I am aware of, that those fishes provided with barbules or cirri about the mouth obtain their food near the ground; and these *feelers*, as they are popularly called, appear also to be a valuable compensation to those species which, restricted by instinctive habits to feeding near the bottom of water that is often both turbid and deep, must experience more or less imperfect vision there from the deficiency of light.

The olfactory nerves in fishes are of very large size, and the extent of surface over which the filaments are disposed is very considerable. The nostrils are generally double on each side, but both openings lead to one common canal. Their sense of smell may be presumed to be acute, from the selection they are known to make in their search after food, and the advantage said to be gained by the use of various scented oils with which some anglers impregnate their baits. A Pike in clear water has been seen to approach and afterwards turn away from a stale Gudgeon, when at the distance of a foot from his nose, as if perfectly aware at that distance of the real condition of the intended prey. Among the ground-feeders in fishes, the various species of Skate are remarkable for the extent of the surface over which the olfactory nerves are disposed, produced by numerous laminæ radiating from a centre, which in appearance may be compared to the under surface of a mushroom, of which the trunk of the nerve is the stem. In the absence of *feelers* in the Skate, very considerable branches of the fifth pair, the nerve of touch, are distributed over the angular snout with which these fish turn over the sand in search of proper food. It will be recollected that the mouth in this family of fishes is on the under surface. They are probably among the lowest of the ground-feeders.

Whether fishes possess any high degree of taste is a subject not easily proved. Obligated unceasingly to open and close the jaws for the purpose of respiration, they cannot long retain food in the mouth when quite shut; the substance, if of small size, must be swallowed quickly, and without being much altered by anything like mastication. From the cartilaginous hardness of the tongue in many species, more or less

covered with recurved teeth, which assist in conveying food to the back part of the mouth, the sense of taste may pervade the surface of the soft and fleshy portions of the pharynx.'

Before we close this part of the subject, we must invite the reader's attention to the following beautiful provision, one of those numerous examples of contrivance and benevolence which everywhere await the zoological observer. In Mr. Yarrell's description of the perch, he brings before us the following instance of adaptation:—

'There are two external openings to each nostril, surrounded by several orifices, which allow the escape of a mucous secretion. These apertures are larger and more numerous about the heads of fishes generally than over the other parts, the viscous secretion defending the skin from the action of the water. The distribution of the mucous orifices over the head is one of those beautiful and advantageous provisions of nature which are so often to be observed and admired. Whether the fish inhabits the stream or the lake, the current of the water in the one instance, or progression through it in the other, carries this defensive secretion backwards, and spreads it over the whole surface of the body. In fishes with small scales, this defensive secretion is in proportion more abundant; and in those species which have the bodies elongated, as the eels, the mucous orifices may be observed along the whole length of the lateral line.'—pp. 3, 4.

Independent of the sexual attachment shown by many species of fishes at the time of depositing their spawn, and the *στοργή* exhibited by some towards their ova and young—the sun-perch of America, our own river-bullhead or miller's-thumb, and the lump-sucker, will, among others, occur to observers as examples—fishes, it seems, are capable of a more refined *liaison*. Mr. Yarrell states, *ex relatione* Jesse, that a person who had kept two small fishes together in a glass vessel, gave one of them away; the other refused to eat, and showed evident symptoms of unhappiness till his companion was restored to him. But, alas! there are selfish, hard-hearted examples among fishes as well as among men, and—the truth must be told—we know of one silver-fish whose fellow was snatched from its side by unrelenting death; the survivor was left all alone in its crystal prison, and, with Mr. Jesse's anecdote before the eyes of its owner, the worst consequences were anticipated. Instead of pining, however, as in duty bound, this widowed creature showed more than usual alacrity after its loss, and gave token of comfort and peace of mind by thriving so fast as to attract special notice.

The arrangement followed by Mr. Yarrell is that of Baron Cuvier, and he commences with the Acanthopterygians, and the family *Percidæ* or perches. The first fish described is a very

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common, but a very excellent one,—the *Πέρξη* of the Greeks, the *Perca* of the Romans, the *Pergesa* of the modern Italians, the *Perscke* of the Prussians, and *La Perche* of the French. 'More wholesome than a perch of the Rhine,' says the German proverb—and the ancient gastronomers knew him well.

'Nec te delicias mensarum, Perca, silebo,  
Amnigenos inter pisces dignande marinis.'

Who that has ever eaten perch at a small village, the name of which we forget, between the Hague and Amsterdam,—the two-pounders in water-souchy and the larger ones plain boiled, with that white piquante sauce, while the piles of white and dark bread and butter, the albino reposing upon the negro, stand ready by, flanked by a rich and sweetish red wine, served on a coarse but exquisitely clean cloth,—can withhold his praise of the fish and cookery? One word, gentle reader, on the subject of water-souchy: there are two ways of making it,—those who like it clear may not care to know that by sacrificing a good many fish, stewing them well with their parsley roots, &c. as usual, and then pulping them through a sieve, an excellent *purée* is produced, which makes a delicious accompaniment to the large and entire fish served therein. Above all, the perch should come from a good bright river, or transparent lake; if from a pond, they should be kept in some rapidly running river till the clear stream has washed away all weedy flavour. When this precaution has not been taken the tureen is redolent of mud; whereas, when the cover is lifted from a well-executed dish of water-souchy made from Thames Perch,—and there are few better,—

'Eum in odorem cœnat Jupiter.'

Great is the demand for this fish, and great is its gullibility; few fish bite more freely, and we have known instances where upwards of fifty dozen have been taken with rod and line in a very few days; great, also, is its fruitfulness,—280,000 ova have been found in a perch of only half a pound weight. We need hardly put our readers on their guard against the opinion of some who consider the ruffe, or pope, (*Perca cernua* of Linnæus, *Acerina vulgaris* of Cuvier and Valenciennes,) as a hybrid between the perch and the gudgeon, from its possessing the form of the one with the colour of the other—an opinion which has perhaps been strengthened by the French name (*Perche goujonnière*) of this pretty and well-flavoured species. The basse (*Labrax lupus*, Cuv. et Val., *Perca labrax*, Linn.) has been retained with success in Mr. Arnold's fresh-water lake in Guernsey, and Dr. McCulloch has vouched for the superiority of flavour obtained

by the change. We must not omit to notice the weevers and red mullets. Even the lesser weever\* is well remembered by those who have felt its fin.

'In its habits,' says Mr. Yarrell, 'it is active and subtle, burying itself in loose soil at the bottom of the water, the head only being exposed; it thus waits for its prey,—aquatic insects, or minute crustaceous animals—which the ascending position of its mouth enables it to seize with certainty. If trod upon or only touched while thus on the watch, it strikes with force either upwards or sideways; and Pennant states that he had seen it direct its blows with as much judgment as a fighting-cock.'—vol. i. pp. 25, 26.

The great † weever is considered, justly, a great delicacy, and inflicts a wound more galling in proportion to its size. The fishermen generally cut off the first dorsal or sting-fin, and the spines on the gill-covers, as soon as the fish is caught; and in France there is a police regulation for this excision. In Spain also those who bring to market any fish whose spines inflict a bad wound incur a penalty. Mr. Yarrell here takes an opportunity of again illustrating a law in the animal economy of fishes which is of great interest philosophically, and of no small importance practically.

'That the great weever prefers deep water, that it lives constantly near the bottom, that it is tenacious of life when caught, and that its flesh is excellent, are four points that have been already noticed; but this subject, in reference to fishes generally, may be further illustrated. It may be considered as a law that those fish that swim near the surface of the water have a high standard of respiration, a low degree of muscular irritability, great necessity for oxygen, die soon, and have flesh prone to rapid decomposition. On the contrary, those fish that live near the bottom of the water have a low standard of respiration, a high degree of muscular irritability, and less necessity for oxygen; the carp, the tench, the various flat fish, and the eel, are seen gaping and writhing on the stalls of the fishmongers for hours in succession; but no one sees any symptom of motion in the mackerel, the salmon, the trout, or the herring, unless present at the capture. These four last named, and many others of the same habits, to be eaten in the greatest perfection, should be prepared for table the same day they are caught;‡ but the turbot, delicate as it is, may be kept till the second day with advantage, and even longer, without injury; and fishmongers generally are well aware of the circumstance, that fish from deep water have the muscle

\* *Trachinus Vipera*, Cuv. et Val.

† *Trachinus Draco*, Linn.

‡ 'The chub swims near the top of the water, and is caught with a fly, a moth, or a grasshopper, upon the surface; and Izaak Walton says, "But take this rule with you—that a chub newly taken and newly dressed is so much better than a chub of a day's keeping after he is dead, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly as to cherries newly gathered from a tree, and others that have been bruised and lain a day or two in water."'

more dense in structure,—in their language, *more firm to the touch*,—that they are of finer flavour, and will keep longer, than fish drawn from shallow water.

'The law referred to has its origin in the principles of organization; and though it would be difficult for the anatomist to demonstrate those deviations in structure between the trout and the tench which give rise to these distinctions and their effects, it is only necessary to make the points of comparison wider to be assured of the first. Between a fish with a true bony skeleton, the highest in organization among fishes, and the lamprey, the lowest, the differences are most obvious. If we for a moment consider the lamprey, which is the lowest in organization of the vertebrated animals, with only a rudimentary vertebral column, as the supposed centre of zoological structure, and look from thence up and down the scale of organization, we at the extreme on one side arrive at man, to whom division of his substance would be destruction; but, on the other, we come to the polype, the division of which gives rise to new animals, each possessing attributes, not only equal to each other, but equal also to the animal of which they previously formed but a small part.'—vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

The red mullets—the glory and opprobrium of the Roman prodigals—next claim our attention. There are two species, the striped and the true red; and we agree with Mr. Yarrell that the fish whose colours varying under the hand of death, in the crystal vase, shot transiently along, to please the eye of the epicures as they reposed on their triclinia, was the latter—the *Mullus barbatus* of Linnæus. The striped species is more common in the Mediterranean, and grows to a larger size; but the true red mullet, that obtained its name from the scarlet *mullus* with which the consul was sandalled, was, in all probability, the object of Roman luxury. These (*soldiers* we used to call them) we have seen bought on our western coast for sixpence each, and even a less sum, and the large ones (they rejoiced in the name of *serjeants*) for eightpence, at a time when it was considered that these delicate fish would not bear carriage; indeed so cheap were they that it was no uncommon thing to see some 'mute inglorious' Quin taking the liver out of his mullet to apply it as sauce to his John Dory, leaving the flesh to more vulgar palates; but 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men.' What would the Romans have said to that? Pliny records that one gentleman, with a singularly appropriate name—Asinius Celer—gave eight thousand nummi (between 64*l.* and 65*l.* sterling) for one *mullus*!

Everybody must have been struck with the appearance of the long *feelers* articulated to the under jaw in these elegant fishes; but Mr. Yarrell, with his usual quickness, aided by his dissecting knife, thus shows their adaptation to the wants of the animal.

'These

'These *cirri* are generally placed near the mouth, and they are mostly found in those fishes that are known to feed very near the bottom. On dissecting these appendages in the mullet, the common cod, and others, I found them to consist of an elongated and slender flexible cartilage, invested by numerous longitudinal muscular and nervous fibres, and covered by an extension of the common skin. The muscular apparatus is most apparent in the mullet, the nervous portion most conspicuous in the cod. These appendages are to them, I have no doubt, delicate organs of touch, by which all the species provided with them are enabled to ascertain, to a certain extent, the qualities of the various substances with which they are brought in contact, and are analogous in function to the beak, with its distribution of nerves, among certain wading and swimming birds which probe for food beyond their sight; and may be considered another instance, among the many beautiful provisions of Nature, by which, in the case of fishes feeding at great depths, where light is deficient, compensation is made for consequent imperfect vision.'

We come now to the *Acanthopterygians*—with hard cheeks—and first arrive at the gurnards (*Triglidae*), of which Britain has six species; and of these three are common, and three of comparatively rare occurrence. Of the former, the red gurnard (*Trigla cuculus*) is far superior to the others, and 'excellent meat,' as old Izaak says, 'trust me.' Of the latter, the sappharine gurnard (*Trigla hirundo*) is the most beautiful, and the piper (*Trigla lyra*) the most delicious. He is of a brilliant red—not of a delicate rose-colour, as Donovan has painted him, though Donovan's figure is otherwise good—and for his flavour—'Even Quin,' as Mr. Yarrell observes, 'has borne testimony to the merits of a west-country piper.'

We conclude our notice of this group with the following clear and accurate description of a mode of fishing by which a principal part of the supply of our fishmongers is obtained.

'Having stated that the various species of gurnards are chiefly obtained by a particular mode of fishing in the sea called trawling, and representations being introduced at the foot of this and the next page of a trawl-net, and the sort of fishing-boat most common on the Sussex and Hampshire coasts, it remains to describe both, and the mode of using them. The boat is about twenty-five feet long, and ten feet in the beam, or breadth; the average burthen about ten tons; and they carry three tons of ballast—generally shingle, with some loose pigs of iron, which are shifted from side to side as occasion may require. The boat is fitted with two masts, with a square sail to each; sometimes a third mast and sail are set up when the wind is very light, and thus rigged they are called lugsail-boats. The trawl-net for a boat of this power has a beam of eighteen or twenty feet in length—the extent of the beam being the breadth of the mouth of the net; and the length of the net is from sixty to seventy-five feet. In the representation of this net, the

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rope on the extreme left that runs through the block is called the trawl-warp, and is the only connexion between the boat and the net when the net is overboard. The ropes passing obliquely from the block to the two sides, are called the bridle, and serve effectually to keep the open mouth of the net square to the front, when the net is drawn along over the ground by the boat. The trawl-beam is four inches diameter, and is supported at the height of twenty or twenty-four inches above the ground by a heavy frame of iron of a particular form at each end of the beam, called the trawl-heads, which assist by their weight to sink the net and keep it on the ground. The upper edge of the netting is attached along the whole length of the beam; the lower edge is fastened along a heavy rope called the ground-rope, and follows considerably behind the advanced straight line of the beam, and forms the portion of the circle seen through the upper surface of the net in the representation. This sort of net is only adapted for taking those fish that live upon or very near the bottom. When drawn along, the first part of the net that touches the fish is the ground-rope, from the contact of which the fish darts upward; but that part of the net hanging from the beam is not only over, but also in advance of him, while the onward draft of the net by the progress of the boat brings the fish against the closed end of the tail, and if he then shoots forward towards the mouth of the net, he is stopped and entangled in pockets that only open backwards. As the fish in the tideway lie with their heads against the stream, the fishermen trawl with the tide; that is, draw the net down the stream, carrying only so much sail on their boat as will give the net the proper draft along the ground—generally at the rate of two and a half or three miles an hour. When it is desirable to examine the contents of the net, the beam is hauled up to the side of the vessel by the trawl-warp, the tail of the net is handed in, untied, and the contents shaken out. The produce, depending somewhat on the nature of the ground, generally consists of red mullet, different species of gurnards, flat fish, and skate, with abundance of *asteriæ*, *crustacea*, and *echini*. The saleable fish being selected, the tail of the netting is re-tied, and the net again lowered to the ground; and while the vessel continues its course, the refuse of one haul of the net is swept overboard to make room for the produce of the next. On some parts of the Dorsetshire and Devonshire coast, the trawling-boats and their apparatus are much larger than those here described; the former being cutter-rigged vessels of seventy or eighty tons burden, and their nets of thirty-six feet beam. Such vessels are constantly employed trawling in West Bay, and the Brixham and Torbay ground; even as near London as Barking Creek, boats and nets of this size are common; but the fishing-grounds for these vessels and their crews are in various parts of the North Sea, where a large and stout boat is absolutely necessary. The principal trawling off the Sussex and Hampshire coast is in the Channel, from twelve to thirty miles from the shore, and the men are seldom absent more than one night at a time.

‘Where the water is deep, this mode of fishing is successfully practised either in the day or night; but if the water is shallow and

and clear, but little success is to be obtained in the day.'—vol. i. pp. 52-55.

The bullheads (*Cottus*) and the sticklebacks (*Gasterosteus*) need not detain us long, but we must not omit the introduction of the *four-horned cottus* as a British species, an addition which Mr. Yarrell acknowledges that he owes to Mr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, and of which he gives a figure from the specimen there preserved. Nor can we pass over the pugnacious disposition of the sticklebacks, of which Mr. Yarrell figures and describes seven species. The following extract from London's Magazine of Natural History, will show what magnanimity is compressed in the minute bodies of these 'tritons of the minnows.'

'When a few are first turned in, they swim about in a shoal, apparently exploring their new habitation. Suddenly one will take possession of a particular corner of the tub, or, as it will sometimes happen, of the bottom, and will instantly commence an attack upon his companions; and if any one of them ventures to oppose his sway, a regular and most furious battle ensues: the two combatants swim round and round each other with the greatest rapidity, biting and endeavouring to pierce each other with their spines, which on these occasions are projected. I have witnessed a battle of this sort which lasted several minutes before either would give way; and when one does submit, imagination can hardly conceive the vindictive fury of the conqueror; who, in the most persevering and unrelenting way, chases his rival from one part of the tub to the another, until fairly exhausted with fatigue. They also use their spines with such fatal effect, that, incredible as it may appear, I have seen one during a battle absolutely rip his opponent quite open, so that he sank to the bottom and died. I have occasionally known three or four parts of the tub taken possession of by as many other little tyrants, who guard their territories with the strictest vigilance; and the slightest invasion invariably brings on a battle. These are the habits of the male fish alone: the females are quite pacific; appear fat, as if full of roe; never assume the brilliant colours of the male, by whom, as far as I have observed, they are unmolested.'—vol. i. pp. 77, 78.

These little fishes swarm in some places, and are used as manure. Pennant states that the species whose pugnacity is above described, occasionally occurs in such numbers at Spalding in Lincolnshire, that a man employed by a farmer to take them has earned four shillings a day for a considerable time, by selling them at a halfpenny a bushel.

The family *Sparidae* contains some handsome fishes—the *gilt-head* and *Spanish bream*, for example; the latter of which, by the way, neither Pennant nor Donovan included in the British catalogue. Mr. Yarrell gives seven species, and among them *Ray's bream*, of whose capture on our coasts he records many exam-

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ples; so that Cuvier, as he observes, was deceived in supposing it to be exclusively peculiar to the Mediterranean, and in thinking that only a straggler occasionally wandered into the ocean: on the contrary, Bloch and Lacépède were perfectly justified in considering this fish a native of the Northern Seas, as well as of the Mediterranean. In this part of the book is the following interesting notice on the teeth of fishes:—

‘The forms of the teeth are not less varied than their position, and require various names. The most common form is that of an elongated cone, either straight or curved. When these conical teeth are small and numerous, they are compared to the points of the cards used for carding wool or cotton; and they are sometimes so slender, yet so dense from their numbers, as to resemble the pile of velvet or plush; and often, from their very minute size, their presence is more readily ascertained by the finger than by the eye. Some fishes have in the front of the jaws flat teeth with a cutting edge, like a true incisor: others have them rounded or oval; they are then most frequently planted in rows, and adapted to bruise or crush the various substances with which they are brought in contact.

‘All the teeth of fishes are simple, each originating in its own simple pulpy germ. Whatever the form of the tooth, it is produced by successive layers, as in the mammalia; but the growth is not directed downwards to form a root: there is no alveolar cavity; the tooth consists only of that part which is usually called the crown, and it seems rather to be a production of the surface of the bone than of the interior.

‘The renewal of the teeth in fishes seems to take place at uncertain periods, apparently with some reference to the accidental wants of the animal; the new tooth sometimes grows beneath, sometimes at the side, or behind or before the old teeth, which are loosened at their attachment, not worn down, and thus thrown off.

‘Fishes may have teeth attached to all the bones that assist in forming the cavity of the mouth and pharynx; to the intermaxillary, maxillary and palatine bones, the vomer, the tongue, the branchial arches supporting the gills, and the pharyngeal bones: there are genera, the species of which have teeth attached to all these various bones: sometimes these teeth are uniform in shape, at others differing. One or more of these bones are sometimes without teeth of any sort; and there are fishes that have no teeth whatever on any of them.’—vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

We must not dwell longer on this family, nor on the *Squammpennes*, but before we quit it we will give Mr. Yarrell's receipt for dressing a rather despised fish, the *sea bream* (*Pagellus centrodontus*, Cuv. et Val.), which Mr. Couch has known to be sold as low as half a crown per cwt.

‘When at the sea-coast,’ says Mr. Yarrell, ‘on fishing excursions, it has been one of my customs to eat of the various fishes I could either catch or purchase, that are not in general use for the table. With the example of Izaak Walton before me, I will venture to suggest a mode of preparing

preparing a sea bream which materially improves its more ordinary flavour. When thoroughly cleaned, the fish should be wiped dry, but none of the scales should be taken off. In this state it should be broiled, turning it often, and if the skin cracks, flour it a little to keep the outer case entire. When on table, the whole skin and scales turn off without difficulty; and the muscle beneath, saturated with its own natural juices, which the outside covering has retained, will be found of good flavour.'—vol. i. p. 109.

The *Scomberidæ* (mackerel family) now claim our attention. First on the list appears the brilliant and well-known mackerel, a favourite from the table of the monarch to that of the peasant, and so abundant, that it must be a niggard season when it is not accessible to all. There are few who have not enjoyed the sport of railing (fishing with the line) in a *mackerel breeze*, when

'Both current and ripple are dancing in light;'

but the usual mode of taking them is in drift nets.

'The drift-net is twenty feet deep, by one hundred and twenty feet long; well corked at the top, but without lead at the bottom. They are made of small fine twine, which is tanned of a reddish brown colour, to preserve it from the action of the sea-water; and it is thereby rendered much more durable. The size of the mesh about two and a half inches, or rather larger. Twelve, fifteen, and sometimes eighteen of these nets are attached lengthways, by tying along a thick rope, called the drift-rope, and at the ends of each net, to each other. When arranged for depositing in the sea, a large buoy attached to the end of the drift rope is thrown overboard, the vessel is put before the wind, and, as she sails along, the rope with the nets thus attached is passed over the stern into the water, till the whole of the nets are run out. The net thus deposited hangs suspended in the water perpendicularly twenty feet deep from the drift-rope, and extending from three quarters of a mile to a mile, or even a mile and a half, depending on the number of nets belonging to the party or company engaged in fishing together. When the whole of the nets are thus handed out, the drift-rope is shifted from the stern to the bow of the vessel, and she rides by it as if at anchor. The benefit gained by the boat's hanging at the end of the drift-rope is, that the net is kept strained in a straight line, which, without this pull upon it, would not be the case. The nets are shot in the evening, and sometimes hauled once during the night, at others allowed to remain in the water all night. The fish roving in the dark through the water, hang in the meshes of the net, which are large enough to admit them beyond the gill-covers and pectoral fins, but not large enough to allow the thickest part of the body to pass through. In the morning early, preparations are made for hauling the nets. A capstan on the deck is manned, about which two turns of the drift-rope are taken. One man stands forward to untie the upper edge of each net from the drift-rope—which is called casting off the lashings; others hand in the net with the fish caught, to which one side of the vessel is devoted; the other side is occupied by the drift-rope, which

is wound in by the men at the capstan. The whole of the net in, and the fish secured, the vessel runs back into harbour with her fish; or, depositing them on board some other boat in company, that carries for the party to the nearest market, the fishing-vessel remains at sea for the next night's operation.'—vol. i. p. 126, 127.

The highest price, according to Mr. Yarrell, ever known at Billingsgate, was in May 1807, when the first Brighton boat-load of mackerel was sold there for forty guineas per hundred: the next arrival produced only thirteen guineas for the same number. In 1808, this fish was so plentiful at Dover, that they were sold sixty for a shilling. In 1831, the catch was beyond all precedent. The value of sixteen boats from Lowestoffe, on the 30th June, amounted to 5252*l.*; and it is supposed that there was no less an amount than 14,000*l.* altogether realized by the owners and men concerned in the fishery off the Suffolk coast on that one day (p. 125). The habits of this prolific species must be interesting to every one, and in the following summary will be found some excellent remarks upon its supposed migrations, and upon those of fishes in general.

'The Mackerel was supposed by Anderson, Duhamel, and others, to be a fish of passage; performing, like some birds, certain periodical migrations, and making long voyages from north to south at one season of the year, and the reverse at another. It does not appear to have been sufficiently considered, that, inhabiting a medium which varied but little either in its temperature or productions locally, fishes are removed beyond the influence of the two principal causes which make a temporary change of situation necessary. Independently of the difficulty of tracing the course pursued through so vast an expanse of water, the order of the appearance of the fish at different places on the shores of the temperate and southern parts of Europe is the reverse of that which, according to their theory, ought to have happened. It is known that this fish is now taken, even on some parts of our own coast, in every month of the year. It is probable that the Mackerel inhabits almost the whole of the European seas; and the law of nature, which obliges them and many others to visit the shallower water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and bountiful provisions of the Creator, by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought within the reach of man; who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the Mackerel dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery could be carried on; but, approaching the shore as they do from all directions, and roving along the coast collected in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form but a very small portion compared with the myriads that escape.'

With this account before the eyes of the public, we cannot but  
express

express our wonder that in this age of companies we have no *Garum Sociorum*.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell on the Spanish mackerel, the tunny, the bonito—no, nor the swordfish, though, at p. 144, the reader will find a capital battle royal between several thrashers or fox sharks (*Carcharias Vulpes*) and some swordfish on one side, and an enormous whale on the other, as related by Captain Crow—no relation to the worthy seaman who figures in Sir Launcelot Greaves; nor can we take more than a glance at the faithful pilot fishes (*Naucrates Ductor*), not forgetting to leave our malediction with those who caught the hapless pair, which in all confidence attached themselves to the good ship *Peru*, Graham master, two days after she left Alexandria, fondly remaining with her till she came to an anchor at Plymouth,—and found them “excellent eating.” We had hardly written the last word with *just indignation* when the Doree\*—the John Dory—appeared in all his majesty. But let us to the anecdote recorded by Colonel Montagu in his MSS. notes to Donovan's British Fishes:—

‘It is now,’ says Colonel Montagu, who died in July 1815, ‘about sixty years since the celebrated Mr. Quin, of epicurean notoriety, first discovered the real merit of the Doree; and we believe from him originated the familiar, and we may say national, epithet of John Dory, as a special mark of his esteem for this fish; a name by which it is usually known in some parts, especially at Bath, where Quin's celebrity as the prince of epicures was well known, and where his palate finished its voluptuous career.’

‘Notwithstanding the numerous anecdotes recorded of this gentleman as famous for his love of good living as for his excellence as a comedian, and who equally shone as a *bon vivant* or in the character of Falstaff, we may be allowed to record one more in honour both of the person who brought the Doree into such high estimation and of the fish itself. An ancestor of ours, a Mr. Hedges, was an intimate friend of Quin's, and was induced by him to take a journey from Bath to Plymouth, on purpose to eat John Dory in the highest perfection—not only from procuring it fresh, but with the additional advantage of having it boiled in sea-water, a matter of very great importance to the palate of Quin. As this journey was purposely taken to feast on fish, their stay at Plymouth was not intended to exceed a week, by which time they expected to have their skins full of Doree; but that no opportunity might be lost, Quin left strict charge with the host at Ivybridge to procure some of the finest Doree he could get, for his dinner on his return, fixing the day. Whether our celebrated epicure was disappointed in his expectations at Plymouth, is not recollected; but that he might have the provided fish at

\* Zeus Faber.

Ivybridge in the highest perfection, and remarking that the place was too remote from the coast to obtain sea-water for dressing the dorees anticipated, he ordered a cask of sea-water to be tied behind his carriage. Unfortunately, the weather had been stormy, and no fish of note could be procured. Every apology was made by the host, who assured him that an excellent dinner was provided, which, he had no doubt, would be to his taste, but no fish. The disappointment, however, was too great to be borne with patience. After having made a water-cart of his carriage, and the appetite having been set for John Dory boiled in sea-water, no excuse, no apology would satisfy Quin; and he declared he would not eat in his house, but, like a ship in distress, threw his water-cask overboard, and pursued his journey not a little sulky, till some fortunate stroke of wit, or some palatable viand roused him to good humour.

'This western tour of Quin's did not appear to have given him much satisfaction, as may readily be imagined by his reply to a friend on his return to Bath. Being asked if he did not think Devonshire a sweet county?—"Sir," said Quin, "I found nothing sweet in Devonshire—but the vinegar."—pp. 164—166.

The rare and beautiful opah or king-fish,\* looking, as an observer remarked, like one of Neptune's lords dressed for a court-day, whose gorgeous hues defy imitation,—for what pencil, even if it could come up to the scarlet irides, the bright vermilion fins, and the round yellowish-white lunar spots, could convey the rich green, reflecting purple and gold in different lights, passing into golden green below?—this beauty closes the list of *Scomberidæ*; nor do we find anything requiring particular notice, (though every page will repay the attention of the zoologist,) till we come to the *Mugilidæ* (grey mullets, &c.), which must not be confounded with the surmulletts (*Mullidæ*) mentioned above. Mr. Yarrell has clearly made out that we have three species † on our coasts, and he is confirmed by Cuvier and Valenciennes on this point, though, till his time, but one species had been recognised. The common grey mullet (*Mugil Capito*)—one of the six good things, by the way, for which the county of Sussex is proverbial ‡—and which will rise freely at a trout or salmon-fly, is the fish of whose sagacity when surrounded by the net, or otherwise enclosed, so many stories are told. There is a most interesting account of its habits at p. 202. The relation of the well-directed but vain efforts at escape—evidently the result of observation, ay, and reflection—made by the one unfortunate left alone in the deadly net, after his companions had regained their liberty, is quite

\* *Lampris guttatus*, Retz. Zeus Luna, Gmel.

† *Mugil Capito*, Cuv. *Mugil Chelo*, Cuv. *Mugil curtus*, Yarrell.

‡ These six good things are a Chichester lobster, a Selsey cockle, an Arundel mullet, a Pulborough eel, an Amberley trout, and a Rye herring.

affecting.

affecting. This fish is one of those which have thriven so well in Mr. Arnold's pond at Guernsey. Passing the *Gobioidæ* (the blennies, the savage wolf-fish, the gobies, and the dragonets), we come to the fishing-frog or angler, wickedly termed by some "the sea-devil," and appropriately named by our northern brethren 'the wide gab.'\* We shall give the reader some idea of its voracity from the MSS. of Mr. Couch and Colonel Montagu.

'It makes but little difference what the prey is, either in respect of size or quality. A fisherman had hooked a cod-fish, and while drawing it up he felt a heavier weight attach itself to his line: this proved to be an angler of large size, which he compelled to quit its hold by a heavy blow on its head, leaving its prey still attached to the hook. In another instance an angler seized a conger eel that had taken the hook; but after the latter had been engulfed in the enormous jaws and perhaps stomach, it struggled through the gill-aperture of the angler, and in that situation both were drawn up together. I have been told of its swallowing the large ball of cork employed as a buoy to a bulter or deep-sea line; and the fact this implies of its mounting to the surface is further confirmed by the evidence of sailors and fishermen, who have seen it floating, and taken it with a line at mid-water. These fishes sometimes abound; and a fisherman, who informed me of the circumstance, found seven of them at one time on the deck of a trawl-boat. On expressing his surprise at the number, he was told that it was not uncommon to take a dozen at once.'—*Couch's MS.*

'When this fish is taken in a net, its captivity does not destroy its rapacious appetite, but it generally devours some of its fellow-prisoners—which have been taken from their stomachs alive, especially flounders. It is not so much sought after for its own flesh, as for the fish generally to be found in its stomach: thus, though the fishermen reject the fish itself, they do not reject those that the fish has collected.

'A female examined measured three feet three inches, the breadth across the body at the pectoral fins fifteen inches. Within the teeth, on the lower jaw, is a loose skin of a brown colour, like the back of the fish, forming a sort of bag, which probably assists in preventing the escape of its smaller prey. A male examined was three feet five inches long. When this fish was suspended by the head, the contents of its stomach were readily seen, and I perceived several cuttle-fish. The sexes are distinctly marked by external appendages, as in some species of *Raia*.'—*Montagu's MS.*

The *Labridæ* (wrasses, &c.) are the last family of the British *Acanthopterygians*; and we proceed to the *Abdominal Malacopterygians*. Of these the *Cyprinidæ* (carp, tench, bream, gold-fish, roach, dace, barbel, gudgeon, &c.) are first on the roll. This

\* *Lophius piscatorius*

family is dear to those worthy brethren of the Walton and Cotton club whose motto is 'Give me a punt,' and who may be seen with other kindred spirits, all the summer and autumn, dotting the silver Thames, at intervals, from Chertsey to Twickenham, intent on their floats and the length of their swim. The general reader will thank us for bringing before him the following observations showing the great change of temperature which may be borne by fishes; and they are well worthy the attention of the philosopher.

'It is well known that in manufacturing districts, where there is an inadequate supply of cold water for the condensation of the steam employed in the engines, recourse is had to what are called engine-dams or ponds, into which the water from the steam-engine is thrown for the purpose of being cooled: in these dams, the average temperature of which is about eighty degrees, it is common to keep gold-fish; and it is a notorious fact, that they multiply in these situations much more rapidly than in ponds of lower temperature, exposed to the variations of the climate. Three pair of this species were put into one of these dams, where they increased so rapidly, that at the end of three years their progeny, which were accidentally poisoned by verdigris mixed with the refuse tallow from the engine, were taken out by wheelbarrows-full. Gold-fish are by no means useless inhabitants of these dams: they consume the refuse grease which would otherwise impede the cooling of the water by accumulating on its surface.

'Desfontaines found a *Sparus* of Lacépède, the *Chromis* of Cuvier, in the hot waters of Cafsa in Barbary, in which Reaumur's thermometer rose to thirty degrees, equal to eighty-six of Fahrenheit; and in the same springs Shaw saw small fishes of the mullet and perch kind. Saussure, speaking of the hot springs of Aise, in Savoy, says,—"I have frequently examined the temperature of these waters at different seasons, and have always found it about 113° Fahr. Notwithstanding the heat of these waters, living animals are found in the basins which receive them. I saw in them eels, rotifera, and infusoria, in 1790." "At Feriana, the ancient Thala," says Bruce, "are baths of warm water without the town; in these were a number of fish, about four inches in length, not unlike gudgeons. Upon trying the heat by the thermometer, I remember to have been much surprised that they could have existed, or even not been boiled, by continuing so long in the heat of this medium."—vol. i. p. 318.

And here will be found an interesting experiment, made by Mr. Yarrell, showing that the sudden removal of the back-fin in roach and dace was attended with no apparent inconvenience to the fish. He was led to this by observing that, among two dozen gold-fish, some had a great superfluity of back-fin, others very little, and one none at all. Yet this last preserved the upright position with the same ease as the rest.

Those

Those fair dames who are guilty of wearing mock-pearls will do well to attend to the following account of their manufacture:—

‘On the inner surface of the scales of roach, dace, bleak, whitebait, and other fishes, is found a silvery pigment, which gives the lustre these scales possess. Advantage has been taken of the colouring matter thus afforded to imitate artificially the Oriental pearl. When this practice was most in fashion, the manufactured ornaments bore the name of patent pearl, and the use was universal in the bead-trade for necklaces, eardrops, &c. At present, it seems confined to ornaments attached to combs, or small beads arranged with flowers for head-dresses. So great was the demand formerly, at particular times, that the price of a quart measure of fish-scales has varied from one guinea to five. The Thames fishermen gave themselves no trouble beyond taking off the side scales, throwing the fish into the river again; and it was the custom for hawkers regularly before selling any white-fish, as they were called, to supply the beadmakers with the scales. The method of obtaining and using the colouring matter was, first carrying off the slime and dirt from the scales by a run of water, then soaking them for a time, the pigment was found at the bottom of the vessel. When thus produced, small glass tubes were dipped in, and the pigment injected into thin blown hollow glass beads of various forms and sizes. These were then spread on sieves, and dried in a current of air. If greater weight and firmness were required, a further injection of wax was necessary. Of this pigment, that obtained from the scales of roach and dace was the least valuable; that from the bleak was in much greater request; but the whitebait afforded the most delicate and beautiful silver, and obtained the highest price, partly from the prohibitory regulations affecting the capture of this little fish, the difficulty of transmission, and rapid decomposition. This art of forming artificial pearls is said to have been first practised by the French. Dr. Lister, in his *Journey to Paris*, says, that when he was in that city, a manufacturer used in one winter thirty hampers of bleak.’—pp. 369, 370.

The *Esocidæ* (pikes, garfishes, &c.) follow the *Cyprinidæ*. Our limits will not allow more than a short notice of these; but we must find room for a few words touching the ravenous luce or pike (*Esox Lucius*), the troller’s delight:—

‘That pike were rare formerly, may be inferred from the fact that, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, Edward I., who condescended to regulate the prices of the different sorts of fish then brought to market, that his subjects might not be left to the mercy of the venders, fixed the value of pike higher than that of fresh salmon, and more than ten times greater than that of the best turbot or cod. In proof of the estimation in which pike were held in the reign of Edward III., I may refer to the lines of Chaucer—

“Full many a fatte partriche had he in mew,  
And many a breme, and many a luce in stew.”

They were so rare in the reign of Henry VIII., that a large one sold for double

double the price of a house-lamb in February, and a pickerel, or small pike, for more than a fat capon.'—p. 384.

Camden long ago said, 'Horsey pike none like'—and, notwithstanding the estimation in which its flesh has been generally held, we know some persons, and those of good taste too in other respects, who object to it, because they have heard that, by way of variety the *helluo* occasionally solaces himself with a water-rat. We wish they could taste a Medway pike after feeding on smelts; nor should we fear the effect of any well-fed river-pike, presented *au bleu* by a first-rate artist. The size to which these tyrants of the river and lake grow is enormous; the skeleton of the celebrated fish taken at Heilbrun, in 1497, *nineteen feet in length*, was long preserved at Manheim.

Leaving the *Sly-silurus*, or sheat fish, the only British species of *Siluridæ* known, we come to the *Salmonidæ* (salmon, trout, &c.). The very name raises visions of the spring and awakens all the angler in our soul:

'Full many a glorious morning have we seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;—

and though we have never felt the rush of a *salmon*, making all bend again from stock to top, we have dealt with many a goodly fish in our time. Who can forget the spot where he killed his first *trout*? We well remember where we made prize of ours,—

'A hidden brook,  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the quiet woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.'

We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw it glittering on the greensward. Since then, we have floated far down on the stream of life, and have taken many fish in many waters: but even now, when, with the fisherman as our *Palinurus*, we are gliding like a shadow down the majestic Thames—

'Bankt with imbrodered meads, of sundry sutes of flowres,  
His brest adorned with swans, oft washt with silver showres,'

and listening to the ἄδυ ψιθύρισμα of his sighing sedges, our heart *untravell'd fondly turns* to that rivulet.

We consider that our author has been particularly successful in unravelling the difficulties which have long beset the history of this family. The species, and the individuals of many of the species, at different periods of growth, go by so many different names, in so many different places, that the utmost confusion has prevailed. The parr or samlet, for example, has frequently 'been

insisted on as the young of the salmon, and local regulations have been invoked for its preservation.' The experiments of marking at a certain age, and retaking, &c., only added to the obscurity; and if the question be asked, even now, of people on different spots—'What is a parr?' different answers will be given. The fishermen themselves cannot distinguish the fry of the bull-trout, salmon-trout, salmon, and parr, at the very time they are using the word *parr* as a term of distinction—and from this *anceps medium* much of the confusion has followed. The parr or samlet (*Salmo Salmulus* of Willughby), as that able and diligent naturalist Sir William Jardine says, is not only distinct, but one of the best and most constantly marked species we have. The fish seldom exceeds eight inches in length, and is more frequently five or six. Old anglers, before the days of gas and other impurities, which have rendered poor Father Thames, below Chelsea, little better than a dirty agent of their worships the Commissioners of Sewers, so that one wonders he is not ashamed to 'go between his banks,' will remember it as the Skegger of Laleham shallows, between Staines and Chertsey, of which forty, and even fifty dozen, have been landed by a good fly-fisher in one day. Mr. Yarrell enumerates no less than thirteen species of British *Salmonidæ*, and gives a most lucid account of their habits, their distinctions, and their uses. This is to us so interesting a part of the book that we feel it necessary to check ourselves. We dare not enter upon the different trouts; and must eschew the grayling,\* that *flower of fishes*, out of compassion to the gentle and long-suffering reader, who may not be a brother of the rod. The salmon, alone, and the different ways of killing and dressing him,

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\* Bloch says that graylings are found in the Caspian Sea and in the Baltic. Sir Humphry Davy, in his *Salmonia*, observes that the grayling will not bear even a brackish water without dying. But Elkstroem states, that both grayling and perch—there is no better bait for the latter than a shrimp—live in the Baltic, of which Linnæus drank a mile from the shore, and found it but slightly brackish. There is said to be a reciprocal communication between this sea and many large lakes—Lake Maeler, for example. When, influenced by particular winds (for there is no tide), the Baltic rises above the level of the lakes, it is poured into them through the rivers; on the contrary, when the lakes rise and the Baltic falls, the waters of the former are discharged into the latter. It has been thought by some that, originally, all fish were of one water, and that those now called fresh-water have become so owing to a gradual change connected with temperature, food, and local circumstances. We know that many marine species may by degrees be reconciled to fresh-water; and we have sometimes thought, when reading Mr. Lyell's interesting pages, that, in consequence of the elevation of the land, fish from the Baltic may have been detained in the lakes. There is geological evidence that the lake Wener joined the ocean at a comparatively modern epoch. Salmon have been arrested in that lake and are now cut off from the sea: they go up the rivers to spawn and return to their lake, as they would do to the salt water. Here is a curious enough instance of the effect of modern geological causes upon the condition of our globe and of existing species.

would

would fill a volume. Rods, nets, spears, dogs, men, are all in requisition against this noble fish. The scenes in Red-gauntlet and Guy Mannering appear before us, together with those falls at Kilmorac where the Frasers of Lovat used to treat their guests with 'a voluntarily cooked salmon.' The volition we doubt; but be that as it may, 'a kettle was placed upon the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under the canopy of overshadowing trees. There the company are said to have waited until a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence.' As to the cookery, he may be very good *au bleu, à la genevoise*, or in salad—but it is 'painting the lily.' The simple mode recommended by Sir Humphry Davy is excellent: but he does not seem to have eaten salmon at Killarney, broiled in slices on skewers of arbutus wood over a fire of the same, while the potato beneath is allowed to absorb the exuberances which the fire extracts. There is another delicious salmonian which we must notice for the sake of a fact which should be known, as it may be the means of multiplying it greatly. 'Colonel Meynell of Yarm, in Yorkshire, kept smelts for four years in a fresh-water pond, having no communication with the sea: they continued to thrive, and propagated abundantly. They were not affected by freezing, as the whole pond, which covered about three acres, was so frozen over as to admit of skating. When the pond was drawn, the fishermen of the Tees considered that they had never seen a finer set of smelts. There was no loss of flavour or quality. This is worth attending to.

The *Clupeidæ* (herring family) next demand our attention, for they are the support of thousands who watch with anxiety their capricious visits and departures—for which numerous reasons, very properly exploded by Mr. Yarrell, (who records eight species of the family,) have been given. We can only afford a glance at the excellent herring (*Clupea Harengus*), and the delicate white-bait (*Clupea alba*). The latter was first distinguished as a species, and a full-grown one too, by our author; and to him Lord Mayors and Aldermen are indebted for relief from the awful responsibility of convicting white-bait fishers, on the authority of Dr. Fleming and others, in the morning, and feasting on the 'pisciculos minutos' in the evening. But even if the white-bait had been the young of the shad—that is to say, of the Thames shad, the twaite (*Alosa finta*)—for he of the Severn, the allice (*Alosa communis*), affords a very superior morsel—no great harm would have been done; for not even that Thraso of cooks, the *Coquus gloriosus* in Athenæus—no, nor Trimalcion himself, could have made anything

of a twaite. As for the injury done to the fry of other fish, it is all nonsense. With the exception of a straggler, sticklebacks and the common spotted goby are almost the only fry taken in the white-bait nets,—of which Mr. Yarrell, for the first time, we believe, gives a figure at p. 125, vol. ii. The Hamble, which runs into the Southampton water, is the only river, with the exception of the Thames, from which Mr. Yarrell received the white-bait; but this, as he says, may be owing rather to the want of a particular mode of operation fit for taking so small a fish near the surface, than to the absence of the fish itself. The species, according to Dr. Parnell, has since been taken in the Frith of Moray, so that our Northern brethren may now have their 'Love-groves,' and their 'Ships,' and their 'Crowns and Sceptres,' if they list.

Last year was a remarkably good one for herrings on the Dutch coast. A Hague paper states, that within the month of October, twenty-nine boats returned to Scheveningen; and that within a few days of the date of the announcement, eight boats had returned, which brought 700,000 of this savoury fish. The wise will not spoil him with too great refinement. Let him be placed on a gridiron upon the clearest of fires, and when sufficiently embrowned, let him instantly be transferred to a hottest of plates. Eat him with sauce *à la tartare*—in the kitchen if you can.

The *Gadidæ* (cod, haddock, whiting, &c.) form the first family of the British *Subbrachial Malacopterygians*; and Mr. Yarrell enumerates no less than twenty species of this excellent and useful tribe. Of these, the *Phycis furcatus*, great forked beard (Fleming), is one of the most rare. Mr. Yarrell never saw it, but it has been taken at Carlisle since the publication of this part of his work.

Next to these come another race of sapid esculents, the *Pleuronectidæ*, or flat-fishes, as they are commonly called (turbot, brill, sole, plaice, &c. &c.)

'The want of symmetry in the form of the head; both eyes placed on the same side, one higher than the other, frequently not in the same vertical line, and often unequal in size; the position of the mouth; the inequality of the two sides of the head, and the frequent want of uniformity in those fins that are in pairs, the pectoral and ventral fins of the under or white side being in some species smaller than those of the upper; and the whole of the colour of the fish confined to one side, while the other side remains perfectly white,—produce a grotesque appearance: yet a little consideration will prove that these various and seemingly obvious anomalies are perfectly in harmony with that station in nature which an animal bearing these attributes is appointed to fill. As birds are seen to occupy very different situations, some obtaining their food on the ground, others on trees, and not a few at various de-

grees

degrees of elevation in the air, so are fishes destined to reside in different situations in the water: the flat-fishes and the various species of skate are, by their depressed form of body, admirably adapted to inhabit the lowest position, and where they occupy the least space among their kindred fishes. Preferring sandy or muddy shores, and unprovided with swimming-bladders, their place is close to the ground, where, hiding their bodies horizontally in the loose soil at the bottom, with the head only slightly elevated, an eye on the under side of the head would be useless; but both eyes placed on the upper surface affords them an extensive range of view in those various directions in which they may either endeavour to find suitable food, or avoid dangerous enemies. Light, one great cause of colour, strikes on the upper surface only; the under surface, like that of most other fishes, remains perfectly colourless. Having little or no means of defence, had their colour been placed only above the lateral line on each side, in whatever position they moved, their piebald appearance would have rendered them conspicuous objects to all their enemies. When near the ground, they swim slowly, maintaining their horizontal position; and the smaller pectoral and ventral fins on the under side are advantageous where there is so much less room for their action, than with the larger fins that are above. When suddenly disturbed, they sometimes make a rapid shoot, changing their position from horizontal to vertical: if the observer happens to be opposite the white side, they may be seen to pass with the rapidity and flash of a meteor; but they soon sink down, resuming their previous motionless, horizontal position, and are then distinguished with difficulty, owing to their great similarity in colour to the surface on which they rest.—vol. i. pp. 209-211.

We have sixteen species, of which the *turbot* (*Rhombus maximus*, Cuv.), the *bannock-fleuk* of the north, is *facile princeps*. Though numbers are taken on our own coasts, our neighbours the Dutch are said to have drawn no less a sum than 80,000*l.* a year from us for their supply of this fish alone—while the Danes were receiving from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* per annum, in return for the million of lobsters from the rocky shores of Norway, as their accompaniments.\* And yet we have them at home equally good and plentiful. In 1730, a turbot was caught at Cawsand, near Plymouth, weighing seventy pounds—a fish that might have raised the ghost of Domitian. Unlike the herd of Epicures, by the way, Quin gave the preference to the flesh of the dark side.

Of the *Cyclopteridæ* (lump-fishes) Mr. Yarrell gives five species; of the *Echenēidæ* (remoras) one, and this brings us to the *Muranidæ* (eels, &c.), the first family of the *Apodal Malacopterygians*. Zoologists are indebted to Mr. Yarrell for an elucidation of the long agitated question as to the reproduction of these

\* The following is given by Mr. Yarrell as a recent twelvemonth's summary from Billingsgate—turbot, 87,958; lobsters, 1,904,000,

animals,

animals, and their periodical visit to the sea, with the exception of the Hampshire *snig*, which never quits the fresh-water. Their tenacity of life has been long proverbial, but the causes of that tenacity are not so well known.

'Dr. Marshall Hall has shown that the quantity of respiration is inversely as the degree of irritability. With a high degree of irritability and a low respiration, co-exist—1st. The power of sustaining the privation of air and of food; 2nd. A low animal temperature; 3rd. Little activity; 4th. Great tenacity of life. All these peculiarities eels are well known to possess. The high degree of irritability of the muscular fibre explains the restless motions of eels during thunder-storms, and helps to account for the enormous captures made in some rivers by the use of gratings, boxes, and eel-pots or baskets, which imprison all that enter. The power of enduring the effects of a low temperature is shown by the fact, that eels exposed on the ground till frozen, then buried in snow, and at the end of four days put into water, and so thawed slowly, discover gradually signs of life, and soon perfectly recover.

'The mode by which young eels are produced appears to have long been a subject of inquiry, and the notions of the ancients as well as of some of the moderns were numerous and fanciful. Aristotle believed that they sprang from the mud; Pliny, from fragments which were separated from their bodies by rubbing against rocks; others supposed that they proceeded from the carcases of animals; Helmont believed that they might be obtained by the following process:—"Cut up two turfs covered with *May-dew*, and lay one upon the other, the grassy sides inwards, and thus expose them to the heat of the sun; in a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels." Horse-hair from the tail of a stallion, when deposited in water, was formerly believed to be a never-failing source of a supply of young eels. It was long considered certain that they were viviparous: this belief had its origin probably in the numerous worms that are frequently to be found in various parts of the bodies of eels, sometimes in the serous cavities, at others in the intestinal canal. Rudolphi has enumerated eight different species of entozoa common to fresh-water eels. The enormous number of young known to be produced by eels is a good negative proof that they are oviparous; viviparous fishes producing, on the contrary, but few young at a time, and these too of considerable size when first extruded. Having devoted time and attention to the close examination of numbers of eels for many months in succession, the further details of which will be found in Mr. Jesse's second series of *Gleanings in Natural History*, I need only here repeat my belief that eels are oviparous, producing their young like other true bony fishes."—vol. ii. pp. 289, 290.

The eel-fairs, or rather *eel-fares*, have consequently attracted Mr. Yarrell's attention.

'How long the ova remain deposited before the young eel is produced, is, I believe, unknown. The duration of this interval is very variable in different fishes. The roe of the herring, deposited at the  
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end of October or the beginning of November, is said to become living fry within three weeks: the ova of eels, the produce of which is very small, do not probably require a longer period. Both the parent eels and the fry occupying the brackish water appear to have the power of going either to the salt water or to the fresh without inconvenience, from the previous preparation which the respiratory organs have undergone, and many of both are found in pure sea water: the great bulk of the young, however, certainly ascend the stream of the river, and their annual appearance in certain places is looked for with some interest. The passage of young eels up the Thames at Kingston in the year 1832 commenced on the 30th of April, and lasted till the 4th of May; but I believe I am correct in stating that few young eels were observed to pass up the Thames either in the year 1834 or 1835. Some notion may be formed of the quantity of young eels, each about three inches long, that pass up the Thames in the spring, and in other rivers the beginning of summer, from the circumstance that it was calculated by two observers of the progress of the young eels at Kingston in 1832, that from sixteen to eighteen hundred passed a given point in the space of one minute of time. This passage of young eels is called *eel-fare* on the banks of the Thames,—the Saxon word signifying to go, to pass, to travel; and I have very little doubt that the term *Elver*, in common use on the banks of the Severn for a young eel, is a modification or corruption of *eel-fare*.—pp. 291, 292.

Some persons have doubted Mr. Yarrell's detection of ova in the eel: we are not of those who participated in those doubts, for we well know his acuteness and accuracy as a zoological observer. To those, however, who are hard of belief, we would point out the last letter that Sir Humphry Davy wrote to his valued friend Mr. Thomas Poole, dated Rome, February 6, 1829:—

'I have no doubt that Mr. Baker is right about the distinction between the conger and the common eel. I am very anxious to hear what he thinks about *their generation*. Pray get from him a distinct opinion on this subject. I am at this moment getting the *eels in the market* here dissected, and have found *ova* in plenty: this is a favourite subject with me, and you can give me no news so interesting.'

The eel's tail is an organ of prehension and touch. The fish holds on by it in rapid waters while waiting for any food that the stream may bring down. In escaping from a tub over the upright side, eels go tail first, and can get out whenever they can put the end of it over. Dr. Marshall Hall's discovery of the *pulsating sac* in this organ is adverted to at p. 296. The pulsation observed in this sac is entirely independent of the action or influence of the heart; the number of beats is more than double in the same period of time—and they continue after the heart has been removed. There are three, if not four, species of fresh-water eels; three,

three, viz., the *sharp-nosed*, the *broad-nosed*, and the *snig*, are given by Mr. Yarrell. The *muræna* of the ancients is figured from a drawing by Mr. Couch of one caught by a fisherman at Polperro, on the 8th October, 1834.

Passing by the *Anguillidæ* (sand-eels, &c.), which, by the way, we suspect to be a misprint, for we do not allow that the sand-eels are of a different family from the *Murænidæ*, we come to the *Lophobranchians*\* and the *Syngnathidæ* (pipe fishes), well illustrated by our author, who gives six species, and among them the interesting *Hippocampus brevisrostris*, vulgarly known as the sea-horse. In this family Mr. Yarrell makes out two genera of marsupial fishes, one of them with a prehensile tail, a sort of marine opossum, the *Hippocampus* aforesaid; and we expect that all systematic writers who insist on analogous groups will be very complimentary to him on the occasion. We have, among the mammiferous quadrupeds, the *Marsupialia*; the *Opossum shrimps* (*Mysis*) carry on the analogy among the crustaceans; the group occurs in the *Syngnathidæ* among fishes; but where is it to be found among the birds?

We must not tarry for the *Plectognathians*—though the uncouth forms of the *Gymnodontidæ* (sun fishes) are a considerable temptation—nor for the *Balistidæ*—except to record the European file-fish (*Balistes capriscus*), taken off the Sussex coast in August, 1827, and obtained by Mr. Children, of the British Museum, who made it known in his anniversary address to the Zoological Club of the Linnean Society on the 29th November of the same year—and to notice another beautiful example of animal mechanism.

‘The first and strongest spine of the back in this fish is studded up the front with numerous small projections, which under the microscope have the appearance of so many points of enamel or pearl arising from the surface of the bone, giving a rough denticulated appearance, and hence the name of file-fish. The second smaller spine has at the anterior part of the base a projection which, when the spines are elevated, locks into a corresponding depression in the posterior part of the base of the first spine, and fixes it like part of the work in a gun-lock; and from this similarity this fish on the Italian shores of the Mediterranean is called *Pesce balestra*. The longest spine cannot be forced down till the shorter spine has been first depressed.’—p. 358.

We now arrive at the *Chondropterygians*, the first family of which are the Royal Sturgeons (*Sturionidæ*). We have only one species, the common sturgeon (*Acipenser sturio*), but we cannot refrain from giving an anecdote of that barbaric prince Potemkin,

\* Gills not pectinated, but in small round tufts.

as a pendant to some of the caprices of the Roman profligates. 'He frequently had his favourite sterlet-soup, at seasons when that fish is so enormously dear, that this soup alone, which might be considered only as the overture to his dinner, stood him in three hundred rubles. Being at Yassy, the prince had promised some of the women that went about with him everywhere, and formed his court, a soup of this kind;—or perhaps, in one of those whims which were so common with him, he had a mind to it himself; but as the capital maker of it was at St. Petersburg, he despatched a Major to travel post, with orders to have a large tureen of it made, which he did accordingly, and brought it with him well luted. Now let the reader judge of the expense this fancy put him to: the cook, as we may imagine, made a greater quantity of it than was wanted for the prince, and ate the remainder with his friends; nay, we may be very sure that he ate it better than the prince, to whom it must have come somewhat less fresh, after having travelled 2000 versts.\*'

Next come the *Chimaridæ*, of which there is but one species—and then the *Squalidæ*. Some of our readers will be startled at learning that we have no less than fourteen sharks and dog-fishes on our coasts, 'the ravening salt-sea shark' (*Carcharias vulgaris*), the terror of mariners in most of the warm countries, being one. Of the *Raidæ* (rays, skates, &c.) we have as many as eleven species, most of which we put to better purposes than our forefathers, who manufactured dragons and cockatrices out of them.

The *Petromyzidæ* (lampreys) conclude the book, and of these the great lamprey (*Petromyzon marinus*) deserves notice. He who has tasted a well-stewed Gloucester lamprey—our Worcester friends must pardon us—a Gloucester lamprey—will almost excuse the royal excess. This delicious preparation is comparatively neglected in London, and yet it is a fish of the Thames, whence we have seen it taken—nay, not very long ago, a fine one was sacrilegiously kicked about a village on its banks as nothing worth. Mr. Groves should look to this.

Let us hope for pardon if we terminate our article with a very serious reflection. This book ought to be largely circulated, not only on account of its scientific merits—though these, as we have in part shown, are great and signal—but because it is popularly written throughout, and therefore likely to excite general attention to a subject which ought to be held as one of primary im-

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\* The Life of Catherine II., Empress of Russia, vol. iii. p. 379, et seq.

portance by all those gentlemen of education and property who happen to be more immediately connected with some of the most extensive, and which might be among the most useful and important, districts of this empire. We read in the newspapers ever and anon of alarming scarcities of food among the inhabitants of the Scotch islands and the coasts of Ireland. Why is this? The seas beside which the lot of these people has been cast abound, more than almost any others in the known world, with the richest and most grateful of food. Why do we hear of starvation among hundreds or thousands where Providence has prepared abundance, luxurious abundance, for myriads and millions? The fact is a very simple one, and it cannot be gainsayed. The Celtic tribes have retained to this hour the prejudices against fish and fishing, which we trace in every record of the uncivilized period of ancient Greece. While so many plans are in agitation for the improvement of the physical condition of one of the principal sections of our empire, why do we hear nothing of some national effort to overcome this fatal absurdity? Among the most crying cases of recent Irish calamity, a large proportion come from the little islands scattered along the mouths of the great Irish estuaries. These famishing people have their salvation before their eyes—but they will not turn to it with a good heart. It is the same, or even worse, with the Hebrides at this moment. And what wonder that such should be the case? We happen to number among the most esteemed of our personal friends one of the principal proprietors of that interesting archipelago—and we are assured, that though, during thirty years past, that family has made every effort to encourage sea-fishing among their dependants, it has never been in their power to procure, except in the smoothest weather of summer and autumn, a decent supply of sea-fish even for their own table. The removal of a prejudice thus rooted might surely be the worthy object of some legislative measure—and by such only, we are well convinced, can it ever be effectually removed.

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ART. III.—*Die Römische Päpste, ihre Kirche und ihre Staat im sechszehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhundert.* Von Leopold Ranke. Bände 2 und 3. Berlin, 1836.

(*The Popes of Rome, their Church and State, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.* By Leopold Ranke. 2nd and 3rd Volumes.)

WE redeem the pledge given in a former Number (No. CX.) by introducing as early as possible to our readers' notice, the two concluding volumes of Professor Ranke's history of the Popes. The work proceeds to its close with the same calm impartiality in its judgments; the original documents are as copious, and, in some respects, as curious; the style maintains its ease and vivid perspicuity. The Popes, indeed, of this later period, are men of less marked and commanding character than the Pauls and the Sixtus V. of the former century. They are decent and dignified, sometimes learned, ecclesiastics—but they have ceased to sway the destinies of Europe by the force of their individual character. Though their religion, particularly during the first half of the seventeenth century, advances in the re-conquest of the world with unexpected and, as far as the popular histories in our own language extend, unmarked success: it is not the masterly combination of measures, the subtle policy, or the burning zeal which emanate from the head of Roman Catholic Christianity; it is the extraordinary activity of the allies which spring up on all sides; the adventurous spirit, the profound sagacity, and the inflexible perseverance of the regular Clergy, chiefly the Jesuits; the self-developed, and self-governed energy of the religion itself, rather than an impulse communicated from the centre of government—which commands and achieves that success. The effective leader in this great war of reprisal and reconquest against Protestant Europe, is not so much the Pope, as the head of the Jesuit order.

As temporal princes, the Popes gradually retired within the narrow sphere of their own dominions; they no longer, excepting in one or two fortunate acquisitions, sought to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their neighbours; they ceased to disturb the peace of Italy, much less of Europe, by schemes of personal ambition; they were sufficiently occupied by the increasing financial embarrassments of their own home territory—in maturing that progressive system of disproportioned taxation and mismanagement, which has reduced the rich and fertile Campagna to a wilderness or a morass. Even their nepotism was content with a humbler flight: it was now enough that a large estate and a splendid palace in Rome perpetuated the family name of each successive

successive Pontiff. A new aristocracy gradually arose in Rome, to compete in wealth and magnificence with the old Colonnas and the feudal nobles of the former centuries. Besides its Churches, the Vatican and the Quirinal, modern Rome owes most of its splendour to the mansions of the Barberinis, the Borgheses, the Rospigliosis, the Ludovisis, the Albanis.

The descent, however, to this state of comparative peace and insignificance was slow and gradual. The great impulse of reaction against Protestantism was given during the pontificate of Sixtus V. Nor were the immediate successors of Sixtus men wanting either in vigour or individuality of character. The prosperous state of the religion could not but increase the influence, and add dignity to the name, of the ruling Pontiff. As southern Europe prostrated itself again at the foot of the Papal throne, the consciousness of his reviving power restored something of the ancient majesty to the demeanour of the Sovereign, and summoned up all the strength and energy of his peculiar character. At such times an inferior man could not attain that commanding eminence, nor a man of superior mind and resource refrain from putting forth all the force of his intellectual faculties, to consolidate his growing authority. He could not but feel the increasing responsibility of his station; the dangers through which the Papacy had passed, the difficulties from which it seemed triumphantly emerging, demanded his entire and exclusive devotion to the interests of the See, connected as they were with those of Roman-Catholicism,—in the opinion of the Roman-Catholic, with those of Christianity itself.

The Pontificate of Sixtus V. is the period of the great crisis in the history of the Papacy; the turning point in the imperilled fortunes of the Roman Catholic system. The extent to which Protestantism had carried its encroachments; the depth to which the papal power had been undermined, is estimated by Mr. Ranke on the testimony of contemporary documents, to which we cannot deny great weight and authority, in terms which will surprise many readers of history. We transcribe an account of the losses suffered by the popedom, written from Rome itself, by Tiepolo, the envoy from Venice:—

‘Speaking only of those nations of Europe, which not only rendered their allegiance to the Pope, but which followed in every respect the rites and usages of the Roman Church, celebrating their offices in the Latin language—it is known that England, Scotland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, in short, all the northern nations, are estranged from the papal see; Germany is almost entirely lost; Bohemia and Poland to a great degree infected; the Low Countries of Flanders so thoroughly corrupted that the violent remedies of the Duke of Alva will scarcely restore them to their former health; finally, France, through these evil humours, is

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everywhere full of confusion: so that nothing remains to the pontiff in a sound and secure state, except Spain and Italy, with a few islands, and those parts of Dalmatia and Greece possessed by your serene highnesses.'—*Ranke*, vol. ii. p. 18.

This was not the language of alarm and despondency—it was the grave report of a sagacious Venetian to the signory. The details amply bear out the general statement of the Venetian. It is not necessary to speak of England, Scotland, or the Scandinavian kingdoms, which had burst the yoke for ever. On the shores of the Baltic, Prussia took the lead in an extensive secularization of the church property. The condition of the subjection of Liefland to Poland was the free use of the confession of Augsburg. In the great cities in Polish Prussia the Lutheran rites were established by express charters; the smaller cities were secured against the encroachments of the powerful bishops. In Poland the greater part of the nobility had embraced Protestant opinions. During the reign of Sigismund Augustus, himself a Romanist, but who looked with indifference on the progress of Protestantism among his subjects, the Protestants gained possession of some of the episcopal sees, and thus obtained a majority in the senate. In Hungary, Ferdinand I. in vain endeavoured to force the diet into resolutions hostile to Protestantism. 'In the year 1554, a Lutheran was chosen palatine of the kingdom. Transylvania severed itself entirely from the see of Rome; the property of the church was confiscated by a formal decree of the states in 1556; the crown seized the larger part of the tithes.' But it was in Germany that Protestantism had advanced most remarkably beyond the limits which now separate the rival religions. The existing Protestant states are but a remnant of the dominion which the Reformation had once wrung from its adversary. The great prelates in Franconia had in vain opposed its progress. In Wurtzberg and Bamberg by far the greater part of the nobles and the officers of state, even those in the service of the bishops, at least the majority of the magistrates and burghers of the cities, and the mass of the country people, had gone over to Protestantism; in the district of Bamberg there was a Lutheran preacher in almost every parish. In Bavaria, the greater part of the nobility professed the Protestant doctrines; the cities manifested the same inclination; the duke was obliged, at a diet in 1556, to submit to conditions, of which it was the evident tendency to establish the confession of Augsburg; nay, the duke himself was not so decidedly averse to the change, as to refuse sometimes to attend a Protestant preacher. In Austria the revolution had gone still further:—the nobility went to study in Wittenberg; the colleges of the country were filled with Protestants—'it was calculated that not more than

than the thirtieth part of the inhabitants were Romanists.' (We should have wished that Professor Ranke had quoted his authority for this startling fact.) The powerful archbishop of Salzburg, in vain succeeded in prohibiting the public preaching of Lutheranism within his territory. In Salzburg itself, the mass was neglected; neither fasts nor holidays observed.

'The general discontent reached the mountainous districts. In Rauris and Gastein, in St. Veit, Tamsweg, Rastadt, the country people loudly demanded the cup in the sacrament; as it was refused, they kept away altogether from the sacrament; they no longer sent their children to the school; in one church a peasant rose up and exclaimed to the preacher, "Thou liest!"—the peasants preached to each other. It can be no matter of surprise that in the abandonment of all regular worship, which thus arose out of the conversion to the new doctrines, the wildest and most fantastic opinions should spring up in these Alpine solitudes.'

The contrast of these statements is peculiarly striking to those who have observed how deeply and devoutly the Romish opinions and ceremonies appear at present to be observed in all these dominions of Austria.

The splendour and the power of the great spiritual electorates on the Rhine was controlled by the avowed Protestantism of the nobility, and extorted full liberty of religious worship for their vassals. Even under the very shadow of the cathedrals, in the cities which were the residence of those magnificent prelates, the Protestant party grew and flourished. In Cologne, in Treves, in Mentz, the Italian envoys of the Pope wondered at the inactivity of the prelates, whose very councils were infected by 'furious heretics (de' più arrabbiati heretici).' Westphalia was in the same state—in Paderborn the Protestant party made an ostentatious display of their superiority; the Duke of Cleves, though in other respects Romish, received the sacrament under both forms in his private chapel.

'In short, (says Ranke,) from the east to the west, from north to south, throughout Germany Protestantism had a decided superiority. The nobility had been attached to it from the beginning; the civil officers (beamtenstand) already a numerous and distinguished body, were educated in the new opinions; the common people would no longer hear of certain doctrines, such as purgatory, or certain ceremonies, such as pilgrimages, &c. A Venetian ambassador calculates in the year 1558, that in all Germany not more than a tenth part of the inhabitants were true to the ancient faith.'

The ecclesiastical dignities were not secure against Protestant encroachment. In direct opposition to the articles of the religious peace, which enacted the forfeiture of his dignity by any spiritual prince who should abandon the ancient faith—many chapters, having become Protestant, did not scruple to elect Protestant bishops—

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bishops—they only guarded against the mitres becoming hereditary in certain families.

'A prince of the House of Brandenburg obtained the archiepiscopal see of Magdeburg, a Lunenburg that of Bremen, a Brunswick that of Halberstadt. The bishoprics of Lubeck, Verden, Minden, and the abbey of Quedlinberg came into the possession of the Protestants.'

The education was almost entirely in their hands. Foundations made expressly for the propagation of the Romish faith were in a few years crowded by Lutherans. The church had no longer any attraction for ambitious youth. In Vienna for twenty years no student of the university entered into the priesthood. Important spiritual offices remained vacant for want of candidates. The youth of Germany from its earliest childhood imbibed hatred of the papal system. In France Protestantism had found its way into every province.

'Not merely the laity,' writes a Venetian ambassador, 'have embraced the new doctrines, but what is most remarkable, the spiritual order, not only priests, monks, nuns, (there are few cloisters undisturbed,) but even bishops and many of the most eminent prelates. Your highness—[he writes to the doge]—may be assured that, except the common people, who still attend the church with much zeal, all the rest have fallen away from it, particularly the nobles, the young men under forty years almost without exception. Though many of these still go to mass, it is to keep up appearances and out of timidity; when they are unobserved they avoid the mass and the church.'

In the Netherlands, the execution of 30,000 Protestants produced, apparently, no effect on the inflexible people.

What, then, were the powers at the command of the papacy to arrest this growing defection, and to turn back the revolted mind of Europe to her allegiance? Spain and Italy were comparatively faithful to her dominion. The more powerful sovereigns, the kings of Spain, France, and Poland, the Emperor, the Duke of Bavaria, adhered to Rome. In many of the countries in which Protestantism had taken strongest root it had not worked downwards among the common people. In Poland, in Hungary, in Bavaria, it was an aristocratical distinction of the upper orders. In France Paris gave the tone to many of the great cities in its fierce hostility to the new doctrines. M. Caepigue's theory—(and what French writer can resist the tempting effect of a brilliant theory?)—is grounded on some truth; that the ancient guilds and corporations, of necessity, made common cause with the ancient religion against the innovating spirit of the times. In Flanders the Walloon provinces were still zealously Catholic; in England, both among the nobility and the common people, especially at the extremities of the kingdom, the majority was yet to be converted; in Ireland Protestantism had made little progress; the Tyrol

Tyrol and part of the mountains of Switzerland had not received the doctrines of the Reformation. But the strength of the Papacy was in its own reviving energy and activity. It had armies at its command more powerful than the men-at-arms of Alva, or the chivalry of the Guises. For home or foreign service it had its appropriate and effective forces. It had its stern and remorseless domestic police in the Dominicans, who administered the inquisition in Italy and Spain; men of iron hearts, whose awful and single-minded fanaticism bordered on the terrible sublime—for they had wrought themselves to the full conviction that humanity was a crime when it endangered immortal souls: the votaries of the haircloth and the scourge, the chilling midnight vigil, the austere and withering fast; those who illustrate the great truth that men who proscribe happiness in themselves are least scrupulous in inflicting misery; whom one dark engrossing thought made equally ready to lay down their own lives or to take away those of others. Where the revolt had only reached a certain height, these were the efficient soldiery for its suppression; the melancholy volumes of the history of the Reformation in Spain and Italy at once trace and explain the operations and the success of this part of the great papal army of defence. But though in Spain the extirpation of the enlightened few could alone reduce the land to an uniformity of obedience—and in Italy many took refuge from the perils of suspected heresy in that secret atheism which did not scruple to conform outwardly to the practices of religion—the genius, and national feeling in both were essentially Romish. As it had been in Italy, so Romanism was in Spain the inspiration of its military glory, its literature, and its fine arts. Alva and Pescara and Gonzales de Cordova, Calderon with his profoundly religious autos, Murillo with his virgins, and Ribera with his martyrs, were the genuine representatives of the Spanish mind; not the few proselytes to a more severe and rational faith, who pined in the dungeons of the holy office, or glutted the fires of the auto-da-fe. It may be doubted whether, if left to its free choice, the nation would not have rejected Protestantism with an indignation and animosity, which would have incited, rather than repressed, the strong measures of the church and government against the religious mutiny of a small minority.

But in the provinces of the ancient spiritual empire of Rome which were almost totally alienated, in which Protestantism had penetrated the body of the people, or at least had deeply imbued the educated classes with free opinions, a different policy was necessary to bring them again into subjection:—instruments of a totally opposite character must be employed. The Jesuits

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were at hand with their exclusive devotion to the interests of the Roman see—the one article of religion which absorbed the rest, but did not trammel the free development of all their intellectual faculties. Subtle, but not exempt from that suspicion of loose moral casuistry, which at a later period chilled their own activity, and rendered them an object of jealousy even where they were most feared; pliant and subservient, but yet dangerous to the civil power; themselves educated up to the general knowledge of the time, and quietly assuming the education of the people as their peculiar province, this remarkable order, to whose good and evil influence history may hereafter do justice, founded by enthusiasm which bordered on insanity, but regulated by wisdom which approached to craft, came into the field in every part of Europe where it could find its way. In Germany its success was most rapid and complete. Urban, bishop of Lambach, was the confessor of Ferdinand I. when the emperor attended the diet of Augsburg. Urban was one of the few prelates whose faith in the religion of Rome was still unshaken. In his own diocese he was an assiduous preacher, and enforced the unity of the church upon his flock by popular addresses in the German language. In Augsburg he met the Jesuit Le Jay, who had already obtained some reputation by several conversions from Protestantism. By the advice of Urban, Ferdinand invited Le Jay, with twelve others of his order, to Vienna. He gave them a mansion, a chapel, and a pension, and shortly introduced them into the management of the university. In Cologne their establishment was more gradual and difficult, but there likewise they succeeded in gaining a footing: this was in the year 1566. In the same year they were recalled to Ingoldstadt, from which they had been expelled—and there likewise, after much opposition, they secured the same vantage ground. From these three central points they spread throughout Germany; from Vienna to Prague and other cities of Bohemia; from Cologne along the shores of the Rhine; from Ingoldstadt they overran the whole of Bavaria. They settled in Inspruck, in Munich, in Dillingen.

‘In 1551 they had no fixed settlement in Germany; in the year 1566 they comprehended within their sphere of operations Bavaria and the Tyrol, Franconia and Swabia, a great part of the Rhineland, and Austria; they had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia, and Moravia.’

Their influence was already evident; in the year 1561 the papal nuncio declares that ‘they are securing many souls, and performing great service to the holy see.’ This was the first repression of Protestant influence. The universities are the most important sphere of their action. Ingoldstadt became to Romanism what Wittenberg and Geneva were to Protestantism. Their system

of teaching in the grammar-schools was so successful that 'it was found that children learned more in their schools in half a year than in other schools in two years; even Protestants withdrew their children from the more distant gymnasia, and placed them under the care of the Jesuits. They had schools for the poor, and every kind of institution for the improvement of the various orders.'

Our author appears to us to have seized the spirit of this remarkable revolution with singular felicity.

'All great religious movements have succeeded through the great personal qualities of their authors, or the overbearing influence of new ideas. Here the effect was accomplished without producing anything great or original in religion [this is an imperfect rendering of the German, *ohne grosse geistige production*]. The Jesuits might be learned and pious after their manner, but no one will say that their learning depended on the free impulse of the mind, or that their piety sprang from the depth and ingenuousness of a simple spirit. They were learned enough to obtain reputation, to command confidence, to form and to retain strong hold on their scholars; they attempted nothing more. Their piety was not only free from all moral blemish, it was positive and striking; that was all they desired. Neither their devotion nor their learning struck into free, unlimited, or untrodden paths. Yet they had one thing which was their peculiar distinction—rigid method. Everything was calculated, for everything had its object. Such an union of wisdom sufficient for their purpose with indefatigable zeal, of study and persuasiveness, pomp and the spirit of caste, of universal propagandism through the world, and unity of the main principle, has never existed in the world before or since. They were laborious and imaginative; worldly-wise, yet full of enthusiasm; above personal interest, each assisting the progress of the other. No wonder that they obtained so much success,'—*Ranke*, ii. 34.

The most singular fact is, that in Germany they were almost all foreigners; the name of the order was at first unknown: they were called the *Spanish priests*.

But one great cause of this strong Romish reaction Professor Ranke has passed over very lightly. In another work, a periodical one, devoted to historical and political subjects,—*Historisch-politische Zeitschrift*,—which lies upon our table, it has recently been developed much more at length. In a valuable paper on the times of Ferdinand and Maximilian II., we presume by the editor Professor Ranke himself, their own internal feuds are justly represented as seriously prejudicial to the cause of the Protestants, and as greatly contributing to the unfortunate turn of affairs. This schism in the Protestant body was fatal but inevitable. The Reformation comprehended two classes of totally opposite character; the one consisted of calm and rational men, enlightened beyond

beyond their age, with great respect for human learning, and content to emancipate themselves from the superstition of the Papal church, without too rigidly defining those articles of belief which are beyond the province of reason. The other class were more severe and systematic, following out, with a fearless logic, their own principles to the most startling conclusions; offering a creed as definite, as peremptory, as exclusive, as that of the Romanists now grounded on the decrees of the Tridentine Council; with an inquisition into minute observances as severe as that of the Papal church, though unable to inflict penalties beyond the animadversions and the denunciations of their own community; with a principle of proscription, which condemned all mankind, who resisted their internal scheme of unity, as dogmatically as the Vatican did those who revolted from its despotism. The moment that the pressing danger from the common enemy was even suspended, the division of these two parties seemed inevitable. As long as Luther lived, notwithstanding the wild opinions broached in his day, notwithstanding the religious frenzies of the Anabaptists, still the respect, the awe of his great name, the authority which he justly assumed as the original leader of the Reformation, preserved some appearance at least of unity in the Protestant body. When he was removed, the first place fell of right to Melancthon; but his mild influence was little adapted to compel the conflicting elements of Protestantism into order. The character, perhaps the opinions, of Melancthon might originally have led him to occupy the neutral ground by the side of Erasmus; but he had more moral courage, and was less accessible, perhaps less exposed to the flatteries of the great, and his honest indignation at the abuses and errors of the Papal system had committed him too far in the strife. But the rigorous Protestant party suspected Melancthon—not indeed, from one remarkable occurrence, without just grounds—of an inclination to compromise with the Papacy; they took deep offence at the classical studies which he introduced into the university of Wittenberg; his unballowed taste for profane literature, they asserted, made him dwell with the same veneration on Homer as on St. Paul; one of his pupils, Strigel, was charged with an admiration of Pindar bordering on heathen idolatry. But we must not trespass on this extensive province, which is foreign to our present discussion. Suffice it to say, that at this fatal time when Romanism was concentrating all its energies for a decisive struggle; when Europe was no longer governed by the balanced power of France and Spain, but when the contest lay between the Papal and the Protestant interests—the Protestant republic was in all parts rent by fierce and hostile factions.

factions. The questions of justification and good works, and of the sacrament, were contested with an absorbing interest, which at least withdrew some of the most powerful minds from the greater controversy with the Papacy, and infused jealousy and alienation into the temporal as well as the theological leaders in the revolt from the domination of Rome. University was at war with university; the preachers expelled from the dominions of one of the Protestant Saxon houses, not only found refuge—they were received with ardent welcome, by the other. The doctrines of the wilder Anabaptist sects, the scenes at Munster, could not but connect, in timid minds, the progress of Protestantism with that of social disorganization.

To confine ourselves to a few instances—in Germany Bavaria was the centre of the Papal operations; and the Bavarian house engrossed the fame and the advantages derived from its unshaken devotion to the Roman See. It cannot be denied that in many countries the great argument which won the nobility to the cause of Protestantism was the possession of the church property. Benefices, canonries, even bishoprics, if not directly usurped, were appropriated by ingenious devices to the benefit of the princely families. The sovereigns of the smaller states installed their sons, even when not of age, as a kind of administrators, in fact, as usurpers of the revenues, in the chapters of which the Protestants had gained possession. The Papacy, in its wisdom, saw the effect of these lures held out to the cupidity of the powerful; by well-timed concessions it opened at once the golden path of preferment to the royal and noble houses. Young princes sprung up at once into wealthy bishops. Even the stern Pius V. relaxed his ecclesiastical rigour in favour of such devoted partisans of the Roman see.—*E. g.*

‘Of all the secular princes of Germany none is so devotedly Catholic as the Duke of Bavaria. Wherefore for his gratification the pontiff has given permission to his son, who is not yet of the canonical age determined by the council, to hold the bishopric of Freisingen; this mark of favour has been granted to no one else.’

With the same sagacious accommodation to the circumstances of the times, the Pope either authorized or took no notice of usurpations on cloister property, or interference with appointments to bishoprics, which a short time before would have been resisted as sacrilegious infringements on the privileges of the church. Duke Albert, in short, by degrees, fully succeeded in all his schemes for the re-establishment of Romanism and the aggrandizement of his own temporal power. The refractory states were awed into submission; all the professors in the university of Ingoldstadt were compelled to accept the decrees of the Council of Trent;

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every one employed in a public office was bound to take an oath of adherence to the Pope, or dismissed from his place; in Lower Bavaria not only were the preachers expelled, but the laity of the Evangelic persuasion compelled to sell their property and emigrate. The Jesuits hailed the new Josias, the second Theodosius.

We must pass the details as to the great Rhenish sees—all of which were by and by won back to the Papacy. The dominions of Austria gradually submitted to the same new impulse. In all the provinces, German, Slavonian, or Hungarian, except the Tyrol, Protestantism, as late as 1578, maintained the preponderance. The emperor Rodolph II., by his own personal example, assisted in rekindling the waning devotion to Romanism. He attended all religious ceremonies with fervent regularity; he was seen in winter, bare headed, with a torch in his hand, making a part in the solemn procession. Yet even at that time, a Protestant preacher of the most extreme opinions, Joshua Opitz, was thundering in the Land-haus, in Vienna, where the Protestants met to worship, against the abominations of Popery, with such vehemence, that in the language of a contemporary, 'as they left the church, they would have torn the Papists to pieces.' A riot during the procession of the Corpus Domini, which had been got up with the utmost splendour, and during which the person of the emperor either was, or appeared to be, in danger, compelled or exasperated the government to stronger measures. Opitz received orders to quit Vienna instantly, the Austrian dominions in eleven days. Resistance was apprehended, but his followers were content with escorting him out of the city in great numbers, and with every show of respect and affection. But the submission of the Protestants, as well as the vigour assumed by the government, shows the altered circumstances of the country. The tide of reformation was already on the ebb; a counter current was silently floating back the minds of men to the old faith; and the dams and mounds, which a few years before would have been swept away, or had only increased the fury of the stream, now arrested and repelled it. The government had the strength and the courage to silence or expel the Protestant preachers, and to force the laity either into conformity, or to abandon their homes—because the popular mind was already cold or estranged. The archduke Charles effected the same counter reformation in Illyria. Wolf Dietrich, archbishop of Salzburg, placed the alternative of strict conformity to the Romish worship, or emigration from his territory before his subjects. The recantation was attended by the most humiliating circumstances; they were obliged to perform public penance in the

the church, with lighted torches in their hands. Few submitted to this rude discipline—the greater number abandoned their native city. The strength, however, of the archiepiscopal government was shown by the establishment, at the same time, of a civil and an ecclesiastical despotism. The taxes were enormously increased, the civil privileges, especially of the farmers of the salt mines, invaded. Wolf Dietrich repaid the reluctant submission of his subjects by his lavish expenditure in their city. The archbishop of Salzburg became again the magnificent and arbitrary prelate of a former age.

It is curious to trace the indications of this new religious revolution, in the ecclesiastical architecture of southern Germany. The old cathedral still retains its rich German character (for the right of Germany to claim the invention, as well as the successful practice of what has been long called Gothic architecture, appears now clearly decided); in Vienna, the incomparably rich and graceful spire of St. Stephen's still soars above the city; the flying buttresses of the cathedral at Prague hang in the air, high above the eminence on which ranges the long line of the palace; but in general, even in the village churches, all is comparatively modern and Italian. The Palladian form, deteriorated, it must be confessed, by every whimsical variety of flat bottle-shaped domes, broken architraves, and mingled orders of pillars, prevails throughout; in general, there is not that traceable progressive development of the art, the silent encroachment of a new taste upon old established models; in many places the churches are seemingly all of the same date, as if Christianity were but recently settled in the country, or as if, in the anti-reformation, all the buildings desecrated by the profane presence of the Lutherans, had been swept away, to give place to a new order of things. The Jesuit churches are in general of one model; simple, regular, if we may so speak, systematic buildings; with splendour enough to attract, but not to dazzle or bewilder the attention; not intended for the long processional services of, what we will presume to call, feudal Roman Catholicism, but for the regular daily devotion of a well-organized community. The form is usually the simple oblong, without aisles, and crossed, if at all, by a very shallow transept; nothing is left to the fancy or the caprice of the architect; the ornament often rich, and even lavish, conduces to the general effect. Nor are these churches any longer broken into the countless chapels, each peopled with its peculiar saint, which sometimes enrich, sometimes disfigure the older Gothic buildings; this idolism, if we refrain from the stronger and more invidious term idolatry, is subdued and mitigated; the Saviour and the Virgin, if not the exclusive, are far the pre-

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dominant objects of veneration in the Jesuit churches. In every thing, in short, both in the general effect, and in the details of the service, there appears to have been a skilful accommodation to the state of the public mind at that period; all was artificial, yet decent, solemn, impressive; a kind of sober and sustained gravity; all rigidly Roman Catholic, but at the same time much which was most offensive to Protestant feeling, and to the more advanced state of Christian knowledge, was studiously suppressed or thrown into the background. Jesuitism had discarded much of the mythology of the older faith, and did not, like the other orders, obtrude its own. In a Franciscan or Dominican church the wonders of the founder are embodied in every sculpture or painting; in the Jesuits' the subjects are more frequently scriptural, or at least grounded on earlier tradition. Loyola is not the presiding or tutelar deity of the fane. Polytheism is manifestly concentrating into something nearer to unity of worship.

We return to Professor Ranke. This anti-reformation took place chiefly during the eventful papacies of Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V. The altered position of the Pope might even have gratified the unmeasured ambition of the latter pontiff. Instead of beholding province after province crumble away from his decaying empire, he saw kingdoms gradually and voluntarily returning to their allegiance. Instead of winding with dark and tortuous policy through the affairs of Europe, balancing with a trembling hand the fortunes of the great Catholic powers, and timidly yielding his scarcely courted aid to one or the other; Italy overrun with foreign troops, ready to act against him at the beck of their sovereign; his own dominions either occupied by a turbulent nobility, or ravaged by a wild banditti; his power everywhere precarious; his person scarcely secure, at least from insult, if not worse—the Pope now stood the acknowledged head of the great Catholic confederacy. His policy was clear and open. Spain was his submissive and devoted ally. The dominant party in France leaned upon him for support; or at least the rightful heir of the throne was unable to establish his claims without his consent, and without embracing the Catholic faith. His influence was steadily progressive in Germany. A large and flourishing part of the Netherlands had been reduced to submission. He was called upon to bless, though with prayers unratified in heaven, the banners of that mighty expedition which, by the subjugation of England, was to extinguish at once the last hopes of Protestantism. This extraordinary man united the severest practical wisdom with the wildest visions of ambition. 'The stern virtue which he enforced, the severe financial system which he introduced, his rigid and minute domestic economy, were mingled up with the most fantastic political

tical schemes.' The son of the swineherd was Pope—and having risen to that height, what was too remote, too vast, too impracticable for his hopes?—he was in thought a papal Cæsar—

'Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum.'

'He flattered himself for a long time that he was destined to put an end to the Turkish empire. He entered into relations with the East, with Persia, with the heads of some Arab tribes, with the Druses. He armed many galleys; Spain and Tuscany were to furnish others; and the sea-armament was thus to come to the assistance of the king of Poland, Stephen Bathory, who was to conduct the invasion by land. The pontiff hoped to unite the whole forces of the north-east and south-west in this enterprise; he persuaded himself that Russia would not only join, but subject itself to the king of Poland.'

Another of his schemes was the conquest of Egypt, the junction of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by the long imagined canal, the restoration of the old line of commerce. He would conduct a new crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land. If the re-establishment of the kingdom of Jerusalem should prove impracticable, the holy sepulchre was to be hewn out of the rock and transported to Italy. His native place Montalto was to be the more than Loretto of the Christian world; or rather the same small district would contain as it were the birth-place and the burial-place of the Redeemer. If we are to trust a very curious paper in the library at Vienna, a Memoir of the Sieur de Schomberg, marshal of France, which in Mr. Ranke's opinion bears great marks of authenticity, in the mind of Sixtus nepotism attempted as it were a last, yet the highest flight which it yet had soared. After the murder of the Guises, Count Morosino proposed on the part of his Holiness, that Henry III. should declare his nephew, who was to marry an Infanta of Spain, heir to the throne of France!!

Beyond, and as a close to all this splendid vista into futurity, rose the somewhat more substantial, but still visionary edifice of Roman greatness. Rome was again to be the religious capital of the world. From all countries, even from America, after a certain number of years, there was to be a general confluence of mankind to this acknowledged metropolis of Christianity. All the monuments of ancient art were to be changed into indications of the triumph of Christianity over heathenism; a vast treasure was to be accumulated to maintain the temporal power and greatness of the Roman see. Thus mingled together in the mind of this singular man the profoundest religious enthusiasm—the principle of his promptitude and perseverance in action as well as of the daring eccentricities of his imagination—with the most consummate worldly prudence. His oriental visions evaporated  
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in some unconnected negotiations, and some brief correspondence; scheme after scheme chased each other through his imagination; but his serious thoughts, and his active energies returned immediately, and were absorbed by the present and the practicable. The great object was to cement the whole force of Roman Catholicism to prevent the accession of Henry IV. to the throne of France. The whole life and soul of Sixtus appear wrapt up in this one engrossing object. He entertained not the least doubt of the cordial and zealous co-operation of the whole Roman Catholic world. What was his astonishment and his indignation when he heard that a Roman Catholic, an Italian, power had recognized the title of the heretic, and actually congratulated him on his accession! Heat first condescended to entreat this rebellious power by the love of God not to commit itself so far, but to wait the issue of events. But Venice received the ambassador of Henry IV. Sixtus at once ordered the old form of monition pronounced by Julius II. against the republic, to be sought for, and a new one prepared. The Venetian ambassador reported to the senate, that if he were to repeat all which had been said by the Pope during his interview, the reading would occupy an hour and a half of their time. Mr. Ranke has given some of the more emphatic sentences, remarkable for the mingled resentment and respect for Venice—the courtesy and menace.

‘There is no misfortune so great as to fall out even with those we do not love; but with those we love, that indeed goes to the heart. It would indeed go to our heart (and he placed his hand on his breast) to break with Venice. . . . Is the Signiory then the greatest sovereign on the earth that it is to set an example to others? there is still a king of Spain, there is still an Emperor! . . . Has the republic any fears of Navarre? We will protect her, if necessary, with all our powers; we have strength sufficient. . . . The republic should esteem our friendship higher than that of Navarre. We can support her better. . . . I entreat you, retrieve this one step. The Catholic king has often retracted, in conformity with our wishes; not from fear of us, for our power compared with his is that of a fly to an elephant’s, but for love, because it was the Pope that spake, the vicegerent of Christ. Let the Signiory do the same; they will find some way of extricating themselves; it will not be difficult; for they have aged and wise men enough, each of whom might govern a world.’

We cannot omit this significant sentence in the note;—‘There have been three persons excommunicated, the late king, the prince of Condé, the king of Navarre. Two have perished miserably; the third is doing our work, and God preserves him for our service; but he too will come to an end, and that a wretched one: let us not doubt about him.’—The ambassador of Venice was Donato, a man of tried and consummate diplomatic ability; he belonged to

to that party in the Republic which had been formed in strong opposition to the political power of the Church. Of the motives which induced the Republic to this unexpected step he urged that which was adapted to the ear of the Pope, the others he suppressed in prudent silence.

The sudden revival of Catholicism led naturally to the revival of the most lofty pretensions on the part of the Church. The chief instruments of this revolution, the monastic orders—more particularly that of the Jesuits (which had been founded with the avowed purpose of re-establishing the power of Rome, subjects of the Pope who owned no other allegiance)—had advanced the strongest opinions on the subordination of the temporal to the spiritual power. It is not necessary either to reproduce the well-known passages in the writings of the Jesuits on the power of the Pope to depose sovereigns, and to release subjects from their allegiance, or to multiply new ones. It is notorious that the wildest republicanism never inculcated what it has been pleased in all cases to call tyrannicide, with more specious argument or more fatal influence, than Mariana and the writers of his school. But the Roman Catholic world was divided on this point; a great part repudiated these more than Hildobrandine doctrines. Venice had always taken the lead in its resistance to the encroachments of the spiritual power. The proud Signiory brooked no rival near the throne. Their clergy might take a part in their solemn pageants; the splendour of their churches bore testimony to the religious zeal of the republic; but as to substantial power or influence, they kept them in as complete subjection, and in as total ignorance of the state counsels, as the meanest gondolier.

The opinions had long prevailed in Venice, which were soon after promulgated with such fearless energy and unrivalled power by Paolo Sarpi. Donato, of course, kept aloof from these perilous topics. But he urged strongly the obvious danger of establishing Spain in an autocracy, inevitable, if she should succeed in destroying the independence of France; the danger to Italy, if there should be no appeal from the despotism, if there should be no counterpoise to the power, of the Austrian house.

Venice was consulting in her present policy the best interests of Italy—of the papacy itself. The Pope listened, to all outward appearance, unshaken and unmoved. The ambassador demanded his audience of leave, the Pope appeared to refuse his parting blessing. But his powerful arguments were not lost on the opinionated and intractable, yet clear-sighted pontiff. Sixtus struggled for a time against his own convictions, but he was convinced at last. After a delay of two days Donato was again admitted. The Pope declared that he could not approve of the conduct of the republic, but he would suspend the threatened measures of hostility. He gave him his blessing and the

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kiss of peace. The next month appeared the envoy from the Catholic nobles who had joined Henry IV., M. de Luxembourg. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Spaniards the Pope gave him an audience. Luxembourg placed in the most glowing light the great qualities of Henry, his bravery, his magnanimity, his generosity. Sixtus had that rare quality of greatness, that he could admire it in an enemy. There was something in Elizabeth and in Henry IV., with which his spirit owned kindred and affinity.'

We must not quote the unpriestly and not over delicate compliment, which he is said to have paid to our virgin queen, but he was quite carried away by the language of Luxembourg,—'Truly,' he exclaimed, 'I repent that I have excommunicated him.' 'My king and master,' answered Luxembourg, 'will make himself worthy of absolution, and at the feet of your holiness, return into the bosom of the Catholic church.' 'Then,' rejoined the Pope, 'will I embrace and comfort him.' Already the imagination of Sixtus had embodied a new and more splendid vision. It was, he assured himself, hatred of Spain, not aversion to Catholicism, which prevented the other Protestant kingdoms from returning to the old faith. There was already an English minister in Rome, one from Saxony was expected. Would to God, said Sixtus, that they were all at our feet! At this momentous crisis the zealots for the advancement of Catholicism beheld, but not in silent wonder, this suspicious hesitation, this threatened defection of the Pope himself, and that Pope the famous Sixtus. In France the Leaguists began to denounce his rapacity and his nepotism; in Spain a Jesuit preached upon the lamentable state of the church. 'It is not only the republic of Venice that is favourable to the heretics; but—he paused—he pressed his finger to his lips—the Pope himself.' The ambassador of Spain forced his way into the apartments of the Pope,—he came to give words and expression to the opinion now abroad, that there were some more orthodox, more Catholic than the Pope himself; and this to the very face of Sixtus. He knelt, and demanded permission to express the sentiments of his master. In vain the Pope commanded him to rise.

"It was heresy," he said, "to treat the vicegerent of Christ with such disrespect." The ambassador would not be eluded. "His holiness (he began) *must* declare the partisans of Navarre, without distinction, excommunicated; his holiness *must* pronounce Navarre, under all circumstances and at all times, incapable of succeeding to the throne of France. If not, the Catholic king will renounce his obedience to his holiness; the king will not endure that the cause of Christ shall thus be betrayed and ruined." The Pope scarcely allowed him to proceed. This, he cried, is not the duty of the king. The ambassador arose, threw himself again on his knees, and wished to go on. The Pope called him a stone of stumbling,

stumbling, and turned away. But Olivarez was not content with this; he must and he would finish his protestation, even if the Pope should strike off his head; for he well knew that the king would revenge his death and compensate to his children for his fidelity. Sixtus, on the other hand, broke out in fire and flame:—"It belongs to no prince on the earth to instruct the Pope, who is appointed by God as the master of all others! The ambassador was behaving with gross impiety; his instructions only empowered him to deliver his protestation, if the Pope should appear lukewarm in the affairs of the League. What! will the ambassador direct the steps of his holiness?"

For the first time Sixtus became irresolute, vacillating, false; he resisted, yet yielded to Olivarez; he dismissed Luxembourg, but under the pretext of recommending him a pilgrimage to Loretto; he concluded a new league with Spain, yet secretly entertained envoys from the Protestant courts; he acknowledged, but dared not openly avow, his admiration of Henry IV. The unparalleled difficulties of his situation might account for this unexpected failure in his character; yet we would suggest, that the feebleness of approaching death might have contributed greatly to the sudden paralysis of his energies. He died in the July of this year.

'A storm burst over the Quirinal while he was dying. The simple populace was persuaded that Fra Felice had made a compact with the Evil One, by whose assistance he had risen step by step; now that his course was run, his soul was carried off in the storm. Thus did they embody their discontents on account of so many newly-imposed taxes, and those doubts of his perfect orthodoxy which during his latter days had become prevalent. In wild uproar they tore down the statues, which they had before erected to him; there was even a decree affixed in the capitol, that no one should from henceforth raise a statue to a Pope during his lifetime.'—*Ranke*, vol. ii., p. 217.

We have been unwilling to omit these scenes, as striking and characteristic as any in the dramatic but less authentic work of Gregorio Leti. Concerning this once celebrated history, we may observe, that Professor Ranke has found the original document from which it was chiefly composed. It was by no means the invention of Leti: a great part was transcribed word for word from a MS. volume still existing at Rome, containing anecdotes of the time of Sixtus V. by some, though not cotemporary, Wraxall, who had gathered up all the floating traditions and current stories of a preceding age.

Three Popes, Urban VII., Gregory XIV., Innocent IX., passed like shadows during one year over the Papal throne. The weary conclave renewed its reluctant sittings. The momentous times allowed no repose to the contending factions. Yet something like an understanding took place between Montalto, the representative of the cardinals created by Sixtus V.—(the creatures

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of the late Pope usually formed a powerful body in the next conclave)—and the Spanish interest. Santorio, cardinal of Sanseverina, a stern zealot for the cause of the League and of Spain, a man who always leaned to the severest and most violent opinions, the life and soul of the Inquisition, was the idol and the hope of the Spanish party. 'In his MS. autobiography, still extant, Santorio speaks of the famous day of St. Bartholomew, that day of joy to Catholics.' He was yet in the prime of life; the tiara seemed actually settling upon his brows. All was prepared by Olivarez; thirty-six voices, the majority of two-thirds in the conclave, necessary for the election, were pledged to his support. The morning came, the conclave was closed for the election. Montalto and Madrucci, the heads of the two opposite parties, now united, appeared to conduct Santorio from his cell. According to custom, when the election is considered secure, the cell was immediately plundered by the servants. Thirty-six cardinals accompanied him to the Capella Paolina; his opponents already began to entreat his forgiveness; he announced his intention of assuming the name of Clement, as expressive of his forgiveness of all his enemies.

But the name did not work its effect: some began to feel misgivings, to tremble at the severity of Santorio. The younger cardinals were unwilling to impose his austere yoke upon their necks. His opponents, his personal enemies, began to gather together. They met in the Sistine Chapel to the number of *sixteen*. One voice alone was wanting for the exclusion. Yet some among them began to waver, to shrink from the consequences of their opposition. But there was no less irresolution in Santorio's party. There was a stir, a commotion, a whispering; they began to count the voices, as though in doubt. The bold man was wanting who should dare to express the sentiments entertained by many. At length Ascanio Colonna took courage. He belonged to the Roman baronage, which dreaded the inquisitorial zeal of Sanseverina. He cried aloud, 'God will not have Sanseverina, neither will Ascanio Colonna!' He passed from the Paolina to the Sistine Chapel. Others who dared not openly, secretly followed the example of Colonna. When the scrutiny took place, only thirty votes appeared for the candidate. Sanseverina had come to the conclave in perfect security; he already grasped the high-prized object of his ambition; he had to pass seven hours in the mortal agony between the fulfilment of his proud hopes and the degrading bitterness of rejection; now feeling himself the lord of the world, now a subject. It was decided at length—he retired to his plundered cell. 'The following night,' he writes in his autobiography, 'was more miserable than the most distressing instant of my life. The load of affliction on my soul, my inward anguish, incredible as it may

may sound, wrung from me a bloody sweat!' Santorio knew the conclave too well to encourage any further hope; once again he was named by his partisans, but without success\*.

The king of Spain had purchased the support of Montalto and the party of the late Pope's adherents for his own nomination of Sanseverina, by renouncing the exclusion of the Montalto party. The cardinal Aldobrandino had been put in nomination, as a supernumerary candidate, with Santorio. He was of an exiled Florentine family. His father had been professor of civil law; he had five sons, and the father had serious apprehensions that he would not be able to give Hippolito, the youngest, the education which his talents seemed to deserve. The boy was taken into the service of the cardinal Alessandro Farnese, rose to the prelate, to the cardinalate. During a mission into Poland he had conferred a signal service on the house of Austria by interfering to deliver the archduke Maximilian from captivity. Aldobrandino became Pope, and took the name which Santorio had announced as his own, Clement VIII.

Clement was a man of remarkable method in business, and strictly regular in all the ceremonial of the church. Every morning he performed the mass himself, every evening the cardinal Baronius heard his confession. The daily guests at his table were twelve poor people. He laboured assiduously at the affairs of the see all the week; his relaxation on the Sunday was conversation on religious subjects with some of the more learned monks.

He conducted the two great events of his reign with consummate dexterity and moderation,—the reunion of France to the Roman see by the absolution of Henry IV., and the incorporation of Ferrara with the temporal dominions of the Pope. 'Under Clement,' observes Mr. Ranke, 'the Papacy appears under its proper and praiseworthy character, as the mediator, the pacificator of Europe.' The peace of Vervins may chiefly be attributed to the influence of Clement VIII. The feud within the Jesuit order, and the collision of that body with other monastic orders, were matters of scarcely less importance to the interests of Catholicism. Power had its usual consequences—struggles within

\* The passage from Sanseverina's memoirs concerning this conclave, quoted in the appendix, is very curious. He assigns the motive either of animosity, jealousy, or personal ambition, which induced each of his several opponents to resist his claim, or by defection to prevent his election. In his bitterness he attributes their perfidy to the obligations which most of them owed to him. Madrucci, the head of the Spanish party, played him false, from the hope he himself entertained of the pontificate. One of the causes assigned for Colonna's hatred is very singular:—'Si ricordava del Talmud impedito da me contra li Giudei.' Sixtus V. had been favourable to the Jews, and this probably relates to some proposition for the destruction of the Talmud; but one would not expect to find the Talmud thus influencing the election of a Pope.

the body, envy and animosity without. The Jesuits, it has been said, were almost exclusively Spanish in their origin; of the twenty-five who composed the general congregation, eighteen were Spaniards; the three first generals of the order were of Spanish birth. Gregory XIII. seems to have felt some jealousy and apprehension lest this powerful engine should be less at the command of the Pope than of the king of Spain. By his influence Mercuriano, an Italian, became the fourth general. Mercuriano was a weak man, governed by those around him; factions grew up between the older members in the Spanish, and the younger in the foreign interest. Mercuriano was succeeded by Acquaviva, a Neapolitan, who united the courage and perseverance of a Spaniard with the address and subtlety of an Italian. The king of Spain determined on a visitation of the order, and named for that purpose Manriquez, bishop of Carthage. A general congregation was likewise threatened, and 'the generals of the Jesuit order,' observes Mr. Ranke, 'hate a congregation as much as the Popes a general council.' Acquaviva averted the first danger by suggesting to Sixtus V. that Manriquez was a bastard, and Sixtus had a singular but insuperable aversion to bastards: the general congregation was likewise delayed, but during Acquaviva's absence the consent for its convocation was obtained from Clement VIII. Acquaviva met the trial, which embraced his whole administration of the affairs of the order, with unbroken courage, and conducted it with consummate address. He made some well-timed concessions; the privileges claimed by the Jesuits of examining heretical books, and the surrender of all estates and even benefices into the hands of the society by all those who entered the order. The first of these privileges clashed with the powers of the Inquisition, the second with the civil law. He gave a reluctant assent to the triennial election of the general, the sexennial meeting of the congregation. In all other respects he came forth triumphant. The collision of the Jesuits with the Dominicans in Spain tended at once to weaken their authority in that country, and to throw them, as it were, on the rest of Europe. The Dominicans watched with jealousy the rapid growth of this rival order. The Inquisition seized on a provincial and some of his brethren, who were accused, by a malcontent member of the body, of concealing the heretical opinions of some of their order. The affair, it might be supposed, created an extraordinary sensation in Spain. A dark rumour spread abroad that the Jesuit order had been found guilty of heretical pravity. This was one of the chief reasons which induced the king of Spain to urge a visitation of the order, the measure averted by the dexterity of Acquaviva. At a somewhat later period real differences of religious

gious belief arose between the Jesuits and the Dominicans. The Jesuits revolted from the tenets of Thomas Aquinas, and embraced those of Molina on the mysterious subjects of grace and free will. This was strictly in character. The austere and bigoted and more illiterate Dominicans adhered to the severe and definite dogmas; the Jesuits, learned, subtle, pliant, inclined to the latitude of the milder and more moderate opinions. By the action of these and other causes, from an exclusively Spanish the Jesuits became, to a certain degree, a Papal, but even more, a French power. This is, no doubt, the secret of their re-admission into France by Henry IV., who appalled his old Protestant friends, and alarmed even many of his warmest Catholic partisans, by his appointment of the Jesuit Cotton as his confessor. His own light speech, that he would rather have them for his friends than his enemies, was, no doubt, as true as it was characteristic; but there were deeper grounds for this change in the policy of France.

This agitation in the Jesuit body lasted till the accession of Paul V. On the death of Clement, Leo XI. succeeded—to wear the tiara only twenty-six days. Aldobrandino and Montalto, the partisans of the two last Popes Clement and Sixtus, suddenly united, and anticipating the intrigues of Spain, elevated to the Papal throne the Cardinal Borghese. Paul V. attributed this unexpected event to the special and immediate intervention of the Holy Ghost. Even the Roman court, accustomed to such alterations, were astonished at the total change in the demeanour and bearing of Paul V. Paul had been bred in the study and practice of the canon law; he brought into the administration of affairs that strict adherence to the letter of the law, that inflexibility, that severity, which arises from such studies, not counteracted by intercourse with mankind. He was thoroughly imbued with the most exalted notions of the Papal dignity, and the power of the keys. As the Holy Ghost had chosen him for the successor of St. Peter, so it had invested him with the fullest apostolical authority. So great, too, was the change in the state of Roman-Catholic Europe, so completely were its whole energies concentrated on the progressive successes against Protestantism, that these exorbitant pretensions, instead of awakening general jealousy among the temporal sovereigns, seemed to add strength to the cause, and to inspire confidence into its active partisans. From Venice, indeed, were heard vigorous and unanswerable protests against the supremacy asserted by the Pope over the civil authorities. The doctrines of Paolo Sarpi, in this respect almost as hostile to the Papacy as Protestantism itself, were embraced by the proud and inflexible republicans. In France, though in some respects Henry IV. displayed the ardour of a proselyte, in Mr. Ranke's

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words, 'he thought more of gaining new friends than of rewarding old ones';—yet the comparative independence of the Gallican church was by no means surrendered by either the king or the clergy. During the papacy of Paul, Romanism was everywhere in the ascendant. In France, in Germany, in the Netherlands, in Hungary, in Poland—zeal and power, the preaching of the Jesuit and the edict of the prince,—all that could encourage the ardent, win over the wavering, affright the timid, break the spirit of the conscientious,—all that could dazzle the imagination or subdue the courage, soften the heart or bribe the interests;—the re-established splendour and propriety of the services attracting to the church; the decree of banishment severing the ties of home or of kindred; the persecution, the prison; the unwearied charities, the careful education, the discharge of the pastoral office with all its assiduous regularity and gentle spirit of conciliation; the favour of the sovereign, promotion to the highest offices of the state, wealth, honours, distinctions;—all worked together against distracted Protestantism.

And Protestantism had now, with some, become an hereditary faith; it had ceased to be an affair of personal or of pressing conviction. In many places, this revived Romanism had all the charm of novelty; the weariness and distaste, felt by many for things established, now embarrassed and chilled Protestantism in its turn. In France the vices and the virtues of men contributed simultaneously to the advancement of the Romish cause. The religious indifference, or worse, the undisguised atheism of some of the courtiers, which could not but be encouraged by the light-hearted gaiety with which Henry, notwithstanding the solemn and laboured gravity with which the scene of his conversion was enacted, transferred his allegiance from one faith to the other; the careless profligacy of others, who were ready to come to terms with that religion which would lay on them the lightest yoke, and which they saw would stoop to almost any compromise for the sake of making converts; on the other hand, the exquisite Christian virtue of men like St. Francis de Sales; the learning of the Benedictines; the gentle and active beneficence of the several female monastic communities which began to act as Sisters of Charity, to attend the hospitals, to visit the sick, to relieve the distressed; such were the influences at work through the whole kingdom. At the same time, if we are to judge from the interesting memoirs of Duplessis Mornay, nothing could be more uncongenial to the national character, or less persuasive to the affections, than the austerity of the Calvinistic Protestantism, and its busy and officious interference with the minutest details

of conduct. Madame de Mornay herself, a woman of a saintly disposition, was excluded from the communion because her hair-dresser sinned against some sanctimonious style of top-knots patronised by her preacher.\*

In Germany the desperate and miscalculating ambition of the Protestants inflicted the last fatal blow upon their interests, which not all the subsequent glories of the Thirty Years' war, nor the valour of Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes, could efface or remedy. The rash acceptance of the Bohemian crown by the Elector Palatine, and the consequent subjugation of the palatinate by the Roman Catholic powers, gave an immense accession to the increasing preponderance of their party. During the thanksgiving procession for the victory at the White Mountain, Paul V. was struck with apoplexy,—a second stroke followed shortly after; he died the 28th of January, 1621.

Gregory XV., Ludovisi of Bologna, succeeded to the pontificate. He was a feeble old man, but his weakness and age were more than compensated by the energy of his nephew, the Cardinal Ludovisi, a young, magnificent, and zealous prelate. The short pontificate of Gregory is signalised by two events, which show the active solicitude of the head of the Roman church for the resumption and extension of his spiritual dominion,—the foundation of the College de Propagandâ Fide, and the beatification of the two great ornaments of the Jesuit order, the real restorers and propagators of Roman Catholicism,—Ignatius Loyola, and Xavier. To Xavier this debt of gratitude was due, if we merely consider the service he rendered to the cause of the Papacy, no less than to the half-insane founder of Jesuitism. Xavier's labours, no doubt, operated far beyond the actual sphere of his extraordinary exertions. The successes of the papal missionaries in the East could not but powerfully re-act on the public mind in the West. The real wonders of Xavier's mission were heightened, as they were gradually disseminated through Europe by his admiring brethren, into a scene of constant miracle, unexampled since the days of the Apostles. It was with singular felicity, we had almost written address, that the miraculous powers of the Church of Rome, which it was not yet time openly to resume in the face of incredulous and inquiring Protestantism, were relegated, if we may so speak, to these remote

\* Those to whom these Memoirs are inaccessible may refer to the History of the Reformation in France, in Rivingtons' Theological Library, one of the few historical compendiums of real value produced by the recent taste for cheap publications. The author, the Rev. Edward Smedley, an amiable and pious man, who, having become incapacitated by bodily affliction for the active duties of his profession, devoted himself to literature with great diligence and ability, has, we regret to hear, recently died, leaving a large family in very narrow circumstances.

regions. They possessed all the fame, all the influence, without provoking immediate jealousy; by commanding the admiration, they almost conciliated the belief of their adversaries. While Christianity was making such wonderful progress in such remote regions, the Protestant of ardent piety, however little inclined to approve of the acts of the Roman Church, would be tempted to acknowledge the hand of God in such apostolic labours and apostolic success. Nor would he coldly, as at a later period, separate between the marvellous and the real in the transaction. There was a grandeur, an enterprise, a romance in those accounts of missionaries riding on elephants to the gorgeous sovereigns on thrones of gold and ivory, which would predispose the mind to the reception of preternatural wonders. The church to which these heaven-led, and devoted, and wonder-working men belonged; by which they were commissioned; in whose spirit and whose doctrines they taught—would gradually gain in respect and admiration—sentiments closely bordering on, if not naturally leading, unless in strong and severely protestantised minds, to veneration and the desire of re-union. While the Roman Church was apparently uniting America, India, China, Japan, Abyssinia, to Christendom, did it not become a more and more serious and questionable affair to infringe upon its unity, to rebel against its authority, to weaken its powers?

Urban VIII., Barberini, on the death of Gregory, in 1623, ascended the papal throne. He was of a Florentine mercantile family, which had considerable establishments at Ancona. Barberini was in the vigour of life, fifty-five years old. Under the new pope a total change took place in the appearance of the court. 'In the chamber of Clement VIII. might be seen the works of St. Bernard; in that of Paul V. those of the blessed Justinian of Venice; on the writing-table of Urban might be found the last new poem, or a treatise on fortification.' Again a temporal prince seemed to give law in the Vatican. But that which, some years before, might have been dangerous to the influence, as secularising or desecrating the character of the supreme pontiff, might be practised with impunity now that the successful re-action had been carried to such extent,—now that France was once more Romish, and the house of Austria seemed extending its power into the native realms of Protestantism,—now that popish prelates were again seated in places so devotedly Protestant as Magdeburg, Halberstadt, and Bremen. It seemed the first passion of Urban to raise an effective military force, and to render the papal dominions impregnable to an enemy. At Castel Franco in the Bolognese, rose the fortress Urbano, so placed, indeed, as to seem less intended to resist a foreign enemy, than

than to bridle the refractory Bolognese. He fortified the Castle of St. Angelo, established a manufactory for arms at Tivoli, and formed an armory of all kinds of weapons under the Vatican library. Rome once more became the centre of European politics.

We now propose to confine ourselves to some transactions which relate to our own country. But we ascend again, in order to exhibit consecutively the more important parts of Mr. Ranke's work connected with English history; one, at least, of the facts, which he has brought forward, appears to have been unknown, and others have been but slightly touched by our native authors. Great hopes were entertained at Rome on the union of the British crowns in the person of James I., the son of the sainted martyr for the faith, Mary of Scotland. Public thanksgivings and processions celebrated his accession. Clement VIII. took care to inform him, that as the son of so virtuous a mother, he prayed for his temporal and eternal welfare. The English Romanists were instructed to recognise James as their rightful king, with all true loyalty; and James, through his ambassador at Paris, who was in friendly intercourse with the nuncio, promised his protection to all peaceful Roman Catholics. It is said that when the Puritans complained that mass was publicly performed in the north of England, and that 50,000 English converts had been made to popery, James, whose pedantry did not always overlay, and whose prudence never controlled his wit, answered, 'that they might on the other hand convert as many Spaniards and Italians.' But, whatever might be James's private sentiments, the general voice of the nation demanded, and James could not but sanction, the enforcement of the existing Acts against the Roman Catholics. Persecution ensued. The high-wrought and disappointed hopes of the papists maddened the more fanatic among them. The gunpowder plot was intended to wreak their vengeance; but ended in the complete, even if temporary alienation of James's mind from their cause, and united in one sentiment of animosity the whole Protestant part of the nation. Fear seemed to justify hatred,—hatred magnified the general fear. Yet when the first terror was over, the tendency of his own opinions, and his dislike of the Puritans, gradually drew James back to at least a more amicable feeling towards the Romanists. His inactivity during the war of the palatinate—though to be ascribed in part to his timidity, to his love of peace, and his fear of parliaments—his consent, first to the Spanish, then to the French match—show at least no implacable animosity to Rome. There is one circumstance with regard to James's own family, unnoticed by Mr. Ranke, as well as by our native historians (so far as our memory extends), which is of some importance, not so much on account of the weight and influ-

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ence of the person, as indicating the successful system of proselytism pursued by the Vatican. Anne of Denmark, James's queen, was a *secret Roman Catholic*, in regular correspondence, receiving letters and indulgences from Rome. The authority for this fact may be found in Galluzzi's History of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany—(vol. iii. 318-323. 4to edit.)—almost the best historical work, we may observe, in the Italian language. Galluzzi wrote from the archives of the Medici family, and at the period when the religion of James's queen had become a question of perfect indifference. Anne conducted her correspondence through Ottaviano Lotti, secretary to the Florentine embassy. 'La Regina lo aveva ammesso al segreto del suo cattolicismo, ed esso la serviva in procurarli da Roma delle indulgenze e delle devozioni.' Lotti was employed to negotiate the marriage of prince Henry with Catherine de Medici. The pope refused his consent, notwithstanding a letter written in her own hand, by Anne of Denmark, in which she declared herself his 'obedientissima figlia.' She had before given Lotti instructions to represent her zeal for the restoration of Catholicism in the country, and her hopes of regaining the unsettled mind of prince Henry by the attractions of a Catholic wife. Those attractions, from which the mother hoped so much influence over her elder son, might have been employed by Spain, and were by France, though, as far as his religion was concerned, without effect, yet with most fatal consequences as to his future destiny, upon the younger Charles.

On the negotiations, relating first to the Spanish, afterwards to the French match, Mr. Ranke's work contains nothing new. But with regard to a later period, there is a remarkable statement which deserves the diligent examination of the English historian. Nothing is more unaccountable than the change in the policy of England when Charles I. seemed suddenly and wantonly to involve himself in a war with both the great Roman Catholic powers, France and Spain, at the time in which the growing and insuperable jealousy of parliament seemed to make it impossible to obtain supplies by legal means for the conduct of a war so perilous and expensive. This perplexing act, apparently of providential political demeritation, is usually ascribed to the caprice or the passion of Buckingham—his quarrel with France arising from his wild love-adventure with Anne of Austria. The expedition against the Isle of Rhé, and the sudden attempt to re-organise the Huguenots against the government, have appeared almost as unjustifiable, as impolitic, ill-timed, and disastrous. But Mr. Ranke brings strong evidence to prove that at this time Urban VIII. had matured his favourite plan—'a strict confederacy of the Catholic powers for the subjugation of England.' He had made overtures  
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which can be clearly traced to both of these powers. His arguments were favourably heard by both. The treaty was drawn by Olivarez and amended by Richelieu.\* On the 20th of April, 1627, it was ratified by the ministers of the two countries. The amount of forces to be furnished by either power was stipulated—the time of invasion fixed for the ensuing spring. Measures were to be taken for dispersing the English fleet, and for gaining the superiority in the seas, even over the combined navies of England and Holland, by means of an armed company, established under the pretence of protecting the commerce of Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy; overtures were made to the Hanse Towns to join this league. Mr. Ranke finds no distinct stipulations as to the partition of the spoil between France and Spain; but *Ireland* was to be the portion of *the Pope*. In the July of the same year in which the treaty was signed Buckingham made his descent on the Isle of Rhé. Had, then, Charles obtained intelligence of the secret league; and was this a bold measure of his minister to anticipate the invasion, and by encouraging and supporting the insurrection of the Huguenots, to disconcert the plans and occupy the forces of France? The general difficulty of entirely suppressing such state secrets may favour this notion—but it is a still more important fact, that it was known to the ambassador of Venice. Zorzo Zorzi the ambassador writes in these words:—‘Si aggiungeva che le due corone tenevano insieme machinationi e trattati di assalire con pari forze e dispositioni l’isola d’Inghilterra.’ Venice was in the closest correspondence with England: their common interests were opposed to the union and aggrandizement of the two great powers; and Venice (Relat. di Francia, 1628) was suspected of having advised the expedition against the Isle of Rhé.

The strong, and to us most embarrassing objection to this view of the subject, is the silence of Buckingham himself, and, after his death, of Charles, when such a vindication of his measures might, at least, have allayed the general discontent of the nation, so strongly painted by Clarendon, and the angry accusations of the commons against Buckingham. If the disclosure of this Catholic league had not at once rallied the whole nation around the standard of the king and his minister, now the champions of endangered Protestantism and British liberty, yet Parliament would

\* M. Capefigue, in his ‘Richelieu, Mazarin, La Fronde,’ &c. (v. iv. c. 42)—a work in which the philosophical affectations are compensated by the value of some of the original documents, recites this *secret* treaty from the Archives of Simancas:—‘C’était donc la plus vaste, la plus grande des entreprises que celle que préparaient alors les deux couronnes de France et d’Espagne: il ne s’agissait de rien moins que de la conquête de l’Angleterre, et du rétablissement de la foi Catholique, de cette unité, principe exclusif de la politique de San Lorenzo.’ M. Capefigue seemed not to be aware of the Pope’s share in this transaction, and suspects that both parties were playing false, and *secretly* negotiating, for their private advantage, with England.

not have had the disposition to withhold supplies for the maintenance of a war so just and so inevitable—or if it had, it would have arrayed the general spirit of England against any such attempt.

‘The running into this war with France’—writes Clarendon—‘from whence the queen was so newly and joyfully received—without any colour of reason, or so much as the formality of a declaration from the king, containing the ground and provocation, and end of it, according to custom and obligation in like cases—(for it was observed that the manifesto which was published was in the duke’s name, who went admiral and general of the expedition),—opened the mouths of all men to inveigh against it with all bitterness, and the sudden ill effects of it, manifested in the return of the fleet to Portsmouth, within such a distance of London that nothing could be concealed of the loss sustained.’—*Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. i. p. 75.

When the charges of the Commons against Buckingham embodied these general sentiments of the people, it is unaccountable that Buckingham should be so scrupulous or so proud, as not to appeal to this justification of his measures. He might hope by the success of the second expedition to Rochelle (for which he was about to embark when he was assassinated), to redeem the disgrace and disaster of the former one; but still he would hardly have thrown away this chance of attaining popularity, perhaps as unmeasured as the obloquy and indignation with which he was pursued from all quarters. Though secrecy might be of much importance, and the evidence of the league, however convincing to the king and his ministers, might be somewhat defective—(as in the case of the designs of Buonaparté prevented by our attack on Copenhagen)—yet even Buckingham would scarcely have locked his secret in his own bosom. After his death, Charles, though not too faithful to the memory of a dead friend, would scarcely have persisted in the blind and obstinate determination to bear all the blame attached to an unprovoked and unsuccessful war, when he might have thrown it off at any time, by avowing the cause and ground of it, before the nation and before Europe. We have stated the evidence for, and the objections which have occurred to us against, this very remarkable story—and so we leave it for the consideration of the more profound inquirers into English history.

If the influence of Urban VIII. was strong enough to combine France and the house of Austria for one great effort, he had neither sufficient power or impartiality to maintain the good understanding. The rapid successes of the emperor in Germany aroused the jealousy of Richelieu; the dispute about the inheritance of Mantua brought the two powers into direct collision. Urban was his own minister; he scarcely consulted the college; he had no private council; and his self-will displayed itself in nothing more strongly than in his partial adherence

herence to one party in Catholicism. In his policy he was decidedly French: he insultingly refused the emperor the spoils of his victories—the first appointment (for the emperor humbled himself to this request) to the sees and benefices which his arms reconquered from the Protestants—the establishment of the Jesuits in the vacant cloisters. This last demand awoke the general animosity of all the other orders against the Jesuits. So complete was the estrangement between the pope and the emperor, that Wallenstein, who commanded the imperial army in Italy, dropped the significant menace,—‘Rome has not been plundered for a century; it must be richer now than it was.’ Europe was now again divided by the rivalry of France and the Austrian-Spanish house. England, distracted by civil wars, had lost all European influence. On one side were arranged the emperor at the head of his triumphant armies, and the king of Spain. On the other, France, some of the Catholic princes of Germany, the Protestants, with the king of Sweden at their head, and the Pope!—So formidable was the league, that the emperor was obliged to surrender, at the diet of Ratisbon, all his advantages in Italy, and to abandon Wallenstein to his foreign enemies. By the disgrace of Wallenstein he dissolved his army.

Yet Urban obstinately persisted in closing his eyes to the fact, which the rapid and brilliant successes of Gustavus Adolphus made daily more manifest, that the Thirty Years’ war was a war of religion. The emperor vainly pressed him to assist, by espousing his cause, the falling fortunes of Catholicism, and implored subsidies from the papal treasury against the common enemy. ‘The king of Sweden,’ said Ferdinand’s ambassador, ‘if the emperor is supported, may easily be conquered,—he has but 30,000 men.’ ‘With 30,000 men,’ said the pope, ‘Alexander conquered the world.’ It was not till the victorious Swede, having overrun the palatinate, occupied Bavaria, and actually approached the Alps, that the pope awoke from his dream of security.

The Thirty Years’ war was as it were the last general effort of the two conflicting systems. The peace of Westphalia not merely silenced the strife of arms, but, at least in Germany, the strife of religion. Each party was content to rest upon its present possessions. In both the aggressive power was worn out. The strong impulse of Protestantism had long subsided, that of Roman-Catholic re-action expired in the same manner. The torpor of death seemed to have succeeded to these last, these most violent and exhausting convulsions.

But from the instant that Romish re-action ceased, the pope sunk into the respected, but neither feared nor courted, primate of his own church, and an Italian prince of moderate domi-

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nions. The only considerable encroachment on the interests of Protestantism was the revocation of the edicts of Nantes, and the persecution of the Protestants. But this, though its primary motive was the bigotry of a mistress working on the enfeebled mind of an aged king, was after all an act of political despotism, rather than of genuine religious zeal. It was effected altogether by force; the missionaries would have done little without the dragoons. It was neither sanctioned nor applauded by the general voice of Catholic Europe. Not only was the pope in no respect the prime mover in these affairs, but he expressed, to his honour, his public disapprobation of these unchristian modes of conversion by the sword. But his remonstrances were unheard or unnoticed; and he must have looked on, equally without power of interference, if that capricious tyranny had taken another course.

The papal annals now become barren of great events; they had nothing to call forth great minds, if great minds there were in the long line of pontiffs from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present age. The election to the papacy became an affair of comparative apathy; instead of being watched in anxious suspense by wondering Europe, it created some stir in the city, and some activity among the diplomatic agents of the different courts, and that was all. The fortunate candidate was announced, but whether it was an Innocent or a Clement, a Pius or a Gregory, created little interest. The temporal power was in the ascendant; the spiritual in the wane. The personal character therefore was less developed, or if developed, its influence was confined within the narrow sphere of his temporal dominions. Mr. Ranke seems conscious that the interest of his story is dying away, and conducts the several pontiffs across the scene with rapid indifference. The chapters which relate to the finances of the papal dominions are however very curious. The late popes had succeeded in adding Urbino and Ferrara to their dominions, Urban made a desperate attempt to dispossess the Farneses of Parma. His death is said to have been hastened by his disappointment; instead of leaving an accession of territory, he left an enormous increase of debt.

Modern Rome is another striking illustration of the bad policy, and unhappily, of the fatal financial system, adopted by all the later popes of the seventeenth century, and pursued till the Romagna has gradually become what it is—a vast wilderness, a comparatively dispeopled waste. The vestige of splendour which each pope has left is the palace of his descendants; and to enrich these descendants there were no resources but the taxation of the country, the accumulation of the debt, or the alienation of the domains of the see. The memory of the four last popes  
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whose lives we have briefly related, the Aldobrandini, the Ludovisi, the Borghese, the Barberini, lives, or did recently live, in the noble family which each created and endowed. The next pope, Innocent X., was a Panfili. Excepting that a new influence, that of female relations, rose up and distracted the papal court, Innocent was an active, just, and influential pontiff. He inclined strongly to the Spanish interest, and by renewing a friendly intercourse with the Italian powers, who had been alienated by Urban VIII., he did not, indeed, reduce the Farneses to subjection—but he forced them to submit to the claims of justice. Alexander VII. (Chigi) succeeded in 1655. Chigi at first showed an unprecedented and 'heroic' resistance to the claims of kindred. But the unanswerable arguments which were urged in favour of the good old practice of nepotism—the indecency of permitting the pope's relations to remain the simple citizens, perhaps of some insignificant town—the greater confidence entertained by foreign powers if the missions should be filled by the pope's relations—overcame his narrow scruples; he yielded, and surrendered himself with the zeal of a proselyte to the venerable usage. It was this pope, if we remember right, the smallness of whose mind Cardinal de Retz inferred, from his boasting that he had written almost all his life with only one pen! Cardinal Bernini came to the same conclusion, because, when a fine statue was shown him, he seemed to observe nothing but the border at the bottom of the robe. 'Such remarks,' says the shrewd De Retz, 'may appear trifling, but they are conclusive.' Mr. Ranke, we observe in passing, does not seem to have availed himself much of the clever French cardinal's account of his share in the intrigues of the Roman court. Under Alexander the management of affairs fell into the hands of the Congregation of State, which gradually became the ruling power.

The next pope was Clement IX., Rospigliosi, and his successor Clement X., Altieri. The first less openly, the second avowedly, espoused the Spanish interests. Innocent XI. (Odescalchi) was a man of higher character—the mildest of men: he was accustomed to request the attendance of his servants 'if they were not otherwise engaged.' His confessor declared that he had never discovered anything in the soul of Innocent which could estrange him from God. With all this gentleness, Innocent undertook the papal function with the most pure and conscientious determination to discharge the duties of that supreme dignity. He turned his attention to the appalling disorder of the finances. The successive popes had gone on gradually increasing the capital of the debt, which even at the end of the reign of Urban VIII. had grown to an overwhelming magnitude. At length the data-

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ria, the revenue from foreign countries, hitherto religiously reserved for the expenses of the pope and his court, was burthened with Luoghi di Monte. Still, however, the price of papal funds was high, and Alexander VII. obtained temporary relief by lowering the whole debt, first the unfunded, then the funded, from  $10\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent. : it seems subsequently to have been reduced to four, and Innocent XI. entertained the design of bringing it down to three. But on the accession of Innocent, the papal expenditure amounted to 2,578,106 sc. 91 baj. ;—the income, including the dataria, only to 2,408,500. 71.—leaving an annual deficiency of 170,000 scudi, and threatening almost immediate bankruptcy. By prudent and rigid economy, by abstaining from nepotism, by the suppression of useless places, and the general investigation of abuses, Innocent brought the expenditure within the income.

The firmness of Innocent was severely tried in his conflict with Louis XIV. We have no space to enter into the detail of the encroachments which Louis, in the overbearing consciousness of power, ventured against the see of Rome. Innocent resisted with decision and dignity. He received at his court with signal favour two Jansenist bishops who had been disgraced on account of their resistance to the ecclesiastical measures of Louis. He addressed three several admonitions to the king. When Louis, in the assembly of 1682, caused the four famous articles declaratory of the independence of the Gallican church, and almost amounting to the total abrogation of the papal authority, to be passed by the clergy of his kingdom, Innocent declared that he would endure every extremity rather than yield ; ‘ he gloried only in the cross of Christ.’ He resolutely refused the canonical institution of all those whom Louis, for their service in that assembly, hastened to promote to bishoprics. When the French ambassador, to defend the privilege of asylum which he claimed in Rome, not merely for the precincts of his own palace, but for the neighbouring streets, rode through Rome with a body-guard of two troops of horse—and thus armed, defied the pope in his own capital ;—‘ Thou comest,’ said Innocent, ‘ with horse and chariot, but I will go forth in the name of the Lord.’ The pope’s disapprobation of the persecutions against the Protestants at this time, when he was committed with Louis on other points, and might have been tempted to win the favour of the king by recognising him as the champion of Catholicism, is a still higher testimony to his noble courage. He has been suspected at least of secret connivance at these barbarous proceedings. Mr. Ranke entirely acquits him of this charge, and declares that he couched his protestation in the remarkable words,—‘ It is right to draw men into the temple, not to drag them by force.’

Innocent

Innocent died before the termination of these disputes. The short papacy of Alexander VIII., and that of Innocent XII. (Pignatelli) occupy the few remaining years of the seventeenth century. In 1700 Clement XI. (Albani) ascended the papal throne. The close of this century was the proposed limit of Mr. Ranke's labours; but he has subjoined a chapter or two on the later history, which we could have wished had been more full and complete. The eighteenth century might have afforded ample matter for another volume.

We conclude our article with some few remarks (chiefly from Mr. Ranke) on the state of the city and of the Roman territory during this period. In the seventeenth century the popes gradually became men of peace; the energies of foreign re-conquest had died away; the quiet maintenance of their power and dignity contented their subdued ambition; they had shrunk into the sovereigns of Rome, and their pride seemed now to be to embellish their capital, and to make Rome, as it had been the seat first of civil, then of spiritual government, now the centre of European art. Modern Rome is almost entirely the growth of this century. St. Peter's was finished under Paul V.; considerable additions were made to the older churches, the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore; and most of the other sacred edifices which at present attract the stranger by their interior splendour, and we must add, in general offend him by their deviations from the great principles of architecture, bear evident signs of this age; for with the impulse of reviving Catholicism, the creative powers, the grandeur of conception, and the boldness of execution, in Catholic art, either altogether failed, or gave place to the love of tasteless ornament and unharmonised extravagance. Even in St. Peter's, in Forsyth's bitter language, 'a wretched plasterer came down from Como to break the sacred unity of Michael Angelo's [or rather Bramante's] master idea.' The modern ecclesiastical architecture of Rome seems to indicate the residence of a wealthy hierarchy reposing in peaceful dignity and luxuriating in costly building, but having departed from the pure and simple nobleness of classical antiquity, the passion of the preceding age, without going back to the harmonious richness, the infinite variety, yet unity of impression, which is found in the genuine Catholic Christian art, the Gothic, or German style. The palaces of Rome, on the whole, are much finer than the modern churches. They indicate the residence of an opulent and splendid aristocracy;—and such, partly composed of the older houses, partly of the descendants of the Papal families, was the nobility of Rome. But, with the exception of the Colonnas, the names of the older Roman aristocracy are little connected with the palaces, libraries, and galleries,

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ries, still less with that which adds so much to the beauty of the modern city, the rich splendour of the numberless villas of Rome. 'In the middle of the seventeenth century,' says Mr. Ranke, 'there were reckoned to be in Rome about fifty families 300, thirty-five 200, sixteen 100 years old; all below this were considered of vulgar and low birth. Many of them were either settled or had possessions in the Campagna. Most of this old nobility, however, were tempted to become holders of *Luoghi di Monte*. The sudden reduction of the interest brought them into difficulties, and they were gradually obliged to alienate their estates to the wealthier papal families, who thus became the non-resident holders of vast landed property.'

Mr. Ranke considers these large estates, held by a few proprietors (exactly the *latifundia* of old Rome), as one great cause of the deterioration of agriculture in the Campagna. From the peculiar nature of these lands, they required the constant and unremitting care of resident farmers, interested in their productiveness. The system of small farms, with, as far as might be, a proprietary interest in the soil, could alone successfully conduct the agriculture of the Roman territory. Mr. Ranke concurs with many writers in attributing the extension of the malaria to the destruction of the woods. Gregory XIII. destroyed those in the vallies with a view of promoting and extending agriculture; Sixtus V. those on the mountains, in order to lay open the haunts of the banditti. Since that period, however, the malaria has constantly encroached more and more, on districts before either partially visited, or not at all. Under these fatal influences the produce of the Campagna diminished yearly.

The interference of the government, and the injudicious remedy applied to the growing evil, completed the work of desolation. Urban VIII. adopted the fatal measure of prohibiting the exportation of corn, cattle, and oil, not merely from the territory at large, but from one district to another; and he gave almost unlimited authority to the prefect. This magistrate was empowered to assess the price of corn according to the harvest, and in proportion to that price to compel the bakers to regulate the price and weight of bread.

The prefect became immediately an enormous and uncontrolled monopolist; and it is from this time that the complaints of the ruin of the papal territories commence. In our former article we extracted a passage from the Venetian dispatches, expressive of the somewhat jealous admiration, with which the native of that state in elder days surveyed the unexampled richness and fertility of Romagna. 'In our journey to Rome and back,' (writes the Venetian ambassador in 1621,) 'we have remarked the great poverty

poverty of the peasantry, and the common people, the diminished prosperity, not to say the very limited means, of all other classes. This is the effect of the system of government, and the wretched state of commerce. Bologna and Ferrara maintain a certain degree of splendour in their palaces and their nobility. Ancona is not without commerce with Ragusa and Turkey. All the other cities are far gone to decay.' The cardinal Sacchetti, in a memorial to Alexander VII., described the sufferings of the Roman peasants and lower classes as worse than those of the Israelites in Egypt:—'People not conquered by the sword, but either bestowed on, or of their own free will subjected to the Roman see, are more inhumanly treated than slaves in Syria or Africa!'

How singular the contrast between the Campagna of Rome and the *haciendas* of Rome's faithful servants in South America! Here, is Romanism subduing ferocious or indolent savages to the arts and the happiness of civilised life, changing the wild forest or unwholesome swamp into rich corn land; there, close at home, turning a paradise into a desert!—so completely does even the same form of Christianity differ in its effects, according to the circumstances of time and place, and the state of society. In one case, we see it devoting itself with single-mindedness to the welfare of the lowest of mankind; in the other, as blind to its interests as to higher obligations, in that very place, where, in many respects, it had concentrated its strongest zeal and profoundest piety, neglecting the most solemn, the most Christian duty, the happiness of the people committed to its charge. Even Roman Catholics could not but allow that what they conscientiously considered the best religion, produced the worst government in Europe.

ART. IV.—*Les Après-Dîners de S. A. S. Cambacères, Second Consul, &c. ou Revelations de plusieurs Grands Personages, sur l'Ancien Régime, le Directoire, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Recueillis et publiés par le Baron E. L. de Lamothe-Langon, Auditeur au Conseil d'Etat Imperial;—Auteur de 'L'Histoire de l'Inquisition de France,'—des 'Mémoires de S. M. Louis XVIII.,' et de ceux de Madame du Barri, &c. 4 tomes. Paris, 1837.

OUR readers are pretty well acquainted with the impudence of the French fabricators of Memoirs; but this work 'outdoes all their former outdoings,' and reaches a pitch of effrontery which—even with all our experience of those people—we had not thought possible. Here we have M. Lamothe—who calls himself

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himself the *Baron de Lamothe-Langon*—one of the chief hands in this—as we should think it—disgraceful traffic, who not only avows but glories in it, in a strain of audacity that looks almost like insanity. The truth is, that the detection and exposure—in which we are proud of having led the way—of these forgeries, have been so complete and successful, that the trade is spoiled—the accomplices have quarrelled—and when rogues fall out, honest men come by their own. M. Lamothe is driven to confess his former impositions, and to attempt a continuation of his old trade under the more imposing—as he no doubt hopes—authority of his own name. It seems, to our English feelings, very surprising that any man who has a name should venture to affix it to such disclosures as the preface to these volumes contains, followed up by a new series of such clumsy fabrications as compose the volumes themselves. Our readers will recollect that, on opening the first of his works which fell under our notice—‘*The Memoirs of Louis XVIII., written by himself, collected and arranged by the Duke of D\*\*\**’—we exclaimed ‘*Mentiris impudentissime!*’—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. xlviii., p. 455.—And we well remember the surprise and doubt with which some persons affected to receive our discovery; so daring, indeed, were the fabrications, and so credulous was the public, that we believe not less than eight or nine volumes of that stupid hash were published in Paris subsequent to our article—though we believe that the sale in England was effectually stopped. The truth is now avowed—*habemus confitentem reum*—and M. Lamothe is now not ashamed to announce himself as ‘*AUTEUR des Mémoires de S. M. Louis XVIII.*’ and appears to think that this avowal will recommend to public favor a still more flagrant hoax. It seems almost like wasting powder and shot to slay such vermin; but as the whole affair is of some importance to the history of our times, we condescend to notice this barefaced avowal of literary fraud. The opening sentence of this *Baron's* preface is really a curiosity:—

‘We live in such an age of selfishness, lies, and greediness, that it is no wonder that memoirs are in fashion; and certainly the market is well provided. We are deluged with them; but the greater part, instead of useful or instructive truth, are the produce of the vapid imaginations of men who have not even the talent of invention, and who overwhelm us with nonsense and falsehood.’—*Preface*, p. 1.

We really think we are reading *Tartuffe*—

‘Oui, mon frère, je suis un méchant, un coupable,  
Un malheureux pécheur, tout plein d'iniquité;  
Le plus grand scélérat qui jamais ait été—  
Chaque jour de ma vie est chargé de souillures.  
Elle n'est qu'un amas de crimes et d'ordures.’ &c.

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And the turn which he gives to this confession is quite equal to anything in Molière:—

‘Let it not be imagined that the *Memoirs* which bear the name of their authors are to be excepted from the disreputable class which I am thus denouncing: on the contrary, these very works (with a very few exceptions) are themselves nothing but a mass of mystifications and impositions still more impudent than the other class.’—*Ibid.*

That is, the genuine memoirs of modern France are still more impudent than the fabricated ones—and he proceeds to show that his own *forgeries* are much more authentic than memoirs actually written by the persons whose names they bear. In support of this paradox, he instances those of Madame de Genlis and Madame Campan as less trustworthy than his fabrications, because, as he asserts, Madame de Genlis gives too favourable an account of her conduct, and that Madame Campan had, in her original manuscript, spoken of the old court, and particularly of Marie Antoinette, in a tone less laudatory than appears in the printed book. Now, admitting for the moment, that the fact were so, it is obvious that M. Lamothe finds it convenient to confound two very different points, which we endeavoured to distinguish in our review of his *Louis XVIII.*—namely, the *authenticity* of a work as regards its being really written by the person whose name it bears—and the *truth* of the facts which it may relate. We then said that

‘The value of *Memoirs*—whether as regards amusement or utility—consists in their authenticity; that is, not merely in the abstract truth of the facts, or the intrinsic justice of the observations, but in their giving the facts and observations as they appeared to, or proceeded from, the individual named in the title-page.’—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xlviii. p. 454.

No one ever expected that any human creature could be entitled to implicit confidence in the account he might give of his own character; but the confessions—the evasions—the contradictions—the apologies—the falsehoods—and even the silence of such publications, serve to develop the real motives of the writer, and to enable the wary reader to arrive, by a balance of evidence, at the ultimate truth. We instanced this by a recent example:—

‘In the voluminous *Memoirs* dictated by Buonaparte to his followers at St. Helena, many of the facts are notoriously false, and most of the circumstances are studiously delusive; but the *Memoirs* are not, on that account, the less characteristic of their author, less entertaining to the casual reader, or less important to the critical history of the man.’—*Ibid.*

M. Lamothe’s attempt, therefore, to confound the self-partialities of Madame de Genlis, or the inconsistencies of Madame Campan, with such a deliberate system of *forgery* as he practices,

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is entirely fallacious. Genuine memoirs will, with all their imperfections, be read for ever, as episodes in the history of human nature; while the fabrications of M. Lamothe have not hitherto outlived the year of their publication—or at least of their detection.

In the course of this strange line of defence, M. Lamothe passes in review many other of these recent Memoirs, and lets us into some secrets concerning their origin, which it may be acceptable to our readers to know.

It is certainly no secret that Madame de Genlis painted herself *en beau*, and that her Memoirs are marked with more than ordinary vanity; but without them we should have a very imperfect knowledge of the true character of that extraordinary woman—who exhibited so curious a combination of folly and good sense; of frivolity and talents; of light conduct and good principles; of so much that excited the pity or contempt of her contemporaries—and of so much that will ensure to her the approbation of posterity.

Of Madame Campan M. Lamothe tells us, that the first draught of her Memoirs was written in a tone of flattery to the Buonaparte dynasty, and of sarcasm and censure on Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the whole of the Bourbon family. Now we must assert that this is a very inaccurate statement. Madame Campan was favoured by Buonaparte, and no doubt was grateful to her benefactor. At his desire, when he was re-establishing a court, she drew up a series of *notes on the etiquettes of the Tuileries*, which he made use of in regulating the ceremonial of his new royalty; but these are altogether distinct from her *Mémoires*, in which, from the first line to the last, her affection and respect for Marie Antoinette are so inseparably interwoven, that, unless they were wholly re-written, it is impossible that M. Lamothe's accusation can be true. Moreover, the Memoirs were not published till after her death, and the original manuscript was openly exhibited in the publisher's shop: some friends have since put forth notes of her conversations and some of her private letters written during the empire, in which the *tone* relative to the Queen is that of the Memoirs; and finally, if she had retouched the Memoirs *after the Restoration*, it could hardly have been with any great partiality to the Bourbons, for she was hardly dealt with by the government of Louis XVIII. In short, the charge—which, after all, is only against Madame Campan personally, and not against the authenticity or substantial truth of her Memoirs—is, we have every reason to believe, quite unfounded. But there are some more recent Memoirs on which M. Lamothe is a more competent authority.

Of Las Cases' voluminous and trashy *Mémorial de St. Hélène*,  
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he gives an account which, without helping his own case a jot, contains an admission which, *valeat quantum*, is worth notice.

'Of the same [bad] character is Las Cases' *Mémorial de St. Hélène*. There a dwarf is bringing down a giant to his own proportions: the whole work seems to have but one object—to puff the sale of Lesage's [Las Cases'] historical atlas. This new style of advertising cannot fail to strike the reader. Napoleon has little share in this book—it is always Las Cases who talks, save in a few pages dictated evidently by the great man. From the return of M. Las Cases, who was in a great hurry to quit St. Helena, (which I shall prove hereafter,) down to 1830, liberalism was in fashion, and the author of the *Mémorial* has given to Napoleon the thoughts and views of Benjamin Constant and Manuel—a great historical aberration! Napoleon was, by his character and his principles, a despot—he was essentially an autocrat. How could he then have dreamed all these sentimental pages of visionary liberalism, constitutional and almost democratic theories, of which, of all things in the world, he had the greatest abhorrence! The *Mémorial* is therefore the work of Las Cases, and not of Napoleon, who would have been much more candid.'—*Preface*, p. viii.

He goes on to say that the Memoirs of Mirabeau—Savary—Robespierre—Suchét—Fouché—Gohier—Thibaudeau—Madame de Fosse-Landry—the Prince of the Peace, &c.,\* are all *supposititious*.—But here, again, he is, we fear, *intentionally* confused and inaccurate; and there appears reason to suspect that he has no other measure of the merit of any of the works he mentions, than his personal friendship or enmity with their editors, most of whom seem to be either rivals or accomplices with whom he has quarrelled. The foregoing list contains three distinct classes, which he chooses to blend into one. Some of them, such as the Memoirs of Robespierre, are mere forgeries, as gross as M. Lamothe's own. Those of Fouché are little better, though M. Alphonse Beauchamp, who compiled them, is said to have had some access to Fouché's papers. But the Memoirs of Gohier, Thibaudeau, and the Prince of the Peace, M. Lamothe confesses were written by the persons themselves; yet he ranges them in the class of *supposititious*, as he had already done those of Mesdames Genlis and Campan, because, forsooth, the authors have not told the whole truth about themselves, and have slurred over certain delicate passages of their respective lives—as if there ever were, or will be, or can be, any autobiographical memoirs to which the same objection may not be made.

\* He admits that the *Memoirs of Madame de Crequi* are—as we showed them to be (*Quart. Rev.* li. p. 391)—a complete forgery by one of his own friends, whose name he does not give; yet such is the bad faith of party, that because these Memoirs libelled the Orleans family, the *Gazette de France* went on to a recent date recommending them as *authentic*; and this same *Gazette de France* professes to be—*nos journaux*—the journal of morality and religion!

The *Memoirs of Mirabeau*, by M. Lucas Montigny, the adopted [natural] son of the great orator, are classed by M. Lamothe in the same category—and this with equal absurdity. That work does not profess to be written by Mirabeau, but by M. Montigny; and M. Lamothe places it in the fictitious class, because impartiality has been sometimes sacrificed to filial piety, and that the father's memory is occasionally honoured at the expense of truth:—the fact is so;—there is partiality, but that does not justify the treating the work as a *forgery*.

But we soon arrive at some of his own exploits:—

'I had originally compiled the *Memoirs of Madame Fars, Vicomtesse de Fosse-Landry*, from materials furnished by that lady, and under a bargain entered into with me by the Baron de P—— on her part. I had divided my work into two volumes; but declining the trouble of superintending the printing, I handed my work to the *author*, who, however, has only made use of my first volume, and has added two other volumes, the pure inventions of a third hand, of which the lady did not dictate a line.'—*Preface*, p. ix.—

with more in the same style, to show that the volume compiled by M. Lamothe is perfectly authentic, while those compiled by his successor must be false. He further tells us that—

'In 1825 it was proposed to me to undertake the compilation of the *Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo* [the notorious Savary]. A M. M—— was the negotiator; but I declined the work; and on my refusal, the Duke de Rovigo *himself* and M. M—— composed this fine piece of work, so droll, so ridiculous, in which the duke makes himself out to be a *little saint*. Could one expect to find here any honest avowals concerning the legal murder of the Duke d'Enghien, the *suicide* of Pichegru, the various attempts on the exiled Bourbons in different parts of Europe, and especially the attempt to poison Louis XVIII. at Warsaw? No, assuredly; not a word of all that is to be found; and yet this noble duke of the new régime must have had some curious details to have given us on these points.'—*Preface*, p. vi.

The historical character here given of Savary's *Memoirs* is perfectly just; but it seems that they are not to be considered *authentic*, because Savary wrote them *himself*, instead of prevailing on M. Lamothe to hold his pen: in which latter case, M. Lamothe would have considered them perfectly genuine; though we must beg to be excused for doubting whether they would have contained a syllable more about the murder of Pichegru or the Duke d'Enghien.

From all these examples M. Lamothe very gravely pretends to confirm his doctrine, that *Memoirs*, to be *authentic*, should be written by *any one* rather than the person whose name they bear.

'He that writes under his own name must necessarily conceal the most condemnatory facts, and pass lightly over every point that may

be in any degree ticklish—good manners, decency, must stifle truth—and the public receives nothing but a monotonous series of prosaic eulogies; but on the other hand, when you assume a name as a mask, you study the character of the personage in whose name you write—you confound, imbue yourself with him—you speak his language, you develope his ideas, and by a union of art and study, you identify yourself with him, and the illusion is complete. In addition to which, you enjoy a degree of freedom which the supposed author could not—you have neither his friendships nor his enmities, nor his prejudices nor his opinions to warp you, and you are consequently a better judge of men and things than the author himself could possibly have been.’—*Preface*, p. xiii.

You imbue and identify yourself with the man, and yet you have neither his opinions nor his prejudices! But this whole passage we take to be the very perfection of the effrontery of paradox: it is only to be equalled by the old story of the Roman actor who contended that he squeaked much more naturally than a real pig which was concealed under the cloak of his competitor. ‘It is on this principle,’ he adds, ‘that he composed his own works,’ of which the first he mentions is the *Mémoires* of Madame du Barri. This book, he tells us, was built on the foundation of a novel which he had previously written, called *Le Chancelier et le Censeur*; in other words, when the manufacture of memoirs became a profitable trade, this gentleman had the tact to vamp up his old romances into the more saleable form, just as he hashed up the diary of Buchaumont into the *Mémoires* of Louis XVIII. The account he now gives of that work is still more amusing than his former pretences:—

‘The wish of an august personage imposed on me the task, which I completed in fourteen volumes, of the *Memoirs* of H. M. Louis XVIII., king of France and Navarre. There I had to work up large and important materials. That great sovereign himself—though dead—presided over my work—I received from his *closet* [cabinet] the documents which guided me, and which enabled me to dilate on the character of that prince, towards whom his contemporaries have been so unjust.’—*Preface*, p. xv.

Again—could we suppose the author to be speaking seriously—could we for a moment suspect him of any intention beyond that of a clever hoax upon the gulls of the circulating library—we should say to this industrious book-maker, *Mentiris impudentissime!* You had no authority from that royal person. Alive or dead, he never gave nor bequeathed you the slightest sanction—you did not receive a single document from his cabinet; and so far are you from having done him justice, that if any one could have really believed in your forgeries, you would have placed his character lower than any libeller ever endeavoured to reduce it.

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You knew nothing personally about him; and your whole work, as we abundantly and unanswerably showed, was made up of tittle-tattle already in print, and to which the only novelty you gave was that of the immense and ridiculous blunders you made in the confection of your patch-work.

It really exceeds 'all power of face' that we ever met, that the author of so long and, to the public, so expensive a fraud—assuming not only the person of the King as the *author*, but even that of the Duke de D——, as the *editor*—should now tell us that HE—M. Lamothe, alias the Baron de la Mothe Langon, was both the *author* and *editor* of those Memoirs! He adds—

'I have here in my favor the suffrage of the sharpest intellect and most subtle heart of the kingdom, who however was partly in error—for he thought that I had admission to the ante-chamber of the king's cabinet—as he said publicly in London—whereas in fact I was in the cabinet itself.'—*Preface*, p. xv.

It is very true that Prince Talleyrand, for some reason best known to himself, did in London, after the 'Three Days,' profess to believe that this work had some degree of authenticity; but as he was also known to have said, '*that speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts*'—all the world immediately concluded that the book was—as it turned out to be—an egregious forgery. That a line—a word—a letter of this voluminous *fiction* ever came out of the king's cabinet or even ante-chamber, neither Prince Talleyrand, or any one else who knew anything of the matter, could for a moment have believed.

As everything has its acmé, so the jocular impudence of M. Lamothe has a pinnacle beyond those that we have hitherto reached. He calls these two works—disgraceful in every way, 'his two *honourable* successes.'—There we leave him.

The *Après-Diners* of his Serene Highness Cambacères are below contempt for obvious falsehood and unreadable dullness—there is not, we believe, one single word of truth in the four volumes—nor have we found one single sentence which could interest or amuse any reader; these are the dregs of M. Lamothe, whose best productions are the dregs of all other writers, and we believe that there is not one single library table in England which will load itself with such absurd, incongruous, wearisome, offensive, and altogether execrable stuff. The four volumes cost us *forty shillings*—they are not worth *one penny*!

ART. V.—*Original Letters, Manuscripts, and State Papers.*  
Collected by W. Upcott. London, 1836.

‘IT may be doubted,’ as Mr. M’Leod would observe, whether we profit materially by any person’s experience but our own, as to the line of conduct to be pursued under particular circumstances. But in the formation of that tone of temper and character which will direct or modify our conduct on all occasions, no one can doubt the efficacy of those lessons which the experience of others conveys. The longer the experience, the more in number and the greater in weight are the instructions which we derive from it, which is the simple reason why history, properly written, is one of the most effective of moral teachers. It was in this higher character that a great writer considered it, when he said that ‘history was philosophy teaching by examples.’ But in morals all depends on circumstances. An example, whether real or fictitious, can teach us nothing, if it contains only dry facts. The fact that a wolf eat a lamb, without the ingenious conversation which precedes that operation in the fable, would hardly teach us that the strong never want a pretence when they are inclined to oppress the weak. The mischief of a great many histories, and those of no mean account, is, that they are quite contented with giving an agreeable narrative of naked facts, from which we can gather nothing beyond the facts themselves. The evil is not by any means corrected by the exercise of the imagination in forming a theory to account for the facts, for hypothesis is a very sandy sort of a foundation for moral teaching. The pictures with which the geologists present us of palæotheria, megalotheria, iguanodons—beasts with fishes’ tails and beasts with birds’ tails—may perhaps gratify the lively imaginations of these brilliant philosophers and indefatigable gourmands. Content with finding two or three bones, they make none of clothing them with flesh and skin, and then assuring us that we possess a portrait, to the life, of the monsters of some millions of centuries ago. But we are not all men of genius, like the gastro-patetics, and the question, after all, is,—Is the picture like? Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, when he held poor Yorick’s skull in his hand, could have easily, in his mind’s eye, reinvested it with its proper lineaments and complexion. He knew well enough whether the jester had cherry cheeks, a turn-up nose, flaxen hair, and blue eyes, as became a Danish jester; while, if some one who never saw Yorick had drawn a picture of him as a gentleman of melancholic complexion, hazel eyes, black hair, and aquiline nose, the accuracy of the likeness would have been rather damaged by the nose being  
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of the wrong shape, and the eyes, hair, and complexion of the wrong colour. Even so is it with history. The *facts* are Yorick's skull, or the two or three bones of the ichthyosaurus, which some historians leave as dry bones still, while others create pictures from them just as veracious, doubtless, and as correct as those of the geologists.

All this is in the natural course of things. The chronicler of the day cannot be expected to stop and explain his own and his contemporaries' feelings on all subjects of morality, taste, and feeling, for to him they cannot appear worth recording, although the light in which the facts of his chronicle are to be viewed wholly depends on them. Still less would it be reasonable to expect, from the good monk of the tenth or eleventh century, that he should accompany his tale of murder or of war by an exposition of the motives which led to them, when those motives were perhaps not very fully understood by the principal agents in these bloody scenes. Whether St. Thos. A'Becket's murder was the natural consequence of his seeking the aggrandisement of his order by right or by wrong; whether he was the victim of his righteous resolution to maintain those privileges, without which he knew that in those ages neither the light of the gospel nor civilization could be extended; or whether, finally, as a modern French historian suggests, it arose from his patriotic resolution to uphold his Saxon countrymen in their wish to save some of the honours and benefits of the English professions from the grasp of the greedy Normans, are questions which the *Quadrilogus* cannot be expected to answer. To the chronicler, the murder of Becket is the murder of Becket, and it is nothing more. To what quarter, then, are we to look for the magic by which we may make the dry bones live again? We answer, unhesitatingly, to the letters of the day, if there are any. We say so, not because they will contain any elaborate description of the feelings, or *exposé* of the views of the age to which they belong, but because they must be written, to a great extent, in the spirit of the age when their writers lived. Most men *try* to live in that spirit, and the few who, from wisdom or caprice, seek to escape it, can succeed only partially. They are brought up in it, formed in it and by it, and it impresses its stamp deep upon them in the passive years of childhood and youth. Their mind can no more avoid drinking in this spirit than their lungs can refuse to breathe the atmosphere which surrounds them. They who feel most deeply the many evils which flow from the utilitarian views of this luxurious age, would find, on a calm review, that they are themselves infected with its utilitarian and luxurious principles, in a measure which, without such examination, they would scarcely credit. The letters, there-  
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fore, of a particular age must of necessity represent its judgment of moral and political questions, its feelings, and its social condition, and must faithfully convey to us the hopes and fears which animated and checked mankind, and by which their conduct was materially directed. The events of the day—the writers' feelings towards their neighbours and their neighbours' feelings towards them—their comments on the ordinary course of things around them—these are precious records for all who wish to study mankind and morals in history; for these things, and these alone, can enable us fully to appreciate the temper and spirit in which the acts commemorated by history were done. We denounce acts done in an age when law was laughed at, and the only human protection to which a man could look was in his own right arm and his own courage, as if they were as criminal as they would be in the days of Chief Justice Denman and Mr. Attorney General Campbell; and till we come to place ourselves in the condition of those who did such acts, or, as the phrase in the religious world is, *realise* their condition, our judgments will always be thus wrong and absurd. It is very true that some historians profess to use letters, and that some have actually used them in a small degree. But, considering their great value, they have never been used as they deserve; and, in very many cases, their existence seems to be hardly known to historians themselves. It is, perhaps, more to their credit to put the matter on this footing, than to suppose that they *did* know of the existence and the contents of letters, and yet neglected to use them. Yet there is, perhaps, no department of literature so rich in materials, and that from a very early period. Of Cicero and Pliny it must be unnecessary to say anything here. Nor is this the place to enter further into the merits of Seneca's letters than to say, that they who expect to find in them only philosophical essays will be very agreeably disappointed. We remember, at the moment, a description of the old and modern style of baths in Seneca's letters, which is truly graphic; and a picture of domestic slavery, which lets one more into the condition of society than almost any record of that age.

The letters of churchmen begin at an early period, and are of the highest value. Cyprian's letters are, perhaps, the most valuable part of his works, and throw great light on history, on manners, and on opinions. The collections of the letters of Basil, Augustin, and Jerome, will occur to every reader. But we mean to descend at once to a much later period, and one where, from the supposed 'darkness' of the age, such light must be esteemed peculiarly precious. There are collections extant of letters which throw full light on the state of manners in France, Italy, and England

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England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. For example, we have the letters of two bishops of Chartres in the eleventh century, Bishop Fulbert, near the beginning, and Bishop Ivo, near the close of it; and subsequently those of Stephen, Bishop of Tournay. For Italy we have Gerbert's Letters (Pope Silvester II.) at the very beginning of the eleventh (or rather, the close of the tenth) century, and then Cardinal Damiani's. The history of England and France is so mixed up that what relates to one relates to the other. We have Anselm's three books of Letters, which give us Normandy and England perfectly in the time of William the Conqueror and William Rufus; John of Salisbury, who continues it at a later period, the reign of Henry II., which is most fully and perfectly illustrated by the most entertaining of all these letter writers, Peter of Blois, Archdeacon of London. The enormous collection of St. Bernard's letters may be said to illustrate the condition of France most especially, although it throws no small light on other parts of Europe; while the small collection of Peter Abelard's letters are of inestimable value in showing us the state of learning and of education at the same period.

We esteem these letters (and there are many others which it is not our purpose to enumerate \*) to be at once so valuable, and so extremely amusing, that we should be exceedingly glad to turn attention to them. For this purpose we shall give a few extracts from several of them, but more especially from those of Peter of Blois, whose life might be written from his letters, who probably saw as much, or more, than any person of his time, of life and manners in Italy, Sicily, France, and England, and who had a most fortunate habit of commenting on great part of what he did see. It would appear that the writers kept copies of their correspondence, for Peter of Blois collected and published his own letters by desire of Henry II.; and from various expressions of Cardinal Damiani it appears that he was sensible of the use which would be made of his letters at the time when they were written, *i. e.* that they would be shown and canvassed. This, however, will not diminish the value of the letters to any one who knows them. For it is impossible, after reading even a small number of them, to mistake their nature, or to doubt that they were actually letters of business, written expressly *rebus agendis*.

It seems to us to be no small boon to those who wish to have some notion of the common, every-day life, of Italy or England, about the time of William the Conqueror, and rather before his

\* Petrarch's letters, to come down later, are of the highest value. They are often poems in prose; and, where they are not so, they are precious as throwing light on manners. Later again we have Scaliger, Vossius, Baudius, Casaubon; and in a different style, Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin.

day, to know that they can acquire it without any difficulty from these letters, and that they can very often get the picture, not in mere outline, but very tolerably filled up and coloured in the most lively manner. No doubt the philosopher knows beforehand, upon deliberate reflection, that it was almost as hot in Italy then as it is now, and that, strange to tell, our good forefathers must have eaten and drunk, and when they had eaten and drunk too much, must have taken physic; that they rode on horseback, and that, if they had horses, they must have bought them, inasmuch as *giving* was never an universal practice—and that, somehow or other, horsedealing is a sad swindling sort of a trade at all times and in all places; that knives and forks do not, like reading and writing, come by nature, and that our progenitors must have either invented them or (as fingers were invented first) must have followed the pleasant Oriental fashion of using *them* as the vehicle from the platter to the lips; that they were cold in winter and liked to warm themselves, with many other strange marvels of the same kind. But this deep and abstract knowledge, acquired by the philosopher in his hours of meditation on the past, is a very different thing from actually having our ancestors, in person, brought before us travelling, buying, eating, drinking, taking physic, and horsedealing. Yet all this is done by means of a very few of these collections of letters; and the Sir Walter Scott of the future age, if another such mighty magician should ever arise, will have even less occasion to supply any deficiency in the rich stores of his knowledge from the yet richer stores of his imagination, if he will amuse himself by running over Fulbert and Ivo, Damiani and Anselm, Peter of Blois and John of Salisbury.

To take an example or two. Peter Damiani is writing to the Lady Blanche, once a petty princess, who had entered into a convent, and among other topics of necessary exhortation, dwells at no small length on the bad living in the convent as compared with 'the very savoury and almost royal feasts with which her slender and delicate body had been nourished from the beginning of her sucking infancy.' He fears that the potherbs and the other common fare of the nuns will not be very agreeable to one who had been accustomed to 'delicacies brought over the sea,' and made more delicate still 'with Indian sauces.' To warn her, however, of the great danger of setting her heart on luxurious living, he proceeds to tell her a story which he had heard from a person of veracity. The Doge of Venice had married a lady from Constantinople whose luxury surpassed all imagination. She would not even wash in common water, but had the cruelty to compel her servants to collect rain-water for her! Her chamber was perfumed with aromatics so many in number, that Da-

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miani would have been quite ashamed to mention them, and no one would believe him if he had. But, what is most monstrous, this wicked creature would not eat with her fingers, but absolutely had her food cut into pieces, rather small (*minutius*), by her attendants, and then—she actually conveyed them to her mouth with certain golden two-pronged forks!\* With the judgments which of course befell this profligate slave of luxury we are not concerned, but we at least discover the important fact, that the luxury of forks was a novelty in Italy in Damiani's days, *i. e.* about the time of William the Conqueror†.

On another occasion the good cardinal writes a letter of exhortation to the Countess Guilla, just married to the Marquis Rainerius, on her duties as a married woman. The marquis's family was of eminent rank, but his house bore a very bad character for its morality and for extortions and oppressions of the poor. Damiani strongly advises the countess to set all this to rights and establish a strict discipline. Strange to say, he does not seem to doubt that the lady would be quite ready to lay down the law, as far as her inclinations went, although she might doubt her power. Italian princes in the eleventh century were rather difficult personages to deal with. They had an awkward way of depriving their ladies occasionally of their liberty, and occasionally of their heads. Damiani, however, assures the Lady Guilla that if she managed well, she might always manage her liege lord. We must do him the justice to say that he takes for granted that she will always be in the right, which is gallant, though not complimentary to his own sex. However, the fact that the other sex could *hope* to deal with the rough and violent warriors of that age, and manage them, puts things in a somewhat new light. We have cited the letter, however, (*lib. vii. 18.*) for another purpose. He warns the lady of the judgments which await oppression, and illustrates what he says by a story truly descriptive of the manners of Italy in Damiani's time. He tells her that she has a clear warning in the fate of a near connexion. Her father-in-law, the Marquis Uguzo, had an uterine brother, the Count Hubert, who lived at a castle called Sciffena. The countess (wanting, it would seem, a dinner) carried off a pig from a widow close by, set her cooks hard to work on it ‡, and when it was ready sat down to dinner.

\* Damiani's Latin phrase is indeed inimitable:—*Quæ mox illa quibusdam fuscis aureis, atque bidentibus (i. e. bident tridents), ori suo liguriens adhibebat.*—*Pet. Dam. Epp. lib. vii. Ep. xix., p. 79.*

† Ivo of Chartres sent a long letter of thanks to a person who sent him a present of an ivory or bone comb, which he calls '*Instrumentum nivei candoris ad ordinandos recte capillos.*'—*Ep. vi.*

‡ It would seem to have been a great affair. Damiani says, '*Eoquæ (i. e. the pig) per coquorum industrias ad edulium preparato, pransura discubuit.*'

The widow had often begged that the victim, as Damiani calls it, might be given back to her, but the countess, having snuffed up the savour of roast pig 'in her mind's nose,' turned a deaf ear to all solicitations. The widow, nothing daunted, broke in upon her in the very act of eating the pig, and (very reasonably) begged that she might at least have a taste of this pig of her own feeding. 'Let me,' she said, 'though not thought worthy to enjoy in the accustomed way what I nursed and fed so carefully, at least have a taste of its last savour.' The proud matron not only refused her a morsel of the pig, but told her, in the most insolent manner, that she should have none. But the very same day, after dinner, 'having thus fattened her stomach by this robbery of another person,' she went out for a stroll, and sat down under the side of the castle moat. While she was there, some of the fortifications above gave away, and towers and earth came down on her. They set men to dig her out, but the weight which had fallen on her was such as to have beaten her to atoms, or, as the cardinal says in his pointed way, 'she who had denied a piece of pork to the widow, was smashed into pieces herself.'

The domestic functions and relations of the ladies are indeed frequently illustrated in these letters. Damiani (Ep. viii. 3) writes to a man of rank to say that he hears with great regret that his love to his wife induced him to pass over his mother, and allow her 'no right of dominion in ordering the household affairs.' 'Perhaps,' says Damiani, (who probably knew the dame well,) 'you will say, My mother often irritates me and annoys my wife and myself with hard words. We really cannot bear her abuse, or tolerate the annoyance of all her perverseness.' The bearing it all with kindness and giving civil answers, when 'sprinkled with the salt of abusive words,' would, as Damiani suggests, increase the son's merit. 'Yesterday, too,' he adds, 'after vespers I heard this anecdote from Pope Alexander (II.), that one Arderic, of Milan, had been married, and that when preparation for the wedding feast was going on, the *artiste* complained that he had not enough sauce allowed him. Arderic was very angry, and attacked his mother—[who, obviously, had the charge of the pickle closet]; she declared in reply that she had given out quite enough to the servants—[who had probably eaten it all up]. Arderic slapped her face, on which his own cheek became diseased and putrid, and was never cured till his mother kindly forgave him; and going to the church of the blessed martyr St. Nazarius, by prostrations, offerings, prayers, and tears, obtained his recovery.'

Now that we are speaking of letters to ladies, Damiani's correspondence with the Empress Agnes, the widow of the Emperor Henry III., who, in despair at losing, not her husband, but the management

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management of her son and the reins of government, came to Rome, as the French say, to throw herself into religion, riding on a very shabby donkey, and in a very shabby dress, is quite imitable, but far too long to be translated. Her majesty was very vehement at first, and was ready for any excesses of devotion; but it appears that she never could manage the point of refusing the good things at dinner. At first she was much grieved at this, and consulted Damiani on the point, and on stranger matters still, through the Bishop of Como. But after a time her good intentions and her good practices seem to have died away. She could not manage to be alone without sad low spirits. Damiani wrote and wrote in vain to raise her spirits and her views together; but it would not do. In an evil hour, it seems, he assented to a tour in Germany to divert her mind, and it appears very doubtful whether her imperial majesty (who was not *sans reproche*, at least,) did not use that opportunity to make off altogether. He wrote again, at all events, in great fear of this catastrophe, and exhausted all his tropes in seeking to recall her. She must have been hard to move indeed if she withstood his prayer that 'her stomach might turn at the hall of the imperial palace, and that the fisherman's net might be the only pleasant savour to her nostrils.'\*

Before we leave Damiani's letters (which are contained in eight books) we must strongly recommend them as full of curious historical matters. The writer had lived on terms of familiarity with

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\* The case of her imperial majesty may be well cited as one of those which show how little we know of what makes the most valuable part of history—the true exhibition of the tempers and feelings of humanity. That the Empress Agnes, on her son's being withdrawn from her guardianship, resolved to retire, and that she was at Rome, are facts recorded by several historians who contradict one another on other points. If we turn to the volumes of the *'Germanicarum Rerum Scriptores'* (and most amusing they are) we find Godfrey of Viterbo (vol. ii. p. 498,) saying that after her son was taken away she went at once to a monastery and thence to Rome, where she made some stay, then died, and was buried in the church of St. Petronilla; and Sigebert of Gembloux (vol. i. p. 600) agrees with this view of the case. But Lambert of Schafnaburg (vol. i. p. 167) says that she resolved to lead a private life, and would at once have gone to a monastery, but that her friends' mature advice prevented her. This was A.D. 1063. In A.D. 1072 Lambert says that her son met her at Worms, and that she had come from transalpine parts, where she had lived for six years or more in great severity. She came to settle a quarrel, and had a great retinue of monks, &c.; but as soon as the question was settled, she left her son, that it might not be supposed that she came for any ambitious views. Here we lose sight of her in these historians. But from Damiani it appears that her austerities never related to *eating and drinking*, and he clearly knew that she was not gone to Worms merely for a short interview, but that she was in great danger of being corrupted by the pleasures of the imperial palace.

All that is clear is that she went once to Rome, and that she was again in Germany. The historians who say that she died after a short stay in Rome are clearly ill-informed.

many of the great men of his age. We find him writing to the Emperor Henry II. to beg for the release of a poor prisoner, reminding him of his promise to that effect when he (Damiani) left his majesty at a particular monastery—thanking him for having expelled from the archbishopric of Ravenna a regular jobber—and warning him that this man is trying to get back by writing to persons at Ravenna, and promising that they shall be allowed to do what they will with the church property. This is exactly such a bishop as these plunderers like, and Damiani writes and warns the emperor of the intrigues going on.

After the emperor's death, Damiani wrote to his son to point out to him his duty as to the schism about the popedom, and to tell him the strong suspicions entertained that persons at his court purposely *encouraged* the schism on political grounds. The pseudo-pope is saluted with a volley of epithets not remarkable for their gentleness or refinement, and Damiani uses very straightforward language to the royal personage himself. As a specimen of the *vituperative*, indeed, Damiani's character of this pseudo-pope is so ingenious that it is worth extracting, the more especially as it may tempt many readers to seek further into his works.

'Cadalous, that old dragon, that disturber of the church, that destroyer of apostolic discipline, that enemy of the salvation of mankind, that root of sin, that preacher of the devil, that apostle of Antichrist (and why should I say more?)'—[*why*, indeed, when one would think that he had ransacked the dictionary already for abuse—but he was only *beginning*];—'that arrow from the devil's quiver, that rod of Assur, that son of Belial, that son of perdition who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called good, or that is worshipped [the real pope?],—that whirlpool of lust, that shipwreck of chastity, that disgrace to Christians, that shame to the priesthood, that generation of vipers, that stench of the world, that filthiness of the age, that disgrace of the universe\*, that slippery serpent, that twisting snake, that dung of mankind, that cesspool of crimes, that abomination of heaven, that outcast of Paradise, that food for hell, that stubble for eternal fire!'

The conclusion of the letter, considering that it is to a royal personage, is tolerably plain.

'If you destroy this Cadalous, like another Constantine, may God grant that you be emperor and overcome all your enemies; but if you shuffle, if you avoid blotting out this mischief to the world, &c. &c., I restrain my spirit, and leave the rest to be understood.'

We adverted to the case of the Empress Agnes as it appears

\* In the original there is here a parenthesis (Attexantur adhuc Epitheta Cadaloi, catalogus videlicet nominis tenebrosi).

from Damiani; but if we look to the religious ladies of France, we find some pleasanter pictures of their habits of life. There is one in the notes to Anselm's Letters (Ep. ii. 26) which is well worth notice. Three aged ladies lived close to the monastery of Bec, instead of entering into any religious house. Their liberality to the convent was unbounded, and they received all kind attentions from the monks in return. Two of them died in peace, and of their future lot we have no account. The survivor continued the same habits of devotion, and in the last extreme of weakness still attended the church daily. So deeply was the scene of her devotion impressed on her thoughts, and so wholly were they occupied with it, that even when carried home and sitting by the fire, she still constantly thought herself in church. She promised, it seems, to appear after her death to a particular monk, and did so. She was sentenced, she told him, to sixty years of purgatory. When he asked, in surprise, how one so truly amiable and pious had deserved the sentence, she replied that it fell upon her in consequence of her fondness for her *little dogs* and other like vanities! The whole of the little quiet history is very pleasantly told, and the delicacy with which this gentle hint to elderly ladies, whether maiden or widow, about little dogs is conveyed, will, we hope, be duly appreciated.

Among the many features of society which are thus set before us, it is very natural that, in the writings of the clergy, monastic life should hold no secondary place. The pictures which these letters present of it are—as they will easily believe who know how false and ignorant a view of actual life common histories (of high character, too) offer—anything but what is commonly imagined. It is true, doubtless, that, as we have often been told, we find constant praises of solitude and virginity; that (in Anselm's Letters especially) an exhortation to become religious, means an exhortation to become *a Religious*, and that this is represented as the only proof of real faith. But, allowing all this, the real picture has no other point of resemblance. For example, the monks, instead of being shut up in durance vile, as we fancy, were in a perpetual state of locomotion, and constantly abandoning one monastery to betake themselves to another, greatly to the discontent of their venerable superiors. *How* all this was effected, *how* the monks effected their escape, is quite another matter—but go they did. Letter after letter of angry remonstrance occurs, addressed to the fugitive, or the superior of the monastery which had received him. It appears clearly that this was the outlet for that sort of fanatic restlessness which in these days vents itself in every imaginable form of societies, in all the *luxury*, so to say, of absurd scrupulosity, or the capriccios of religious fancy. The fanatic of those

those days retired to a convent. When his zeal had exhaled a little, and the flame required fanning, he heard of another monastery, stricter and more severe, and fled to it at once to gratify his desire for fresh excitement. Thus we find a letter from Peter of Blois (Ep. 86) to a monk who had formerly been a fellow-student of his in civil law, and had then become a Carthusian, but resolved to leave the Carthusians *because they did not say mass every day*—an omission, by the way, which Peter stoutly defends. St. Bernard abounds with such remonstrances. His first letter would be a sufficient specimen. Occasionally, indeed, the case was different. The monk fled, not because the discipline was not severe enough, but because it was too severe; and then all sorts of lures and exhortations were held out to him to return.

It would seem, indeed, that if by chance the fugitive monks were *caught*, they did not fare very well, as we have constantly letters of intercession in their favour from bishops to the abbots who had succeeded in catching them.\* The poverty and distress of the convents, and their want of the necessities of life, was another feature of ancient society which we little expect. To find Anselm writing to Archbishop Lanfranc, and telling him that *oatmeal* and *beans* had been so dear for a long time that the great monastery of Bec was in the depths of difficulty, and that dreadful as the last year's suffering had been, the next would be worse (Ans. lib. ii. 1); to find the good archbishop assisting them with twenty pounds; and to hear moving complaints of the distress occasioned to the monks by the *town-toll*, which was rigorously exacted even on the pot-herbs which composed their scanty *cuisine*, would certainly be quite new matter to most readers.†

But, again, it is clear enough, that with all the inclination which many had for a monastic life, there was a very large body of men, too, who had no sort of liking for it at all, and who, if in an incautious moment they had given any hint of a wish to enter a monastery, were very rapid in retreating on their steps. Thus we find our friend Peter of Blois (Ep. xi.) collecting all the arguments which his ingenuity could supply, through above two pages of close printing in quarto, in order to persuade a poor old man, who had made a vow to turn monk, and was then persuaded by his friends that he would do a very foolish thing, to keep to his resolution. But in one of Damiani's letters (lib. viii. 6) there is a curious case, where a *lawyer* had made a vow, or signified an intention of this kind, and then repented. On being pressed to

\* See Anselm, Epp. lib. ii., 8. 23. 27, and iii. 12.

† Peter of Blois' 105th Letter to the Monks of Fountain's Abbey, to comfort them under their fear of wanting food from the harvest failing.

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keep his vow, the wily jurisconsult put them upon giving proof that he was under any *legal* obligation to enter a monastery; challenged them, as we should say, to point out under what clause of what act he could be caught—offered, that is to say, to meet them in the Codex or the Digests! The mention of the Digests leads us to notice the picture of the lawyers given at this period. It is melancholy to relate that they certainly laboured under the burthen of a bad reputation. The description which Peter of Blois gives of them contains features which, at the present day, would be deemed incredible! The lawyers of the twelfth century were actually venal, and encouraged litigation!

‘I deny it not,’ says Peter, ‘it is good to know the law, but not to make a profit of it. In these days advocates are the slaves of avarice. The once venerable name and glorious profession of an advocate is disgraced by their notorious venality. These wretched persons let out their tongues to hire, buy law suits, are ready to dissolve lawful marriages, to break friendships, to kindle old quarrels again, break bargains, shuffle off agreements, get rid of rights, and lay all sorts of snares and traps for catching money, so as to pervert all justice! An advocate ought to give gratis what he has received gratis; to plead the cause of the fatherless and widow, for the good of the Church (!) and State—*asking for no fee*, but taking what is offered (!); saving the helpless from him that is stronger than her, and the poor and needy from them that plunder him. A small and honourable income would be far better for a lawyer than swelling out his money-bags through right and wrong,’ &c. &c.—*Peter of Blois*, Ep. 140.

Taking no fees but such as are offered, and protecting the poor and needy! A very pretty vocation indeed! Very poor notions of law had Archdeacon Peter! At another time he warns a friend against the Pandect, as

‘*an inscrutable abyss*, a wood full of thickets, a sea without a shore, a study in which a whole life may be spent for mere ambition and vain glory. The study of jurisprudence is,’ he says, ‘positively immodest, for this science, like a harlot, exposes itself for gain. All the wares which it has bought by study at Vanity-fair (*vanitatis nundinæ*) it venally and impudently exposes for sale to the best bidder. As to promoting peace, it is busy in a world of legal quibbles about actions, and contracts, and forms of pleading, appeals, obligations, &c. &c., simply to stir up strife. St. Jerome tells us he was flogged almost to death by an angel because he had given up too much time to the art of speaking; and Chrysostom, who knew the law well, thought the profession so disgraceful that he would never plead a cause even for his relations.’—*ibid.*, Ep. 26.

Such is the picture of the practice of the law drawn by Peter of Blois. The manners and morals of the army seem also to have been at a very low ebb, if we may trust our garrulous friend.

Thus does he write to a certain brother-archdeacon, who had two nephews in that profession:—

‘I cannot endure the pride and arrogance of your nephews, who are always boasting of the superiority of a military life to the ministry. The clerical profession they strive to bring into disrepute by all sorts of scandal, and to throw opprobrium and contempt on the lives and conduct of the churchmen. Surely they do not raise themselves by abuse of our order. If they were really soldiers, or knew what belonged to the profession of arms, they would pay deference to the clergy, and from the modesty proper to youth, restrain their scurrility. But the order of soldiers now-a-days is to have *no order*. He who talks most filthily, swears the most blasphemously, fears God least, reviles God’s ministers, and has no reverence for the church, that man is reckoned the bravest and most famous man in the army. That nephews of yours should learn all this is really terrible, as from their cradles they never saw or learnt anything but modesty or honesty from you. But, like young men, as soon as they got among their army companions they learnt all their profligacy. In former ages there was a military oath to defend one’s country, &c. &c.; and even now the young soldiers receive their swords from the altar, and swear that they are sons of the church, and will use their sword to defend the priesthood, protect the poor, &c. &c. But they do the very contrary, for no sooner is the sword belted on than they attack the church, and plunder the poor in the most pitiless manner. They who ought to fight against the enemies of Christ spend their time in drinking bouts, idleness and cramming, and disgrace the name of soldiers by a degenerate life passed in every kind of uncleanness. Nothing can be worse for an army than idleness.’—Ep. 94.

The archdeacon then, at fearful length, shows his great knowledge of generalship, and quotes Frontinus, Dio, Vegetius, Justin, &c. on the management of troops, to say nothing of a reference to Gideon’s army.

‘But our soldiers, now-a-days, are nourished in delicacies, and give themselves up to sensual pleasures. (*In cule curanda*, &c. &c.) If they are going on an expedition the baggage horses are laden with *wine*, not *iron*; with *cheeses*, not *lances*; with *bladders*, not *swords*; with *spits*, not *spears*. You would think they were going to a junket, and not a battle. They carry shields capitably gilt, but they are more eager for plunder than fighting, and bring them back without a scratch. Yet they have pictures of wars and cavalry battles on their *saddles* and *shields*, in order that, though they dare not go into battle or see it actually, they may know what it is like. When they return from an expedition without a scratch, nay, with all their accoutrements whole, they set-to at a drinking bout. (“*Crateras igitur leti statuunt*,” &c. &c.) They prate and let loose their wanton tongues in slanders against innocent men, in rage against God’s servants, in comparisons of their wonderful labours and the ease of priests. One thing they soon agree upon, namely, to carry off our tithes, not to pay them to the church and clergy, not to fear excommunication, not to reverence the church, to

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maltreat priests; and, if their fathers or grandfathers have bestowed anything for the service of the church, to make the bounty void. Now, if you admit your nephews to your table, you are not excusable if you allow them there to prate against the clergy, and wanton against the church. It may be true that your nephew S. has acquired on some occasions (perhaps on *one*) the usual military titles, but he ought not to be insolent to the church on that account. Nothing can lessen merit more than everlasting boasting of it, and talking of the acts of *one day every day* in the year.—*ibid.*

We see what the law and the army were in England in the days of Henry II. Let us inquire what was the condition of the country parts of England at that period. There is a letter of Peter of Blois to Henry II. himself, (Ep. 95,) in which he states that he feels it his duty to lay before the king the conduct of some of his own officers, as it constantly happens that the person who ought to know a bad story first is the very one that knows it the last. If this is the case in private families, no one can blame the king for its being the case with him when his dominions were so extensive :—

‘Your justices in eyre,’ says he, ‘who are sent to check other men’s faults, have a great many of their own. They hide men’s crimes from favour, or fear, or relationship, or for money. The numberless officers of the verderors or sheriffs satisfy their own rapacity by plundering the poor, laying plots for the foolish; they exult in evil, are quite pleased when they have done wrong, and fatten on the tears of widows, the starvation of orphans, the nakedness of the poor. The Book of Wisdom says, “as the wild ass is the lion’s prey in the wilderness, so the rich (*i. e.* the sheriffs, verderors, and the assessors) eat and drink up the poor.” The multitude of them is such that, like locusts, when one is gone another comes, and what one leaves the other devours, as Joel (ch. i. 4) says, “That which the palmer-worm hath left the locust hath eaten.” These people are like the gulls eating the fish, whom St. Martin drove away, saying, This is the form of devils. They are the king’s bloodsuckers, always thirsty, and drinking other people’s blood. We read of Samuel that he went in circuit, and returned to his own house, for he dwelt there, which shows [not very clearly] that he took neither eatables nor drinkables from his circuit. He, therefore, could say, “Whose ox have I taken?” But now-a-days an innocent man is accused for cutting wood, for killing game, for concealing the droits of the crown, for not paying the tax, for not attending the hundred court or the aleMOTE, for not treating the king’s officers, &c. when the poor wretch had not bread for his wife and children. But even this would be bearable, if the man might plead his poverty. The words, however, and oaths of the poor are all in vain with these gentry. “Contemnere fulmina,” &c. We know it is said, that Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: but your majesty’s justices in eyre, who judge the poor, hunger and thirst after nothing but money. Your higher officers appoint no one except from expectation

of a bribe, or for relationship, either by nature or at nurse. Men of respectability and prudence are indignant at being subject to the jurisdiction of persons whom they know to be of low birth and without character, whose only claim is their relationship, their obsequiousness, or their bribery. This, most gracious prince, you can hardly know. You would willingly listen to the cry of the poor, but the poor is afraid to complain of his oppressor, for fear of still worse injury. If any one, again, in indignation at the oppression practised, complains of these wretched subalterns, the great men who appointed them bear him malice, and stir up every one else at court against him. They quarrel enough, to be sure, and hate one another, but when the malpractices of any one are attacked they all unite in the defence of them, and stick together—[Peter's favourite comparison]—like the scales of the behemoth. If causes are tried in your highness's presence, or before your chief justice, there is no place for bribery or favour, all goes on equitably, and your sentences do not exceed, in the least degree, the bounds of moderation. But if a poor man's cause goes to the petty judges, the wicked is justified for his gifts, snares are laid for the poor, quibbles on syllables are practised, and word-catching. Some will issue no writs for establishing or executing justice, except on promises of certain sums of money. It is right, most illustrious prince, that you should diligently attend to all this, and appoint such persons ministers of justice as, after your example and that of your chief-justice, may fear God, not aim at rewards; not prefer one person to another, nor, from connexion with your courtiers, trust that they may dare to be unjust and cruel with impunity.

This may not be an improper place for mentioning the conduct of another species of judicial persons, the bishops' officials, of whom Peter of Blois gives a terrible account. He writes to the official of the Bishop of Chartres strongly advising him to give up his office, on account of the danger to his principles:—

'I know,' says he, 'that the desire for presents has corrupted your heart, so as to induce you to take the office. The whole object of officials is in the bishop's stead to shear, cheat, and flay the wretched sheep committed to his charge. They are the bishop's bloodsuckers, who spit out other men's blood which they have sucked in. They are like the sponge in the hands of one who presses it; or like strainers, who let all the money go through to their masters, and keep nothing of their cursed acquisitions for themselves but the filth and dregs of sin,—for what they collect by oppressing the poor goes for the bishop's pleasure and for the official's (future) torment. "*Sic vos non vobis*," &c. Thus the bishop, with a long arm, as it were, takes other men's goods, and avoiding accusation himself, lets disgrace fall on his officials. Thus bishops, as it were, under the shadow, and under the pretence of justice, in her robes of office, oppress their subjects, burthen the churches, violently seize other people's revenues, look to bribes, but pay no regard to the orphan and widow. I should more patiently endure your having taken upon you this odious administration, were you not distinguished for your knowledge of sacred literature. The causes and judgments in which

which you *imprudently*, not to say *impudently*, mix yourself, would be better decided by the *customary* and *secular* law. A man of letters, and a clergyman, ought not to be thus mixed up in secular concerns. The business of officials in which you have chosen to mix yourself is to confound laws, to stir up suits, to rescind bargains, invent delays, suppress the truth, suggest lies, follow gain, sell justice, grasp at extortions, and manage tricks. They oppress their hosts, in travelling, with a monstrous quantity of horses and attendants. They seek delicate and luxurious food. They are very generous with other people's property, but stingy of their own. They are word-catchers, and syllable-catchers, and money-catchers too. They interpret laws at their pleasure; sometimes admit them, sometimes reject them, as it suits themselves. They distort and pervert what is well said or truly alleged; break agreements, nourish strife, conceal fornication, defer marriages, cherish adulteries, penetrate houses, and lead away silly women; they take away the characters of the innocent and protect the guilty. In a word, they sell themselves to the devil.'—*Peter*, Ep. 25.

It need hardly be said that these letters give a most full insight into the condition of the church and the clergy. It is impossible to enter at large into that subject, as the materials which a very few volumes of these letters would supply would fill several articles. We can only here give a few extracts, which will illustrate the feelings entertained by respectable clergy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries with regard to various practices which we, in our innocent reliance on common authors, conceive to have been universal.

Peter, Archdeacon of London, writes in perfect despair to Reginald, Archdeacon of Salisbury, on his love of hawking:—

'Knowing,' he says, 'the power of *vivâ voce* addresses, I spoke to you, and begged you to be more moderate in your fowling. One who has put on the garb of penitence, and laid hold of the veil of sanctity, ought not in decency to be pursuing these vain amusements. A *hair shirt* and a *hawk*, *mortifying the flesh* and *jollity*, do not suit well together. "The princes of the heathens and such as rule the beasts upon earth," who are either ignorant of the comforts of literature or unable to recur to them, are allowed to lessen their overwhelming anxieties by hawking. These are they, as Baruch says, "that had their pastime with the fowls of the air." Ulysses again, we are told, introduced hawking to console the friends of those who were killed at Troy; but this wise man would not allow his own son to indulge in the sport. How can a Christian teacher do what a heathen would not allow in his son? Some say that Judas Maccabæus was a great hawker, but gave it up to do his duty to his country. It is a most toilsome sport, and the *great expense* of it is not repaid by the success. . . There is evidently, too, something sadly corrupt and degenerate in the nature of these birds, for women succeed better than men in hawking. [Mr. Archdeacon, where was your gallantry? This might be very well to say to a brother archdeacon—but to publish it—!] If, then, you are a Christian

Christian teacher, pray leave off running and shouting after these birds. Run and shout after Him who, &c. &c. I see some people whose whole thoughts are taken up with these birds, and I think of Tityus, whose liver was eaten by a bird. He could not be more tormented by his bird than they are who are so anxious about theirs. Remember that in your benefices (of which God has given you an enormous quantity), you take the care of *sheep* not *birds* [*oves* non *aves*], and if you do not take more care of the *sheep* than the *birds*, in the last day you will be set with the *goats*. Though you are not yet a bishop (which however, *D. V.*, will soon be), still you have a pastoral charge, &c. Give up your birds, then, and betake yourself to your books, that God may not find you ignorant of his law. Such ignorance is most effectually secured by *lawless love* or *hawking*. If you do not give it up, I am afraid God will say to you, "As you refused to know me, I refuse you; you are no priest of mine." The fowls of heaven, like the fishes of the sea, are given for *use*, not *pleasure*, if indeed we can call those *birds of heaven*, the sporting with which shuts up *heaven* and opens *hell*."—Ep. 61.

This cohortation may perhaps have produced its due effect. At least there is reason to believe that the amiable archdeacon to whom it was addressed left off taking the exercise which his running and shouting after the hawk would have given him. He took to eating, and grew to an immense size. This discomposes his friend, Archdeacon Peter, who again writes to him in no very civil terms on this new enormity.

'If I write to you in a style of greater harshness than is usual, I am led to do so by your insolence and that ill-conduct which arises from your fat; my friendly exhortations you would not admit. If you would think a little more of your soul's health, or even of your body's, you would serve your soul more and your body less; you would be less of a slave to your belly and more to your spirit. You are really bent on the destruction of your soul, and have called your belly in as an ally to the plot. The gluttony which seeks to devour everything under the notion of good *living*, is really bringing *death* to your soul, and darkening your understanding. However, the enormous growth of your belly I could bear, if it was not likely to ruin your property, by making you perfectly careless about it. Remember that your houses are imitating you, and your walls are swelling into belly like yourself. Are you so stupid as not to see that the fine buildings which you owe to the generosity of your predecessor, are falling about your ears? Provided you can go on building up that belly of yours, no doubt the fat paunch may stand out and lean over half a foot—but how will it be with a wall which bellies out half a foot, and which the wind and rain will soon bring down? Every one lays the shameful condition of the buildings not to their age, but to your idleness. When they see your care about your appetite, and your anxiety about your person, they laugh at the swine from Epicurus's herd. Whatever there was spiritual about you, is done away by your indulgences, which will not let you live half your days, nor spend in comfort what you may have left. The mind is

stupidified

stupidified and overwhelmed by such a mass of flesh; the limbs are unable to do their office,—they are idle and benumbed, and wait for the palsy. Some, indeed, suffer immediate disease from their gluttony, and cure their cramming by vomiting, filthily throwing out what they have filthily thrown in. Galen says that wrestlers, who ate and drank enormously, never lived long: Hippocrates says that fat people must either be let blood, &c., or have the gout or palsy: Galen, therefore, instead of any other medical aid, prescribed a *fast* for himself every tenth day. Poverty has cured some of the gout. That tyrant Dionysius of Sicily ate himself blind. Eating indeed is very bad for the eyes. Sylla, Lepidus, and many others passed sumptuary laws against luxury. St. Paul had bound himself by such a law when he said, “Having food,” &c. Scipio Æmilianus used to walk up and down and eat *bread*, not to lose time; and so did Alexander the Great. Augustus ate brown bread, little fishes, and cheese, and was very fond of green figs. Socrates, &c. &c.—Eating, too, leads to sensual passions, and then when the time of age and suffering comes, the sensualist feels the bitterest regret. Some, indeed, really aim at gaining credit from their inordinate appetites, and think that they shall be well spoken of for their eating and drinking, while they let honest men suffer under every possible evil, and go a begging publicly. Now the Patriarch Job really gained, as well as deserved, credit for his liberality. He did not keep lions, or bears, or monkeys; no players, or confectioners, or singers of tales or empty trifles resorted to him, but out of a sincere heart and unfeigned charity he said, “Let mine arm fall,” &c. &c. (Job, xxxi. 22.) Now if you had fasted yourself, you could have relieved the fasting poor, as well as have provided better for yourself, and your houses would not have been ruined by that pit of a belly, that Scylla-like whirlpool of a gullet of yours. Truly, besides the loss of your soul, I am especially annoyed at finding that your houses let in the wind and rain, that they are open to the bats, that they are quite deserted, and have neither locks, doors, nor windows. You might still restore them to their glory, if you could but restrain your whirlpool of a throat, and the deadly gluttony of your belly.”—Ep. 85.

*Hawking and gluttony*, we see, were not things to be indulged in in the twelfth century, without blame; nor did clergy who mixed in secular affairs get off better. One of Peter’s clerical friends had taken to a sort of commercial practice to increase his revenue, and the letter written to him on this occasion is very characteristic of the times:—

‘If you had any regard for your profession, or him who called you to it, you would occupy yourself in reading rather than *chaffering*, in acquirements rather than *wares*. It is bad enough for a layman to be perpetually hunting after money, and thus selling himself to the devil, but in a clergyman it is downright destruction. A clergyman who buys cheap to sell dear, is the son of avarice, a worshipper of money, a slave of Mammon. It is a kind of usury to give your neighbour less and ask

ask more from him ; and I do not see how a clergyman who does this can escape the guilt or disgrace of an usurer, who is really worse than a thief, for he clearly robs his *neighbour*. You give wine for corn, and a horse for wine, and thus under the colour of exchange, or pretence of dealing, you gain money and lose your soul. You are far worse than the Jews, for they play the usurer to *strangers*, but you to stranger and friend alike. An usurer's going out of life is very sad ; his end is destruction ; he is damned to all eternity. You defend yourself, I know, and make excuses for your sin by saying that your getting more is owing to your forethought, because you bought the thing when it was cheap, and that it is not unreasonable that you should have some return for your labour and danger. Say what you will, I tell you that you are endangering your salvation. If you do not take a friend's advice, I tell you that the axe is laid to your root. They who take vengeance in the nations have smelt out this crime of chaffering, and making usury, in you. If I had not begged very hard for you, they would already have cut you up, as a tree which bore damnable fruit. If, then, you have no fear of eternal punishment, let disgrace and loss of worldly goods here have their due effect on you.'

Peter of Blois' address to Robert bishop elect of Cambray, and then dean of Arras, was almost as straightforward. He tells the bishop that it is a shame to defer his consecration, yet to take the revenue—to give himself to secular occupations, and mix himself up in affairs of blood. Even they who by their office had the power of the sword, if they abused it, perished by the sword. The Roman emperors and their deaths are set before the dean in dire array :—

' If you have taken the ministry of Christ on you, remain in the calling to which you were called, and let laymen rule the people. Philip de Morlay, Canon of Chartres, throwing off his profession, as you know, joined the army, and was lately killed by an arrow in battle, in command of a large body of troops. His death and that of many others ought to deter you from all these practices. It is said, however, that your mind is bent on your ambitious projects, that you plunder your subjects, and by your tyrannical oppression of the poor, are laying up wrath for yourself. The exactions which, under the title of Count, you are constantly levying, have stirred up against you the hatred of many whom you think your friends. I wonder, and cannot wonder enough, whence this cursed ambition came and stole upon you so violently. What you alone have taken of the patrimony of the church would suffice three bishops. I fear lest God has rejected you because you are ashamed of his service. It is your obstinacy which makes me address you in such harsh terms, and refrain from flattering you by the use of the *plural number*. [He says *tu* and *te*, &c. instead of *vos*, &c.] For you burnt the last exhortations which I sent you by the Abbot of Clairvaux without reading them ; you abused the good man who brought them, and, as the report goes, compared the

the holy exhortations which in his zeal he gave you, to the *barking of a dog*. May the Lord take away your heart of stone!"—Ep. 42.

We find Peter next attacking *hunting*. To be sure the *hunter* was a *bishop of eighty years old*; but there are points which he puts very hard upon the Melton Mowbray laymen, as well as on sporting prelates. He addresses himself to Walter, Bishop of Rochester; and says that he is in great doubt what to do. If he speaks he shall offend the bishop—and he offends his own conscience by being silent on a matter which affects the bishop's spiritual good:—

'I wish you to know that the pope has heard that you take no care of your diocese, and pay no regard to the dignity of your office, but give up your whole life to a pack of hounds, and that age has not produced any moderation in you. The pope and the cardinals would have published a very sharp sentence on you, but they desired the legate who is coming immediately, both to inquire and to execute the sentence. My father, a man of eighty, ought to have nothing to say to such matters, and much less a bishop. Youth would not be an excuse for your conduct. We find that Pope Nicholas suspended and excommunicated Bishop Lanfred, young as he was, for his hunting. Look to the whole series of holy fathers from the beginning of the world! Come to the patriarchs, approach the generals, descend to the judges; look to the lives of holy kings and priests; and see if any one of them was given to hunting. I have read of a holy fisherman, says Jerome, but never of a holy huntsman! The blessed Eustachius, to be sure, is said to have been a huntsman; but so was Matthew a publican and Paul a persecutor.'—[This is rather begging the question, and the Melton gentlemen should attack this weak point.]—'Nimrod was a mighty hunter—and he it was who built Babel. Esau was a hunter—and he lost his birthright and his blessing by it. If we look at the beginning and invention of the art of hunting, we shall see that it was damnable. For this art, or rather mischief [*artificium aut potius maleficium*], was invented by the Thebans, who were parricides, incestuous, cheats, and perjurers. The Athenians satirized them for it by a sort of allegory, saying that the Dardanian hunter [Ganymede] was carried off to carry the cups for drinking, and from the cups to worse still. To say nothing of the fathers, you can hardly find in the list of great men one who was given to hunting for amusement. As to Hercules, to whom Virgil refers,—the father of the Roman nation—or Meleager, they all hunted for the public good. But how can we compare heathens and a Christian priest, who ought rather to submit to torments? You are bound to pursue a very different kind of hunting. I wish you would think of it, and mend your ways before the legate comes, for he is coming not to *build or plant*, but to *pull down and destroy*. I got leave to set out from the pope and his brethren on Palm Sunday, and set off the following day. The legate was then collecting everything, with all speed, for his journey. I am going to the king, after my fatiguing journey, and expect anything but rest from him. Farewell!'—*ibid.*, Ep. 56.

It

It may, perhaps, be just worth while to mention that clerical dandyism is greatly reprobated by the better clergy of this age. It may be curious to mention the points in which it principally consisted. One chief article to which St. Bernard refers with great horror, was the use of mouse-skins dyed scarlet, and worn as a sort of *wrist-let*. 'Horreant,' he says, 'murium rubricatas pelliculas quas gulas\* vocant, manibus circumdare sacratiss.' Then 'varia griseaque pellicea a collo ornatu purpureo diversificata' for the men, and gold bridles, silvered spurs, painted saddles, and trappings of all sorts for the beasts. The animals seem to have come in for a large share of the smartness. 'Jumenta gradiuntur onusta gemmis. Annuli, catenulæ, tintinnabula, et clavatæ quædam corrigiæ, multaque talia, tam speciosa coloribus quam ponderibus preciosa, mulorum dependent cervicibus.' (*Bernard*, Ep. 2 and 42).

These extracts have given us some notion of the feeling entertained with respect to clerical practices which have been supposed to be general; let us now turn to another quarter, and inquire whether the clergy lived altogether in the state of security, comfort, and dominion, which is commonly allotted to them by historians. A few extracts from the letters of Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, about A.D. 1020, may give a tolerable idea of their agreeable condition in France. The first (Ep. 45) that we shall quote is pretty strong. The Sub-Dean of Chartres died, and on hearing of the vacancy the Bishop of Senlis applied to Fulbert to give him the place for himself or his brother. He was told, in reply, that the station was not fit for a bishop, and that his brother was too young for it. On receiving this answer, and finding that a sub-dean was actually appointed, the amiable prelate, his brother, and mother, waxed wrath, and in the presence of several persons did not scruple to vow vengeance. They were as good as their word. They very coolly dispatched some of their own household servants to Chartres, who lay hid in the day but came out at night, dogged the poor sub-dean as he went for the nightly duty to the church, and murdered him in the entrance! The work was so effectually and cleverly done, that when his attendant clergy, who had been a little slow in following him, came up, they found the unfortunate victim expiring, and repeating the last words of St. Stephen, while the murderers had got off clear. No one could at first guess who they could be, till the threats uttered by the amiable family at Senlis were remembered, and it was remembered, too, that one of them had a house at Chartres. When it was searched a servant was found drying his clothes and shoes,

\* Du Cange, by the way, says that this is the origin of *gules* in heraldry.

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which had been just washed. On being closely pressed to give an account of himself, he confessed, and the whole story came out. And what a story! A bishop coolly resolving to murder a brother clergyman for taking a piece of preferment which his lordship had marked out for himself or his brother; joined in this Christian proceeding by his venerable mother and his gentle brother, and sending his own personal, household servants to commit the murder! A pleasant household, indeed, whether in the kitchen or the parlour! The archbishop of the province, however, advised that the matter should be hushed up, while the murderers offered a very small sum in compensation. (*Fulb. Ep.* 29.)

'*Quid facient domini,*' &c. &c. If bishops committed murder occasionally for their amusement, what did the laity do? The very second letter of Stephen of Tournay mentions a similar outrage. The Dean of Orleans had interfered very kindly in the cause of a man banished for murder, and had succeeded in having him recalled. The return for this was that he, at the head of a band of thieves, hid himself in the woods, and then sallied forth and killed the poor dean at the altar. We believe that some people, who pick up their notions from the common books of history, fancy that the clergy had everything their own way. But what were the facts when we come to look at them? They lived in perpetual fear of their lives, and were constantly exposed to the loss of all their property; not only pillaged, beaten, and murdered, if they ventured out—but pillaged, and beaten, and murdered, and burnt out, if they staid at home. If the great man of the neighbourhood was well disposed to them, they got on tolerably; but if not, he made no scruple of falling upon them with fire and sword, and leaving them to seek for redress where they could. It is commonly supposed that the fear of excommunication would keep the laity in order, but in many cases, the great man was too great for them to venture to excommunicate him, or at least to insist on his minding it. Thus we find a certain count, mentioned in Anselm's letters (*Ep.* i. 56), who laughed at excommunication, entered the church of the neighbouring monastery, and attended mass whenever he pleased. Anselm recommends the abbot to speak very civilly and gently to him, and to *advise* him against persisting in this proceeding, on account of its impropriety! And Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, (from A.D. 1017 to A.D. 1031,) writes in despair to a brother bishop, to tell him that 'that rascal Geoffry,' whom he had excommunicated, had answered his excommunication by drawing together some soldiers, falling on the villages belonging to the Bishop of Chartres, burning them, and threatening the bishop to do worse! Fulbert adds (*Ep.*

(Ep. 70), that he must apply for aid to Count Odo, but if he makes excuses, he has no help but going to the king! Indeed, the chapter of Chartres, who, in his absence, write to the Archbishop of Tours, to ask for aid, (because a certain Fulcher and his nephew, with a band of thieves, are plundering and burning their property,) state candidly that this had been going on for a long time, and that the bishop had advised them to bear it patiently, as he did himself! (Ep. 109.) In another letter (Ep. 7) Fulbert calls a certain Count Hebert a precursor of Antichrist, because he tried to overturn the episcopal see of his county; 'will not let the bishop stay in peace, but has seized his houses and lands, and forests, and all victuals, and the canonical prebends of the church!'

But not only were ecclesiastics thus plundered and injured in their property, but they were in constant fear of their lives. Fulbert is summoned by the king to attend him on one occasion, and he writes word back that he dares not go, for that he could not (on account of the sacred season and the vows of his order) wear arms, and to travel unarmed was certain destruction; 'for O. is a snake in his path, and R. a dragon in his way.' (Ep. 86). Again, he altogether declines attending the benediction of the king's son (as Abbot!) on account of the savageness of the mother, 'who may be thoroughly believed whenever she threatens, because her conduct always fully proves her words' (Ep. 59). In another letter, Fulbert gives various reasons for not having excommunicated a female oppressor of the church, on whom he bestows no very courteous name. One of these reasons is very strong, viz. that it was no use excommunicating her without her knowing it, and *he could find no one who would dare to tell her!*

Nay! it would seem that the laity, in England at least, had found the means of making the clergy feel that the privilege which they claimed of trying their own causes, and avenging their own injuries, did not answer particularly well. Peter of Blois states this most clearly in his 73rd letter (written in the archbishop's name), to three bishops. The archbishop positively declares that unless something is done, the English clergy will be in a most fearful condition:

'If a Jew,' he says, 'or the very vilest layman is killed, the murderer is put to death. If one of the clergy, of whatever degree, be killed, the murderer is excommunicated, and there is an end.\* If ex-

\* All this is as strongly stated in the Canon Episcopalis, p. 540, where Peter says that not one of that *multitude* who gave the hand of counsel or aid to the murder of Becket had lost even an ear, while the land had shuddered at the torments inflicted on those who had aided or advised the murder of the wife of Aaron the Jew.

communication

communication frightened the murderers I should be satisfied. But for our sins the sword of St. Peter is grown rusty, and because it cannot cut, it is laughed at. If a sheep or a goat be stolen, and the thief cannot be found, he is excommunicated; but if he is caught, he is hanged; while the murderer of a clerk or bishop is sent to Rome, goes in all sorts of luxury, and comes home with a full pardon and greater audacity. The king claims the right of avenging such enormities, but we choose to keep it in our hands, and thus holding out a prospect of impunity, bare our necks to the layman's knife. It is a shame that a man is punished more for stealing a sheep than for killing a priest. This, however, serves us right, for claiming a jurisdiction which does not in any way belong to us, *directly* against the decrees which say that such enormous crimes are to be punished by the civil power. We offend God and the king by our pride and ambition in claiming this power, and open the way to the laity to injure the clergy without fear. A short time ago, a clergyman of high character and eminent acquirements was killed, out of spite, by one William Frechet and his wife. They did not deny it, and are ready to go to Rome for pardon. The man quite depends on his wife's beauty, and by acting the pimp to her on the road expects to bring back a good deal of money as well as absolution from Rome. Something then must be done, my brethren, to stop this pest on its course. If it goes much farther, *our* necks as well as those of the poorer clergy, will be in danger. Let the church first exercise its jurisdiction, and if it is not strong enough, let it call in the civil arm. Let it not be said that a man is thus punished twice for the same crime. For one only finishes what the other has begun. There are two swords which require mutual aid, and give it—the church to the throne and the throne to the church: giving, therefore, to God what is God's, and to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, let us leave to the king, as he demands, the punishment of such crimes; let us show our compassion to those condemned to death, who are excommunicated, if they ask for absolution both on that and other points, where we can, without scandal or injury to the church. For it is to the public good that they who neither fear God, nor defer to the church, nor fear canonical censure, should be restrained by the civil sword.'

We may conclude our sketches of the condition of the clergy with one which, perhaps, throws as much light on the state of society in England generally as on that of the clergy. It was indeed a pleasant position of affairs, when persons who did not get the preferment which they wished for, took to the highway, and plundered the house and goods of their fortunate rival. Such, however, was the case in England in Henry II.'s time, as appears from the following letter of Peter Blois:—

'To Pope Innocent III.

'I was dean of the church of Wolverhampton, which is in the diocese of Chester, but not under the jurisdiction of any one, except the archbishop of Canterbury and the king. For by very ancient custom which  
with

with many is reckoned as a right, the kings of England have always presented to that deanery.\* The dean gave the prebends, and instituted to them. As the clergy belonging to this church were wholly undisciplined, like the Welsh and Scotch [qu. Irish?], such a dissoluteness of life had crept in on them, that their vices tended to produce contempt for God, destruction of souls, infamy to the clergy, and derision and mockery in the people. In scripture language, their base deeds were sung in the highways of Gath and in the streets of Ascalon. I frequently reminded them of the words of Hosea, "Though thou, Israel, play the harlot, let not Judah offend." But they fornicated openly and publicly, proclaimed their sin like Sodom, and, regardless of popular infamy, married, the one the other's daughter or niece; and so close was the tie of relationship among them, that no one could dissolve their bonds of iniquity. They were like the *scales of the Behemoth*, one of which joins the other, and the breath of life does not pass through them. Moreover, the earth cries against them, and the heavens proclaim their iniquities. I took the greatest pains to cut off the poisonous branches of vice among them, but it would have been easier to turn wolves into sheep, or beasts into men; for the Ethiopian will not change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. As often as I could collect any of them in the church, that I might have an opportunity of holding some conference with them, they shut their ears like the adder; and like the mountains of Gilboa, on which no dew nor rain descends, they were deaf to all wholesome advice, and careless about their own dangers. They rushed headlong, like stallions, to every vice. I did all in my power to correct them, and with all possible kindness, for their conduct gave me constant grief at the heart. But "they hated him who stopped them in the gate, and abominated him who spoke health to them." I betook myself to prayer; I spoke groaning in the bitterness of my heart, and that fat might not be wanting to the sacrifice, I seasoned my groaning with tears.

'The king and the archbishop wrote them tremendous letters. I assured them most positively that the pope would take away their place and nation, and that they should be turned out of house and home. But the more they were threatened, the more obstinate they were; the more they were exhorted, the more contemptuous did they grow. They were few in number, but their iniquities made them a multitude; the generations of vipers were multiplied. (Isa. iv. 4.) From the seed of Canaan came forth an evil and provoking race, sons of Belial, wicked children. They wished to possess the sanctuary of God as an inheritance, and therefore when a Canon died, and any respectable man was appointed, the nephew or son of the deceased claimed that which is the Lord's patrimony as *his*. He then betook himself to the woods, joined the robbers and banditti who plunder by fire and the sword, and fell on the new Canon so as to destroy him. When I saw that these insensible men were drawing near to the grave, and that I could produce no im-

\* Deaneries were usually *elective* by the chapter.

pression on them, I desired to be cut off entirely from men whose vices did not end with the end of life.

'It was a constant annoyance to me that I had been rash enough to take charge of men whose vices I could not check. I knew that I must give an account of my stewardship, that the Judge would require their blood at my hands, and that no money could be a recompense for such danger to my soul. I hated the congregation of the wicked, and their dwelling I reckoned like the lioness's den; so I gave them up to their heart's desire, that they might walk after their own lusts. Moreover, I went to the archbishop, and earnestly begged him that with the king's assistance, he would remove these foul abominations, and establish the Cistercians there. This scheme was recommended by the fact that the place abounds with *woods*, and *pastures*, and *brooks*, and lands which bring in rent, and are capable of great improvement. The archbishop, with his usual care for religion, has already sent some Cistercians to mark out places for a church and for offices. I beseech you therefore, most holy father, to confirm my plan, and sanction the monastery which the archbishop, with the king's consent and general joy, intends to build; turn this pigsty and brothel of Satan into a temple of God; root out wickedness, and, most holy Innocent, sow innocence in its stead, &c. &c.'

This picture may be a little startling, but we find that things were exactly in the same state at Beauvais. The canons and priests hated their bishop, because he wished to keep them '*a mulierum reprobâ consuetudine*' (Anselm, lib. ii. 33); and to prevent their sons, whom they wished to be their heirs, from succeeding to their prebends as an inheritance.\* These facts are of some value. The case seems to have been in both places that the clergy regularly married, and that their rulers were attempting very unjustly to enforce celibacy, while the clergy on their parts were most unjustifiably resorting to violence and robbery to maintain the evil and selfish practices which they had introduced of converting preferments into family property.

These extracts will have given some notion of the state of society in England, France, and Italy. Let us change the scene, and go to a country of which less is known at that period of history. Peter of Blois had been in Sicily as tutor to the then king, and his account of it is quite in his own inimitable manner. Richard, Bishop of Syracuse, wrote to beg Peter to return. His answer was as follows; it gives a very pretty picture of Sicily in the twelfth century:—

'I give you all imaginable thanks for your wish that I should return to Sicily, and your desire to promote this object. But I am not so

\* Things seem to have been in the state then as now in some respects. This same poor bishop of Beauvais was in bad odour with the laity of his diocese, '*quia invasionibus rerum ecclesiæ inordinate factis non vult favere.*'

careless of my life as to choose to give up rest for labour, safety for danger, health for disease, home for banishment, life for death, and pleasure for pain. Sicily devours its inhabitants, spares neither age nor sex, respects no persons, regards no station. Thirty-seven souls went with Count Stephen into Sicily, and there every one of them came to his end, except me and Dr. Roger, a Norman, a man of letters, diligence, and modesty. God of his mercy saved us, and us alone. *Ingress* into Sicily is easy, but *egress* is rarely allowed. I, therefore, eschew ingress.

“Quia me vestigia terrent,  
Omnia, te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.”

—HOR. Ep. i. 1.

The air of Sicily, and the malice of its people, alike make it detestable and intolerable to me. I abominate it alike, I say, for the foulness of its air and the foul and frequent practice of poisoning, an horrible cruelty which constantly endangers the careless simplicity of my countrymen. Who, indeed, I should like to know, can live at his ease in a country where, besides all other mischiefs, the mountains are for ever vomiting infernal fire, and breathing forth a sulphureous stench? Beyond a doubt, Sicily is the very *gate of hell*, against which we pray in our Liturgy, “Keep my soul, O Lord, from the gate of hell!” I say, again, the hills of Sicily are the gates of death and hell, for men are sucked in by the earth there, and “go down quick into the pit.” You despise the sweetness of your native English air, and its food and drink, wholesome and pleasant as they are, while your neighbours in Sicily, though their diet is as poor as possible, are always ill. They live almost entirely on *parsley* and *fennel*, and yet this wretched food breeds matter of corruption in them which produces the sharpest diseases, and often ends in death. Besides, all experience shows, that all islanders are faithless,—[Peter forgot that he was writing in England and to an Englishman.]—“and Sicilians are treacherous friends, and most abandoned traitors! I should not say all this to you if I were not sure that your own experience bears me out.

‘This is the cause why, where God scourges other faithful people in a spirit of mercy, he scourges the Sicilians sometimes with the judgment of Sodom and Gomorrah, sometimes with the plague of Dathan and Abiram. You know that *Ætna* often spreads its fires to an immense circumference, and that the whole face of the country is burnt and defiled for a day’s journey all around it. The fury of the flames either drives away or burns the people; their property is food for the flames; and, to speak plain, “fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest is the portion of their cup.”—(Ps. xi. 6.) The plague with which the people of Catania were lately struck on St. Agatha’s Eve has gone out to the ends of the world. That most damnable bishop, brother of Mathew the Notary, who, as you know, “took the honour though not called to it like Aaron,” and got the see not by canonical election, but by bribery, was offering up the incense of abomination when God thundered from heaven, and there was a great earthquake. For the angel of the Lord struck the bishop in his anger, and destroyed him and the city together. It is

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clear, therefore, that by their sins they had offended the blessed St. Agatha! I trust our most blessed martyr St. Thomas \* [à Becket] may not be thus angry with us. "If his wrath be kindled, yea! but a little, let him not forget his everlasting patience, but, in his wrath, let him remember mercy." Indeed, it is my hope that when God is angry with us, the blessed martyr will stand between us and the storm, and obtain mercy for us by "groanings that cannot be uttered." Exult, England; Exult, oh! West; for the dayspring from on high hath visited us! India and the East boast of Thomas the Apostle, but he who liveth in heaven hath had regard to the Western church. God has given our Thomas to England, we do not envy India *hers*. Let Thomas the Apostle be in India; let Thomas our martyr be in England, and by these two Christian witnesses let God's name be praised from the rising of the sun to its going down. Let who will go to India to get the intercession of the blessed Apostle, such a distant journey is too laborious for me; my own Thomas will suffice me. The one believed, because he saw; blessed is *he* who believed though he did not see, and did not hesitate to offer himself up as an holocaust to Christ and for Christ. I do not attempt to compare the martyr to the apostle, for the apostle is greater; but it is glorious for us to have a martyr who has the same name as an apostle, and either imitates or surpasses the apostle in miracles. The apostle is not angry, for the Lord of apostles and martyrs is not angry that the Spirit sometimes bestows himself more fully and frequently on a particular person, in giving him the power of operating miracles. "These things," he said, "ye shall do, and *greater* things than these."

'But the love of the martyr has made me digress a little. I return to my story, but, my most excellent father, I will not return to Sicily and you. Let England, which nursed your infancy, nurse my old age. Would that you, too, my father, would leave that land of monsters and mountains, and return to the sweetness of your own country. You would find, surely, the strongest motives to such a step in the length and security of life here, the love of country, and the law of nature; but most of all in the love of our lord the king, who embraces you with the arms of sincere affection, and, if you do not refuse the favour offered you in your native land, has prepared very high stations of glory and honour for you. Let your birth-place be your burial-place. Come and lie by your fathers, and let England receive the ashes which she produced. It is pleasant to die in the arms of our friends, to be followed by the tears of those we love, and to be buried with our ancestors,—a point on which, as you read in Scripture, the Patriarchs were very anxious. Fly, my father, from these fire-vomiting hills,—hold the neighbourhood of *Ætna* in suspicion,—and let not that infernal country see you in your dying hours.'—*Peter*, Ep. 46.

Hitherto our extracts have been pretty much confined to *facts mentioned directly* in these letters. It may not be amiss to collect

\* This strange passage is given for an historical reason, which will be explained below.

a few of the rays of light which they throw *indirectly* on the state of manners and morals in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. First of all, let us see what notions we should suppose, on the evidence thus to be got at, our ancestors to have had as to the 'diffusion of knowledge.' We are accustomed to feel the most extreme contempt for their learning and views, and, in spite of their magnificent works—their cathedrals, for example, the sublimity and beauty of which we are unable to rival by any invention of our own—to take for granted that they were barbarians. Whether the ages which produced some men capable of building cathedrals, and hundreds and thousands capable of admiring them, (for without a *general* feeling, more or less, in their favour, no great works of art ever were or will be executed,) could be barbarous—and whether these great works alone are not sufficient proofs that it is only our own want of knowledge which makes us suppose that they had none—may well be a question. But we have the means in our hands of knowing that they *did* know. Let us take the works of our friend Peter of Blois, archdeacon of London, in the twelfth century,—a man who was no retired student, but always at court, or travelling on his own business, or engaged on long missions abroad on his master's—and who was not a man of more than common mind, nor ever esteemed by his contemporaries as a person of distinguished learning. Now we have singular respect for all and singular the archdeacons of the present day; we believe that there is a full and fair share of the learning of our age amongst them; but if the most thorough and accurate knowledge of Roman literature, of all periods and all kinds, prose and verse, of such Greek authors as were translated into Latin;—and (what will surprise most readers still more) the most thorough and accurate knowledge of every verse of the bible; if the power of quoting these freely in days when libraries were in MS. and books, therefore, if not very rare, were abominably dear;—if, we say, all this be learning, then, not to speak it profanely, we will back Archdeacon Peter against any living archdeacon from north to south and from east to west. In one letter, (referred to in this paper,) on the manners of the army, we find direct quotations from Leviticus, Genesis, Daniel, Kings, and Chronicles twice, Ecclesiasticus, Isaiah, Zechariah, Judges, Luke twice; from Juvenal twice, Frontinus, Vegetius, Dio, Justin, Ovid twice, Horace, Virgil, and Plutarch. In other short letters (77 and 81), on the fame which poets and historians bestow, and on the study of literature, it is not merely that he *quotes* Ovid, Terence, Horace, Juvenal, Cicero, Plato, Valerius Maximus, &c.;—but that he shows clearly how well he had felt and understood the value of literature, how much he had enjoyed even such a knowledge

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knowledge as he could gain of Homer—as well as the Roman poets who were quite within his grasp—the letters of Seneca, &c. &c. This abundance of quotation runs through the whole of the letters. It ought to be observed that although he has the poets so fully at his fingers' ends that he quotes *them* rather too much, Peter of Blois was most familiar with the history and anecdotes of antiquity, and quotes the prose writers constantly for the sake of illustrating his point by a reference to *fact*. Add to this that he, a Frenchman born, and living in England, wrote Latin prose as easily as his own tongue, and Latin verses tolerably. We ask confidently, Is there any member of either house of parliament, in these enlightened days, who has as wide a command of literature and history, (and Peter was well acquainted, too, with all the writings of his own day, which were numerous,)—who, in writing a common letter of business, could appeal to the Roman historians, chapter and verse, and quote any or all the Roman poets, like Peter of Blois?

Be it remembered, too, that the same archdeacon of the twelfth century had regularly studied the civil law, was acquainted with the theory and practice of medicine such as it then was, and was deeply versed in his own science, divinity. His friend and correspondent, the well-known John of Salisbury, has left us a large volume of letters, as well as other writings; and, although the greater part of them relate to clerical matters of the day, yet no small portion of them enter into descriptions of the Greek philosophy (as the writer knew it from Cicero and from translations of Aristotle and Plato\*), and there is one—to a nobleman who is said, *like his father*, to have been a student of literature, and who had inquired about the genuineness and authenticity of the books of the Bible)—which might well serve in a common collection even now as a brief treatise on that important subject. Now, the *literateurs* of the present day may sneer as they will, but they will never persuade any reflecting person that men who had all Roman literature, and all which it could reveal to them of Greek philosophy and wisdom at command, and, above all, who had their minds opened and exalted by scripture, who constantly thought of what they read and discussed it, who could have acquired it only by hard study (for none of the royal railroads to learning were then cut), and who, in the absence of newspapers and debates, and in the tedium of long and wearisome journeys

\* It appears from some of John of Salisbury's letters that there were Greek scholars even in the twelfth century. We have not the book at hand at the moment; but what he says is, that he cannot make sense of a passage in the translation of Aristotle, and wishes that his correspondent would get some of the Græci to look at it and see whether it was not so, &c.

(for iron railroads were not more plentiful than literary ones), had ample time for reflection, were or could be barbarians in thought or feeling. If we turn again to the letters of Gerbert (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.), we see the thirst for literature existing in him, and the state of things as to books—how eagerly and liberally they were sought, transcribed, and bought. It appears that Gerbert was constantly on the search for them. It is curious enough that from an accidental letter of Peter of Blois, it appears that there was a regular bookseller established at Paris in *his* day. Peter had been sent to Paris on a mission by the king of England, and the bookseller offered him for sale a collection on civil law. Peter thought it would be useful to his nephew, bought and paid for it, but left it, for convenience, in the seller's hands. The provost of Sexeburgh came in soon afterwards, offered more, and at last was so eager that he carried the book off by force. Peter was so angry that he meditated an action against this rival collector, and in this letter (Ep. 71) quotes the proper books, chapters, and sections of the civil law writers, which established the unlawful nature of the provost's transaction. But even earlier than this (at the very beginning of the *eleventh* century), we find Bishop Fulbert, of Chartres, mentioning (letter 120) two books which a nobleman wished to have transcribed, and in others (letters 79, 81, 95), quoting Livy, Valerius, Orosius, Cyprian, Porphyry, the Lives of the Fathers, Bede, &c. &c. Archbishop Anselm's letters often refer to borrowing books for transcription (Ep. lib. i. 10, 20; ii. 24); and there is one in which he praises Maurice, a monk of Bec, then in England, for having placed himself under Arnulf, a grammarian, who was said '*multum valere in declinatione*,' a labour which *he* (Anselm) disliked. With Arnulf, Maurice was to study Virgil, and some other authors whom he had not read with Anselm.

The singularity of the condition of things in those days was that such diligent study, and such extensive knowledge of the most perfect models of finished literature, should be united with such a dangerous and turbulent manner of life as seems to have been universal. 'The good old plan' certainly was honoured by all nations, and all professions, and most individuals. It may, perhaps, be worth mentioning as a proof that our ancestors in these times had certainly studied the classical writers with diligence, that many of their tales of purgatory, &c. on the one hand, or of the wisdom of monks and hermits on the other, are serious parodies of stories or fancies in the historians and poets. Godfrey, the younger, duke of Tuscany, in speaking of his uncle, the elder duke of the same name (whose justice was, he said, so conspicuous, that on one occasion he had thrice had proclamation made in the midst of a large assembly of his people to know if there was still

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any one who required judgment, and no one appeared)—this Godfrey told Damiani that he had been assured by a holy man, after his uncle's death, that in a vision he had been carried in the spirit into the infernal regions, and that there he saw Richard, abbot of Verdun, busied in building up lofty machines and fortifications, and distracted with anxiety for their success. This was the punishment adjudged to him because, in his lifetime, he had wasted all his time in buildings of no use, and spent all the money of the church in such trifles. On the other hand, the good duke was seated as a judge on a golden throne, with two angels attending, having fans in their hands which they used to bring the air to a temperature agreeable for his face. On the holy man's asking his name, he was told it was *Justice*: 'thus he who practised justice in his life, deserved the name of Justice after his death' (Damian. viii. 2). This is Virgil's idea, '*parce detorta*,' and ingeniously applied. In a letter a little earlier than this, a story, too long for transcription, is told of the emperor Theodosius and a monk, the idea of which is taken from Tarquin's cutting off the highest plants in the garden instead of giving a verbal reply to his son's messengers.

Whatever our notions may be as to our ancestors' learning, we are all of us, however, quite clear on one point, that they were very superstitious—that the whole of them believed in astrology, fortune-telling, dreams, &c. &c., and if we wish to stamp them as most particularly absurd, we appeal to the ordeal—the trial by hot iron or hot water! Would it not be just as well if we ascertained, not whether such things *were*, but *how they were spoken of and thought of* by that class of persons to which we might even now not think it too great a condescension just to speak a word or two? They might find our friend, Peter of Blois, expressing himself very sensibly on this point. 'No dreams will ever make me have any faith in dreams. I am far from denying that the mind, either from the relics of its thoughts, or its innate sagacity, prefigures some images of the future, but it is frequently deceived. I have often found by experience that dreams which promised me good fortune, turned out very differently. Let me, then, advise you, my excellent friend, to give no heed to dreams, and to avoid the error of those who are afraid of meeting a *hare*; or are shocked at meeting a woman with dishevelled hair, a blind or a lame man, or a monk; and who feel sure of a pleasant reception if a wolf or a dove crosses them; if St. Martin's bird flies from left to right; if, as they go out, they hear distant thunder, or meet a humpbacked or leprous man,' &c. (Ep. 65). The rest of the letter is in the same strain, and was written on occasion of Peter's being consulted by a friend on this knotty point:—Mr. A. going out

out of his inn in the morning was met by Mr. B., a monk, and was by him warned not to pursue his journey. Mr. A. nothing daunted, joined the retinue of the archbishop, whom he was attending, and certainly he and his horse did in the course of the day fall into a ditch, where they were nearly drowned. Peter's friend wishes to know how all this was; and Peter assures him that in his opinion Mr. A. would have had his tumble if he had met no monk at all. It is a very curious thing that this superstition as to meeting a monk lasts in full force to the present hour. The old king of Naples who died in 1825 (how many there have been since one does not know), and whose greatest passion was hunting, always turned back on meeting a monk. Indeed the whole superstition as to the *evil eye* is as rife in Italy at this day as it ever was. But with respect to the ordeal, so far were the better class of the clergy in the tenth or eleventh centuries from encouraging this system, that they reprobated it exceedingly, reasoned against it, and referred to the decrees of canons which condemned it. Ivo, of Chartres, who was not a man remarkable for powers of mind, does so repeatedly. On one occasion when a man wished to repudiate his wife on very slight suspicions of adultery with a soldier, Ivo says in so many words that 'the ordeal is a temptation of God, and that many guilty are liberated, many innocent are condemned by it.'\*

The *touching* for disease by the royal hand seems to have been well known, certainly, in the twelfth century (Pet. Blois, 150); but, as there was a form of service expressly composed or arranged by the Roman Catholic chaplains of James II.—and our own prayer-books as late as the reign of Queen Anne, at least, have a form for the same purpose—perhaps the less that is said by way of comparison on this point, the better.

We have thus thrown together some particulars which may serve to give an idea of common modes of thinking and acting in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and may perhaps dispose the reader of history to pause a little before he yields implicit faith to the pictures commonly drawn, and surrenders himself blindfold to the *enlightened* persons who are quite satisfied that they have said all which need be said when they have stated that these ages were dark, and the men who lived in them ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious, without literature, and without knowledge of scripture.

Perhaps we cannot do better in continuation than give a short sketch of the *life* of one person who has supplied many of the materials for the foregoing pages, Peter of Blois, not because it is

\* Ivo, Ep. 205. See also Ep. 74, where he quotes many most excellent observations, particularly those of Pope Stephen V. to the same purpose.

very wonderful or interesting, but because the sketch of the life of any man in his station must throw much light on manners and history.

He was born, it would seem, at Blois, and in the first half of the twelfth century. His father and mother were of the nobility of Lower Brittany, but were for some reason obliged to leave it. His father was rich in 'buildings, land, meadows, and vineyards,' and a man of the highest probity, and of Christian character altogether, as was well known to the whole province; had he been a man of letters, his talents and character would have fitted him, as his son says, for the highest dignity (Ep. 49). The education of a young man in those days showed him much of life, for it could rarely be completed in one country.\* One school of learning was famous for one branch only. Peter seems to have been at Paris for the first part of his studies, then to have gone to Bologna for civil law, which he gave up afterwards for divinity, a science which he returned to Paris to study (Ep. 26). It may be worth while to mention that two of his fellow-students, as boys or young men, were a brother of the Count Palatine, afterwards archbishop of Mentz (Ep. 143)—with whom he lived for several years in the same house,—and Odo, afterwards bishop of Paris (Ep. 127), and related to the kings of England and France. Young men of all ranks, therefore, studied together. The means of general education at that time were obviously anything but deficient, for Peter of Blois was an excellent scholar, and had all Roman literature entirely at his command. He says that he gave up civil law prematurely, and with great regret. From one of his letters (Ep. 8) it seems that at the request of his fellow-students, he was accustomed to deliver exhortations to the study of civil law. It appears, indeed, from several circumstances,† that he had in the short period of his residence at Bologna made himself well acquainted with both canon and civil law, which would seem to show that everything at that famous university was well arranged, and therefore that the faculty of law there must have been in full operation for some time.‡ What was his course of life afterwards for some time, is not very clear; he tells us in one place that his whole life was past either in schools or courts (Ep. 139). We find him writing to Jocelin, bishop of Salisbury (Ep. 51),—who was bishop in A.D. 1162,—respecting two nephews of his, who

\* This was the case much later. Reuchlin's travels and struggles to learn Greek and Hebrew are very curious in this respect.

† See Ep. 19 and 71. It appears from them that law was then established at Paris.

‡ In Let. 140 he speaks of the *Pandect* as an 'immeabile pelagus,' declares Justinian's law to be mischievous, and to make men the sons of bell. This frequent reviling of civil law is remarkable. Was it a preparation for the canon law?

were to be sent to him to Paris to be educated. In another letter he mentions having been at Rome in Octavian's (Victor IV.) time, *i. e.* between 1159 and 1164, but it would appear that he went only on some special business. He therefore, probably, continued to reside at Paris, as a teacher, till about A. D. 1167, when he went with Stephen Count de Perche into Sicily. Stephen was cousin to the queen, and as the young king (William II. called the Good) was a minor, was summoned to assist her in governing the kingdom, of which he was made chancellor, and afterwards was elected archbishop of Palermo.\* Thirty-seven Frenchmen accompanied him, and of these Peter was appointed keeper of the seal and tutor to the young king. He found him already instructed in the elements of literature, nay of verse writing (by Walter afterwards archbishop of Palermo), and for two years afterwards carried on his studies.† Peter had always been next to the queen and the chancellor in directing state affairs, and this excited the jealousy of his rivals, who in order to remove him caused several offers of bishoprics to be made to him; nay—procured his actual election to the archbishopric of Naples by the chapter,‡ and took care that much solicitation should be used to him to accept it. He declined it, however, because he knew that the object was to remove him from court and then destroy him,§ and remained at his post. But his patron could not maintain himself, and a serious conspiracy was formed against his power and life. Peter was ill with a remitting fever when it broke out, but was placed by the king in the custody of the archbishop of Salerno, who showed him the greatest kindness. On his recovery, he begged leave to retire, although the king, through the archbishops of Salerno and Syracuse, earnestly begged him to retain his office as *keeper of the seal*.|| But he had a great horror of Sicily, as we learn from a letter already quoted. His only wish was to get away safe: for many went in and very few ever came out alive. He could not go, as he justly remarks, out of Sicily on horseback; and so the king, finding that some pirates had taken a Genoese merchantman, gave ship, men, and merchandise altogether to Peter. He took an oath of the poor mariners that they should be true to him, and with a suite of about forty persons sailed, or, as he says, dared death by sea to escape death by land. They had a long calm, and were a month in arriving at Genoa, where he was received with the greatest kindness.¶

It would seem that he next returned to Paris as a teacher, and either then, or before he went to Sicily, he had offers of preferment from the archbishop of Sens, which were frustrated

\* Let. 90, 131.

‡ Let. 22.

† Let. 66.

|| Let. 90.

‡ Let. 70 and 131.

¶ Let. 90.

by a friend's treachery.\* It is probable that he was almost immediately called to England, and that he went there in A.D. 1168 or 9. He was certainly there much before Becket's death in A.D. 1171. He tells us himself that he was first called to England by the offers of Henry II.,† with whom he had great influence. The king, at his request, often forgave the clergy large debts, released prisoners, mitigated penal sentences, and gave munificently in alms and to the church. On one occasion, when Henry was in great wrath (a time at which, as it appears from another part of Peter of Blois' writings, it was very unsafe to deal with his majesty,) about the Peterpence, against two priors, and when no one else dared to oppose the king, Peter ventured to do so, and was the means of effecting a reconciliation.‡ We find, indeed, that he was employed by the king in a mission to the king of France; and the terms in which he addresses Henry Beauclerc are so familiar as to show how highly he must have been valued by that monarch. He tells the king that he has been hunting him through the country in vain, that when Solomon talked of four things being too hard for him to find out, he should have added a fifth; and that is, the path of the king in England; that he really does not know where he is going; that he has himself been laid up with the dysentery, at Newport, from fatigue in travelling after his majesty, and has sent messengers on all sides to look for him; that he wishes he would let him know where and when he was to be found, as it was really of consequence to the kingdom that the business committed to him by the king should be despatched; that the ambassadors from Rome were returned, lightened of their gold and loaded with lead (the seals of bulls), but not much complimented with presents of clothes or horses; that the ambassadors of the kings of Spain had appeared with a great retinue, to refer to his majesty (which was a great compliment) the old and troublesome question which had so long agitated these monarchs, and caused the utter ruin of so many states (Ep. 41).

Henry Beauclerc had, indeed, received from Peter of Blois services of various kinds, for some of which he could not be too grateful, and which might explain this familiarity. The active ecclesiastic had not only served him in a diplomatic capacity, but had been his faithful adviser in the difficulties caused by his sons, and when the eldest, who had been the most rebellious of all, died in the flower of his age, Peter of Blois attended his death bed. The father, like David, mourned in the most excessive manner for his rebellious son, and on hearing of it Peter of Blois

\* Pet. Bl. Ep. 27.

† Pet. Bl. Ep. 127.

‡ Pet. Blois, *Invect.* p. 546.

wrote an excellent letter to him, giving him the only real comfort which could be administered, an assurance that his son had died as became a true penitent, and then calling on him to exert himself and bear the loss as became a Christian.

It seems that from the king's especial service he passed into a still closer relation of the same kind to the archbishop who succeeded Becket. It may not be amiss to remark here the policy which was observed (on compulsion, doubtless,) by the king's friends respecting Becket. A letter\* which is given in the note below, admits clearly that they had all attacked Becket strongly during his life. But the same letter, and one already quoted respecting Sicily, in which an *éloge* on Becket is dragged in by the head and shoulders, show that his death had caused such a strong feeling that even the king's friends were obliged to give way to it. The successor of Becket was a person of very different character, gentle, retiring, learned, and perhaps rather more inclined to shrink from active life, and busy himself in improvements of the archiepiscopal domains and farms, than was advisable. In his house Peter of Blois lived for a long season, and the picture which he gives of the style of living, the collection of men of learning round the archbishop, and the daily discussion of questions of importance referred to them, is very lively and curious. Ralph of Beauvais, a schoolmaster, had written to reproach him with leading the idle life of a chaplain, and living on the archbishop. In reply, he says, (Ep. 6.)

‘If prelates call on us to share in their labour, what wrong do we do in sharing their goods? If I, or any one else, assist a prelate at the Lord’s table, why should I not eat at the prelate’s? You find fault with me for wasting my time, and say that I might do more good in the camps of scholarship. Good Sir, the place in which we live is the

\* ‘You attack and condemn the bishop elect of Bath,’ he says, ‘as if he had persecuted and slain the blessed martyr Thomas. It is very dangerous to raise these charges against the innocent, for when you wish to do away with them yourself, you are not able. I know that he loved the martyr from his heart, and at one time the chief wish he had in the world was to be admitted to his familiarity, and allowed to serve him. To be sure, the blessed martyr had suspended *his father, the bishop of Salisbury*, and it is not very strange that, as a son who sympathized with an afflicted father, he should have said at that time harsh or incautious things about the holy martyr. For “we fools counted his life folly,” &c.; and whatever he did was then misinterpreted and turned to matter of hatred and envy. If, therefore, the bishop elect did, at one time, *as was the case with us all*, hold the blessed martyr in derision, and endeavoured to get the sentence *against his father* taken off, it ought not to be charged against him. As far as outward observation goes, I know that if he did anything improper towards the martyr, he has expiated it by the roughness of a haircloth, larger alms, more plentiful tears, and more austere discipline.’

One bishop the son of another! It was, however, even so. A reference to Le Neve will show that Joceline de Bailleur was bishop of Salisbury from A.D. 1142 to A.D. 1184; and that Reginald Fitz-Joceline was consecrated bishop of Bath A.D. 1174, and became archbishop of Canterbury in A.D. 1191.

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camp of God. This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. In the house of my master, the archbishop of Canterbury, there are men of the highest literature, complete in the strictest justice, the highest wisdom, and every form of learning. They constantly exercise themselves after prayers, and before meals, in reading, disputing, and decision of causes. All the difficult causes of the kingdom are referred to us; they are discussed in common, and each takes pains to give the best opinion in his power. If God gives the greatest wisdom to the lowest among us, his opinion is adopted without envy or difficulty.'

During all this time he had not received the major orders, and had many scruples about doing so while engaged in secularities. In one letter, to the bishop of London (Ep. 123), he almost refuses, saying that his masters, the archbishops, had long wished it. Finally, however, he was ordained priest (Ep. 139).

Peter of Blois did not constantly live in this quiet way, for we find him despatched by the archbishop on various missions to France and to Rome. He was employed, too, by other prelates on missions to Rome. In a letter to the bishop of Bath, Peter reproaches him with having forgotten the services he had rendered, and the dangers he had undergone repeatedly at sea for him, and especially the signal service done by his boldly venturing into Italy at a season when the mountains were blocked up, all ingress by land stopped by the severity of the weather, and the mountains themselves covered with dead bodies, in order to settle some business of the bishop with an Italian count.\* One of his adventures during a mission of this kind, before he settled in England, which will be noticed below, shows that they were often attended with much personal risk.

Twice, in the midst of this active career, the bishopric of Rochester was offered, but declined by our hero (Ep. 131).

On the death of Henry II. it appears that Peter of Blois was anxious to leave England. He says that the king and his sons had been most liberal to him—(Epp. 127, 149); but this event threw a cloud on his prospects, and had not his friends, the bishops of Worcester and Durham persuaded him to stay, he would have returned to France. King Richard, on his accession, took no notice of him; his clerical friends died off; the archdeaconry of London was, indeed, given him, in his old age, but it was so poorly provided as to yield him nothing (Ep. 151); and even of this he was stripped by a false representation made to the pope by two young men (Ep. 149). We find two letters from him, written in his old age, one to the then archbishop of Sens, and

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\* From Letter 126 we find that he was at Rome as late as A.D. 1187. In 1196 he speaks of himself as old.

one to his old friend Odo, bishop of Paris, in which he expresses his wish to 'die at home, at last,' and entreats them to give him some benefice which would enable him to do so (Ep. 127). Of the end of his life we have no account. The history of his preferment is rather a curious one.

Peter of Blois was, questionless, a pluralist of dimensions which would throw modern reformers into a transport of indignation; for he was archdeacon of Bath and of London, canon of no less than three cathedrals (Salisbury, Chartres, and Rouen), dean of Wolverhampton, chancellor of Canterbury, and dean (elect) of Chartres! Two archdeaconries, three stalls, two deaneries, and a chancellorship! Mercy on the man! What a Triton among the minnows would he appear if his name were inserted even in that awful alphabetical catalogue at the end of Mr. Gilbert's excellent Clerical Guide, which causes such vehement wrath in Messrs. Riland, Hume, & Co. One may take for granted that such a Dragon of Wantley as this had gobbled up at least half a dozen benefices, only that they were not worth mentioning. 'Churches,' indeed, 'to him' must have been 'only geese and turkeys.' And yet, so completely was he one of Pharaoh's lean kine that all this monstrous voracity did him no good. Like other unhappy men with a canine appetite, he grew thinner instead of fatter, and to all appearance if he had had half a dozen stalls more—and he actually accuses one of his friends (Let. 72) of cheating him of *two* and a *provostship*!—he would have been starved outright. His complaints as to his poverty, and his singular fear of the Jews, are quite moving. He writes on one occasion to the bishop of Ely to say that he was going to Canterbury, under the most urgent necessity, to be crucified, as it were, by the Jews, who torture him and all other unhappy debtors, and ruin them with usury. If he got through his troubles at Canterbury, he expected just the same cruel suffering in London, unless my lord of Ely would have pity on him, and pay Sampson the Jew *six pounds* for him. The Jews seem to have never been absent from the poor archdeacon's thoughts. He writes to the dean of Tours, to tell him a sad history of his nephew's debts and simony. For himself, he says, he could not sleep one half hour if he were so deep in debt, and had so much reason to fear the Jews. By another letter to Jocelin, bishop of Salisbury (Let. 51), it appears that he had an annual pension from him which was not paid until long after the proper time, and in consequence Peter, who depended on it, had got into debt, and the interest on that debt was accumulating.

This matter requires a little explanation, and some amusement as well as information may be derived from it. When one comes to

to dissect poor Peter's preferment and pluralities, they turn out, like a great many modern pluralities, no great things after all. We find, for example, (Ep. 133,) that he had a violent quarrel with the chapter of Salisbury,\* who wanted to force him into residence, or to fine him for non-residence. He writes them a very angry letter, saying that they know very well that his whole stall yields him only five marks a-year, *which would not pay the expense of a journey to Salisbury*, and yet they have the conscience to fine him one mark for non-residence. Then of the archdeaconry of London, he gives a most curious account (Ep. 151) to Pope Innocent III.!! All he got from it would not keep him a month, he says, 'so that archdeacons of London ought to be like the dragons in scripture, and able to live on wind'! London had then 120 churches, and about 40,000 people. He took all sorts of pains with the clergy and the people too, but he could not possibly teach them the solemn obligation of paying him their dues. No tenths, no first-fruits, no oblations from the laity, no synodals, no procurations, no *cathedraticum*, no aids, no hospitalities, no customary payments! If the pope cannot influence the bishops of Ely and Winchester,† to interfere and set all this right, his successors, the archdeacons of London to all eternity, who could not dig, would be obliged to *beg*. We sincerely hope that archdeacon Pott can give a better account of things, although the determination to reverse the process of destruction practised elsewhere, and create a stall for London archdeacons at St. Paul's, looks as if things had not mended much since the times of archdeacon Peter.

At Rouen, where his stall might have been worth something, the unhappy man was cheated out of it (Ep. 141). He thought that a certain chaplain called Elias was an honest man, and therefore made him his agent; but for five years he never paid poor Peter a penny, and when at last the archdeacon thought this rather too bad a proceeding, and sent to insist on his dues, the knave only abused him, and sent his messengers away empty, saying as his excuse, that Peter was so rich that he could not want the revenue of his stall at Rouen! And, worst of all, when he got a little older, and not so well able to fight his own battles, he tells a most dismal story, in his most lachrymose style, of a young man by false accusations contriving to have him turned out of his archdeaconry (Ep. 149). *Which* archdeaconry he does not tell us; but as the archdeaconry of London yielded him nothing but *wind*, he would not have been so loud in his lamentations for

\* In Let. 104, he writes to express his pleasure at their moving their church from the hill to the plain, from Old Sarum to New.

† Quære—What had their lordships to do with the matter? Were they legates at the time?

the loss of this dragon's meat.—It is curious, by the way, that this distressed condition of prominent ecclesiastics seems to have been common, and to have continued very late. We find Anselm telling an ecclesiastic named Gerard, who was dreadfully embarrassed, that he had better apply to archbishop Lanfranc, who was rich and liberal; and from another letter, it appears that the archbishop actually settled with Gerard's creditors.\* In another letter we find a lamentable account of the finances of the monks of Bec, who, as was mentioned before, were sadly out at the elbows, in consequence of the dearness of peas and oats (*leguminum et avenæ*) for some time, and the price they had had to pay for some land. Lanfranc, who had a long purse, sent them twenty pounds (*viginti libræ*), but this only just kept them going, and they afterwards got a second supply from him. In this case the *octroi* on the very food for the kitchen and on their clothes was rigidly exacted, and annoyed them very much.† To go down to later times, archbishop Cranmer was in a very dilapidated state of finances, as we learn from the interesting letters published by Mr. Jenkyns. That he could not pay his debts, and was obliged to beg for time, is clear‡—nay, we find that he compelled a new incumbent to hand over what had accrued in the vacancy of the benefice *at once*, saying that he could not allow any time, as he was in greater necessity himself than the incumbent could be§—that when Hethe was appointed ambassador, and had no money to buy his outfit, Cranmer could not help him, as he was in great necessity, which Cromwell knew||—and that he borrowed 500*l.* of the king at one time, through Cromwell's good offices.

Surely these few particulars thus hastily collected from the writings of an archdeacon of the twelfth century respecting his own life, present us not only with an amusing piece of biography, but tend to show also how foolishly we judge in supposing that the ecclesiastics of those days were poor, ignorant, prejudiced creatures. If the human mind is enlarged by literature, by the wisdom of the Bible, and by the study of *man*, had they not all this? Had they not larger and wider opportunities for studying mankind than any men of modern days? The great Grecian bard and the lively Roman satirist were perfectly agreed in thinking that Ulysses's travels, and the opportunities of knowing and seeing manners and characters, national and individual, were of unspeakable advantage to him. Now, what modern layman ever saw so much of all this as the many clergy who lived the same kind of life as Peter of Blois?

We cannot help concluding this sketch of him with some traits

\* Anselm, Ep. lib. i., Ep. 13 and 19.

† Ep., lib. ii., Ep. 5, and lib. iii., Ep. 8.

‡ Cranmer's Letters, 52 and 56.

§ Cranmer's Letters, 66.

|| Cranmer, 79.

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of his temper and feelings, as drawn by himself. No one, as we have already seen, could possibly describe more graphically what he saw, or express with more vehemence what he felt, than this thorough Frenchman. He puts his whole soul into his pen, and when he is angry, seems occasionally to have had a little solution of wormwood at hand. When the schism in Pope Alexander III.'s time was finally settled, Peter of Blois thought proper to write a complimentary letter to a cardinal who had been very instrumental in setting things right (Ep. 48). In this letter he gives the cardinal his opinion of Victor IV., who had begun the schism which had been so materially promoted by Frederic Barbarossa. After expressing his joy that St. Peter's boat which had been so terribly tossed in the waves of the late storm seemed now to be safe, as the rage of Barbarossa had been softened down, and the wolf had been turned to a lamb, our archdeacon expresses himself in these peculiarly gentle terms of Pope Victor, or Octavian as he had been previously called:—

#### CHARACTER OF A POPE.

'Octavian,' he says, 'during his whole life had been collecting money and power to disturb the church. By his largesses he had so fascinated the wise men of this world, that he had gained the grace and favour of the great, and drew a large part of the court of Rome into his error. He usurped the popedom by pride and insolence, threw cities into confusion, shook kingdoms by the schism which he caused, and *he will have his lot with Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, whom he imitated*. As Isaiah says, "Is this the man that did shake kingdoms? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave. The worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee." I still remember how glorious he was in his own eyes, and how pompous he was in his talk. I was present, *when he made himself be adored, like a statue!* I was on my way to the court of Rome in company with others, when I was caught, robbed, and beaten by his ruffians. My friends were put into chains, and kept in them. By God's mercy, I escaped them, and I did not bow my knees before Baul. I lost everything, and like St. Paul was let down in a basket through the wall, and so escaped Octavian's hands. *God knows that I do not lie, when I say that ever since that day, I have prayed to God to bring down his pride.* And at last there has been fulfilled in him what Job says of the proud king, that "he shall perish like his own dung; and they which have seen him shall say, Where is he?" *The memory of Octavian and his accomplices is damned to all eternity!*'

This hearty prayer that Pope Victor's pride might be brought low, and this still more hearty joy that the wish was accomplished, with the comfortable concluding reflection, as to the everlasting damnation of his memory, are quite charming traits of character. The little virtue of forgiveness certainly does not seem to have been particularly cultivated in the reign of Henry Beauclerc. For in  
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the very next letter, we find the archdeacon complaining that some friends and brother-canons of his at Chartres, had cheated him out of the provostship, and although he acknowledges that the dean had managed to give him something better in lieu of it, which to a certain degree comforted his heart, the full gratification of his wishes would not be accomplished, he says, till God had humbled those proud traitors, and proved those to be liars who had so falsely blackened his good name! On another occasion he waxes so wroth, as we shall see, at the remembrance of the bad conduct of the king's ushers, that not content with thinking that their memory would be eternally damned, he breathes a most hearty and devout prayer that the Most High may confound the ushers of the presence!

It can hardly be necessary to say that the letters of a person so connected with public life, must throw much light on history. We shall give a few, as they occur to us. The accounts which Peter gives of the bribery practised in the court of Rome, are very curious. He was sent, he says (Let. 159), to Rome with another person by the archbishop, his master, on business, which he had completed; he had received the pope's blessing and permission to quit Rome, and had taken leave of the cardinals—when the abbot elect of St. Augustin's arrived. Peter was immediately ordered not to leave Rome. The matter was this: the monks of St. Augustin's were, as Peter says, a most immoral and profligate body, and paid every year to the court of Rome a sum of money for exemption from all episcopal rule, and licence to do whatever was good in their own eyes. The abbot elect was an illiterate layman, though clever enough in the practice of simony, and it was hoped at the court of Rome that his appointment would cause a great struggle, and that thus *he*, at all events, and perhaps both parties, would be obliged to bribe high. The abbot, therefore, was very civilly received by those who, as Peter says, thought money better than merit, and Peter himself, on the other hand, was ordered to stay and state the grounds on which the church of Canterbury claimed jurisdiction over St. Augustin's. He says that he quoted canons and laws, and exerted his *sacred eloquence* in vain. Nay! he was forbidden to do so, or to argue on any such general grounds, that St. Augustin's was subject to Canterbury, when it was expressly claimed by Rome, as subject to that court. If he could produce any papal grant, indeed, giving it to Canterbury, he was told he might do so, because, as he says, they knew very well that he could not possibly have any such grants with him! In this emergency he took a bold step; and, as the abbot's simony and bad conduct were notorious, he assumed the offensive, and preferred a formal accusation against him. This answered the desired purpose

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pose to one party at least, for the abbot began to bribe higher immediately. '*He borrowed from the Flemish merchants all the silver they had, and when this was exhausted, he borrowed from the Romans an immense quantity of gold.*' When the wings of the dove were covered with silver and her feathers with gold in this style, the voice of justice could not be heard. However it seems, as far as one can make out, that at last, although the simoniacal abbot had been ordered to be 'shaven and shorn'\* for receiving the pope's benediction the very next Sunday, Peter prevailed. He is a little apt to boast of his own exploits and courage, and on this occasion enacts the braggadocio in some small degree. Though placed, he says, 'in the midst of difficulties and crosses, and innumerable deaths' (!), he betook himself to the arguments of his *native reason* and managed so well, that without any promise, and without spending a penny, the benediction was put off *sine die*. He then committed the cause of the church of Canterbury to the keeping of God and the blessed martyr St. Thomas à Becket, and at the beginning of July left Rome with a terrible fever.

We would next observe that these letters give some very characteristic traits of Henry II. Several of these anecdotes have been quoted, and apparently copied from one writer by another; but there remain sundry curious particulars which have not been noticed at all. Coming from one who was about the king, they may be fully depended on; and it will not be unacceptable to the reader to have them all collected.

Peter of Blois, in a letter to Walter archbishop of Palermo, draws the following elaborate portraiture of Henry Beauclerc:—

'You are aware that his complexion and hair were a little red, but the approach of old age has altered this somewhat, and the hair is turning gray. He is of middle size, such that among short men he seems tall, and even among tall ones not the least in stature. His head is spherical, as if it were the seat of great wisdom, and the special sanctuary of deep schemes. [The archdeacon is a bit of a phrenologist!] In size it is such as to correspond well with the neck and whole body. His eyes are round, and while he is calm, dove-like and quiet; but when he is angry, they flash fire, and are like lightning. His hair is not grown scant, but he keeps it well cut. His face is lion-like, and almost square. His nose projects in a degree proportionate to the symmetry of his whole body. His feet are arched; his shins like a horse's; his broad chest and brawny arms proclaim him to be strong, active, and bold. In one of his toes, however, part of the nail grows into the flesh, and increases enormously, to the injury of the whole foot.

\* *Tonderi et Radi*. There can be no doubt as to the origin of the English phrase. In Wilkin's Concil. i. p. 218, we find a canon to punish priests who did not shave their beards and hair, or hid their tonsure.

His hands by their coarseness show the man's carelessness; he wholly neglects all attention to them, and never puts a glove on, except he is hawking. He every day attends mass, councils, and other public business, and stands on his feet from morning till night. Though his shins are terribly wounded and discoloured by constant kicks from horses, he never sits down except on horseback, or when he is eating. In one day, if need requires, he will perform four or five regular days' journeys, and by these rapid and unexpected movements often defeats his enemies' plans. He uses straight boots, a plain hat, and a tight dress. He is very fond of field-sports; and if he is not fighting, amuses himself with hawking and hunting. He would have grown enormously fat, if he did not tame this tendency to belly by fasting and exercise. In mounting a horse and riding he preserves all the lightness of youth, and tires out the strongest men by his excursions almost every day. For he does not, like other kings, lie idle in his palace, but goes through his provinces examining into every one's conduct, and particularly that of the persons whom he has appointed judges of others. No one is shrewder in council, readier in speaking, more self-possessed in danger, more careful in prosperity, more firm in adversity. If he once forms an attachment to a man, he seldom gives him up; if he has once taken a real aversion to a person, he seldom admits him afterwards to any familiarity. He has for ever in his hands bows, swords, hunting nets, and arrows, except he is at council or at his books; for as often as he can get breathing time from his cares and anxieties he occupies himself with private reading, or, surrounded by a knot of clergymen, he endeavours to solve some hard question. Your king knows literature well, but ours is much more deeply versed in it. I have had opportunity of measuring the attainments of each in literature; for you know that the King of Sicily was my pupil for two years. He had learnt the rudiments of literature and versification, and by my industry and anxiety reached afterwards to fuller knowledge. As soon, however, as I left Sicily, he threw away his books, and gave himself up to the usual idleness of palaces. But in the case of the King of England, the constant conversation of learned men, and the discussion of questions, make his court a daily school. No one can be more dignified in speaking, more cautious at table, more moderate in drinking, more splendid in gifts, more generous in alms. He is pacific in heart, victorious in war, but glorious in peace, which he desires for his people as the most precious of earthly gifts. It is with a view to this that he receives, collects, and dispenses such an immensity of money. He is equally skilful and liberal in erecting walls, towers, fortifications, moats, and places of enclosure for fish and birds. His father was a very powerful and noble count, and did much to extend his territory, but he has gone far beyond his father, and has added the dukedoms of Normandy, of Aquitaine, and Brittany, the kingdoms of England, Scotland, [?] Ireland, and Wales, so as to increase, beyond all comparison, the titles of his father's splendour. No one is more gentle to the distressed, more affable to the poor, more overbearing to the proud. It has always, indeed, been his study, by a certain carriage of himself like a deity, to put down the insolent, to en-

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courage the oppressed, and to repress the swellings of pride by continual and deadly persecution. Although, by the customs of the kingdom, he has the chief and most influential part in elections [of bishops?], his hands have always been pure from everything like venality. But these and other excellent gifts of mind and body with which nature has enriched him, I can but briefly touch. I profess my own incompetence to describe them;—and believe [modest Peter!] that Cicero or Virgil would labour in vain.—*Pet. Bl.*, 66.

This is the most finished picture of the king which we have. But other letters supply very characteristic touches. In a letter to a certain archdeacon or dean (Roger) who had business with the king, Peter of Blois mentions that he had lately occasion to go to his majesty on matters respecting the church of Canterbury, and that he entered the presence with cheerfulness, in his usual way; but, says he,

‘reading and understanding in his face the disturbance of his spirit, I immediately suppressed what I was about to say, and held my tongue, for I was afraid that if I spoke I should give further occasion to the irritation which his face, the faithful index of his mind, betrayed. I deferred my business, therefore, till a luckier hour and serener countenance should favour my wishes. To speak to an angry prince on business seems to me throwing out your fishing nets in a storm. He who does so, and will not wait till the gale is over, destroys himself and his nets. I know you are sent with a very harsh message to the king, and you must, therefore, be the more careful. Things which are in themselves pleasant, very often give offence, if related without consideration; while an unpleasant message may be so managed as to give pleasure. Pray take care not to approach the king about your affair till you are advised by me, or by some one else who knows him, to go into the presence; for he is a lamb when in good humour, but he is a lion, or worse than a lion, when seriously angry. It is no joke to incur the indignation of one in whose hands are honour and disgrace.’—*Ep.* 75.

A letter, written to Henry, in the name of the Archbishop of Rouen, respecting his eldest son’s education, fully recognizes and justifies the common belief respecting his own learning. We have already quoted Peter’s testimony to his munificence and generosity, and to his rapid and secret movements. The following picture of the progress and the manners of the court, not in war but in peace, is perhaps as curious as anything in the collection:—

‘I often wonder how one who has been used to the service of scholarship and the camps of learning can endure the annoyances of a court life. Among courtiers there is no order, no plan, no moderation, either in food, in horse-exercise, or in watchings. A priest or a soldier attached to the court has bread put before him which is not kneaded, not leavened, made of the dregs of beer; bread like lead, full of bran, and unbaked; wine, spoilt either by being sour, or mouldy—thick, greasy, rancid,

rancid, tasting of pitch, and vapid. I have sometimes seen wine so full of dregs put before noblemen that they were compelled rather to filter than drink it, with their eyes shut and their teeth closed, with loathing and reaching. The beer at court is horrid to taste and filthy to look at. On account of the great demand, meat, whether sweet or not, is sold alike; the fish is four days old; yet its stinking does not lessen its price. The servants care nothing whatever whether the unlucky guests are sick or dead, provided there are fuller dishes sent up to their master's tables. Indeed, the tables are filled (sometimes) with carrion, and the guests' stomachs thus become the tombs for those who die in the course of nature. Indeed, many more deaths would ensue from this putrid food were it not that the famishing greediness of the stomach, (which, like a whirlpool, will suck in anything,) by the help of powerful exercise, gets rid of everything. But if the courtiers cannot have exercise (which is the case if the court stays for a time in a town), some of them always stay behind at the point of death.

'To say nothing of other matters, I cannot endure the annoyances of the marshals. They are most wily flatterers, infamous slanderers, shameful swindlers, most importunate till they get something from you, and most ungrateful when they have; nay, open enemies, unless your hand is continually in your pocket. I have seen very many who have been most generous to them; and yet, when, after the fatigue of a long journey, these persons had got a lodging, when their meat was half-dressed, or when they were actually at table, nay, sometimes, when they were asleep on their rugs, the marshals would come in with insolence and abuse, cut their horses' halters, tumble their baggage out of doors, without any distinction, and (with great loss to the owners) turn them out of their lodgings shamefully; and thus, when they had lost everything which they had brought for their comfort, at night they could not, though rich, find a place to hide their heads in.

'This, too, must be added to the miseries of court. If the king announces his intention of moving three days hence, and particularly if the royal pleasure has been announced by the heralds, you may be quite sure that the king will start by day-break, and put everybody's plans to the rout by his unexpected dispatch. Thus it frequently happens that persons who have been let blood, or have taken physic, follow the king without regard to themselves, place their existence at the hazard of a die, and, for fear of losing what they neither do nor ever will possess, are not afraid of losing their own lives. You may see men running about like madmen, sumpter-horses pressing on sumpter-horses, and carriages jostling against carriages; all, in short, in utter confusion. So that, from the thorough disturbance and misery, one might get a good description of the look of hell. But if his majesty has given notice beforehand that he will move to such a place very early the next day, his plan will certainly be changed, and you may therefore be sure that he will sleep till mid-day. You will see the sumpter-horses waiting with their burdens on, the carriages all quiet, the pioneers asleep, the court purveyors in a worry, and all muttering to one another; then they run to the prostitutes and the court shopkeepers to inquire of them

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whether the prince will go, for this class of court-followers very often knows the secrets of the palace. The king's court, indeed, is regularly followed by stage-players, washerwomen, dice-players, confectioners, tavernkeepers, buffoons, barbers, pickpockets—in short, the whole race of this kind. I have often known that, when the king was asleep, and everything in deep silence, a message came from the royal quarters, (not omnipotent, perhaps, but still awaking all,) and told us the city or town to which we were to go. After we had been worn out with expectation, it was some comfort at all events that we were to be fixed where we might hope to find plenty of lodgings and provisions. There was then such a hurried and confused rush of horse and foot immediately, that you would think all hell had broken loose. However, when the pioneers had quite or nearly finished their day's journey, the king would change his mind and go to some other place, where, perhaps, he had the only house, and a plenty of provisions, none of which were given to any one else. And, if I dare say so, I really think that his pleasure was increased by our annoyance. We had to travel three or four miles through unknown woods, and often in the dark,\* and thought ourselves too happy if at length we could find a dirty and miserable hut. There was often a violent quarrel among the courtiers about the cottages, and they would fight with swords about a place for which pigs would have been ashamed to quarrel. How things were with me and my attendants on such nights you will have no doubt. My people and I were separated, and it would be three days before I could collect them again.

'Oh! God, who art King of kings, and Lord of lords, to be feared by earthly kings, in whose hands the hearts of kings are, and who turnest them as thou wilt, turn the heart of this king from these pestilent customs! Make him know that he is a man, and let him have and practise the grace of royal bounty and kindness to those who are compelled to follow him, not from ambition but necessity! Free me, I beseech thee, from the necessity of returning to the odious and troublesome court, which lies in the shadow of death, and where order and peace are unknown!—But to return to the court officers. By exceeding complaisance you may sometimes keep in favour with the outer porters for two days, but this will not last to a third, unless you buy it with continued gifts and flattery. They will tell the most unblushing falsehoods, and say that the king is ill, or asleep, or at council. And if you are an honest and religious man, but have given them *nothing the day before*, they will keep you an unreasonable time standing in the rain and mire; and to annoy you the more, and move your bile, they will allow a set of hairdressers and thieves to go in at the first word! As to the doorkeepers of the presence, may the Most High confound them!

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\* The travelling, even under less pressure of a large cortège, was not very agreeable. Peter of Blois writes to the Abbot of St. Albans (Letter 29) a long complaint of the inhospitality of his prior at Wallingford. The archdeacon was returning from his visitation, and sent his servants on before to Wallingford to prepare for him. They carried everything necessary for man and beast, and only begged the loan of some vacant chambers (*domos*) for one night. The prior refused, abused them violently, and left them to fare as they could.

For they are not afraid to put every good man to the blush, and cover him with confusion. Have you got by the terrible porters without? It is of no avail unless you have bribed the doorkeeper! "Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras." After the first Cerberus, there is another worse than Cerberus, more terrible than Briareus, more wicked than Pygmalion, and more cruel than the Minotaur. If you were in the greatest danger of losing your life, or your fortune, to the king you cannot go; nay, it often happens, to make things ten thousand times worse, "rumpantur ut ilia Codro," that while you are kept out, these wretches let your enemy in. Oh! Lord Jesus Christ, if this is the way of living, if this is the life of the court, may I never go back to it again! I cannot attempt to reckon the grievous loss of time which I have already sustained in years of trifling about the court—"

The puns which follow are not transferable into English.

'—I bid you and your court *militia*, not to say *malitia*, farewell. There is another *militia*, of which the Apostle speaks, *milita militiam bonam*, where, by the word *bonam*, he clearly excludes the service of the court as confessedly bad, dishonest, abandoned, and damned. Do you also, my dear friends, remember in the bitterness of your soul the days you have lost at court. It is time for us to awake out of sleep. To use the words of Job, "My wrinkles give witness against me." And again: "The short years are passing away, and I am going by the path by which I shall not return again." I shall therefore devote the rest of my days to study and peace. I wish to inform you, however, with respect to the favour, glory, and magnificence of our lord the king, I have composed a book about his acts which I shall communicate to your fraternity. But the hand of the artist is correcting and polishing the book, that when it comes out, it may have no reason to fear the tongue of the slanderers, nor the malicious attacks of envy. Farewell.'—*Pet. Bl.*, Ep. 14.

This paper is drawing to an unreasonable length. We shall, therefore, in our mercy (for the stores of amusement in these letters are endless) only add a portraiture of an ecclesiastic of the highest rank in Henry II.'s time, because it is so unlike the 'proud and tyrannical priests,' which all bishops in those days are supposed to have been.

We have already said that the successor of Becket, Richard, Prior of Dover, Peter's friend and patron, was a person of very different character from the martyr; that he was gentle, retiring, learned, and perhaps a little too much inclined to shrink from active life, and busy himself in improving the archiepiscopal domains and revenues. The friends of the church thought that he should come forward to use the re-action in its favour caused by Becket's murder. Peter writes and tells him all this very plainly. The letter is amusing in itself, and very valuable as a sketch of the archbishop:—

'I have been most anxious to return to you at once, but the king would not allow it. I have asked leave a thousand times, but though  
not

not refused, I could not obtain it. When I say how inconvenient the delay is, and how urgently you have recalled me, the one, only, and daily answer from his majesty is, "You shall go to-morrow." But in all the days of the year, I have never yet found that *to-morrow*. When it is looked for, it is not forthcoming, and perhaps it will turn up when no one is looking for it. But I am much distressed, and you have made me pine away like a spider, for "mine enemies reproach me while they say unto me daily, 'Where is now thy Lord?' Where is he hiding? Where is he slumbering? How long will his lazy slumber last? It is full time for him to awake and attend to the flock committed to him, and to remember what a predecessor he had! Has he received the grace of God in vain, so as to make of none effect the grace given to himself and the glory of his predecessor? He has already done so in great part, and we see no signs of his doing better." In short, they think that it is your fault that the ark of the Lord is seized by foreigners, that the church is trodden down by the laity, that rust is eating Peter's sword, that the Sacraments are despised, God's name taken in vain, and lawful marriages dissolved on pretext of forgery. When I praise your innocence and humility, they say, "It is not enough for a man in such a station to do no harm, unless he does good too. Your archbishop," they say, "found the church in the best state. But he deserts it, and has pulled it down. The glories of the church of Canterbury, which the illustrious martyr had marked in red with his blood, and had left as a perpetual legacy by the dashing out of his brains, your archbishop's cowardice has lost, and he has reduced to the old and disgraceful slavery that church which had vindicated its right to full liberty. Why does he occupy the earth? When will he die, and his name perish? Why, at least, does he not awake?" Thus tears are my food day and night. I expected to gain great glory under the shadow of your name, but have found reproach and misery instead. For you are a fable in men's mouths, and the study of all is to let loose their insolent tongues, and utter odious slanders of you. If I try to praise your industry in the improving of buildings, in the cultivation of farms, and other outward cares of this kind, relating to matters always required by human necessity, they pervert everything to evil. "What credit is it," they say, "to him to construct fish-ponds, and contrive inclosures for game,\* when the doors of monastic cloisters are set open for general license? What use is it that the arable fields are fattened with dung and chalk, if in the culture of the Lord's harvest no thorn is plucked out, nor thistle plucked up, nor the word sown? Does God care for oxen and asses, that the archbishop is so anxious about them? Why does not he attend to his office as legate?" † . . . . . What annoys me most is, that our lord the

\* This is alluded to in Peter's Canon *Episcopalis*, p. 538, where he says, that in these days some think that a bishop's business is in improving land with chalk and dung, making many fish-ponds and parks, increasing their land, building palaces, mills, and ovens.

† Several plays upon words here follow, which are quite untranslatable; e.g. 'The archbishop is *ligatus* rather than *legatus*,' &c. &c.

king,

king, who loves you from his heart, as I find constantly by experience, and who has been a wall of defence to you at Rome against those who attacked you, often finds fault with your sloth and carelessness, though secretly and with moderation. He often seeks to stir you up by letters and messengers, as he is greatly grieved at your tempting the evil doers of his realm to greater crimes by allowing them to go unpunished. You must remember his late friendly letter and message. As I was party to it, I must remind you of one remarkable expression: "Let my lord archbishop know," said the king, "that if my son, or any bishop or count, or any one should presume to oppose his will or plans, so that he cannot discharge his duties as legate, he shall find that I will avenge his insulted dignity as much as if an attack had been made on my own crown." I know, my father, that the king has long had, and still has it very much at heart, that you should give him aid and assistance in reproving the guilty; that your hand should lay hold on judgment, and should plead for the meek of the earth.'

In another letter (Ep. 100) Peter defends the archbishop for his line of conduct, says that those who urged him to strong measures wished to break the link between Church and State, and that the archbishop's proceedings were entirely the effect of policy, and not of base subservience, to all suspicion of which his character was quite opposed. He afterwards mentions, incidentally, that this policy had had good effects. In writing to the prior and convent at Evesham, who were in distress, he expresses his surprise that they had not consulted the archbishop, 'a man of great prudence and eminent wisdom, who was in the habit of controlling desperate quarrels, and reconciling the most furious enmities of the great' (Ep. 142).

Of the light which these letters throw on the religious notions and practices of this period, it is not our purpose to speak. We need hardly say, that they abound with the most curious information. Anselm's fame as a divine stands on the highest ground, and, of course, many of his letters relate to points of belief or practice. Our friend Peter is accused of being the first person who used the word *transubstantiation*, and he was, at least, as strong in divinity as in other points. But it would require a separate paper to point out the curious lights which may be derived from these sources for church history.

ART. VI.—*Rhymes.* By William Stewart Rose. Brighton : 12mo. 1837.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Rose has condescended to take the hint which we offered a year ago in a short article on his Epistle to Mr. Frere, and collected that elegant piece and some others not unworthy of being classed with it into a volume. The new *Rhymes*, as he modestly, or *Italianly*, calls them, are, with few exceptions, in the same style with the Epistle from which we quoted ample specimens; so that any critical remarks on the present occasion would be superfluous. We are not willing, however, to allow a volume which contains so much of what is both new and good, to pass entirely without notice in these pages; and we therefore select for the entertainment of our readers a single tale, which in our opinion is of itself sufficient to prove that, had this author pleased, he might have given us a body of comic narratives in verse, quite as valuable as any that our literature possesses. The exquisite skill of the composition will, however, speak for itself. No writer knows better how to unite the quaint and the graceful.

The story of the Dean of Badajos has been, time out of mind, a special favourite with the Spaniards. Like most of the many admirable inventions of its class, familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the comic romance of the Peninsula, we have no doubt its original was oriental. There is nothing wittier in the *Arabian Nights*, and it is a fiction entirely in their taste. We rather think the story was first told in our own language by Richard Cumberland—his prose edition of it is, at all events, the one best known to English readers—and it is a very lively and humorous edition; but still, we are inclined to think that no one, who considers attentively the structure and execution of Mr. Rose's *rifacimento*, will accuse him of having wasted his powers in painting the lily and adding perfume to the violet.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOS.

' Dear Rogers, at your hint I have been fain  
To versify this pithy tale of Spain,  
Perhaps the growth of a more Southern shore,  
Transplanted thither by invading moor;  
Which, being grafted where it has taken root,  
Hath changed the form and colour of the fruit.  
Yet stringing rhymes upon a tale which flows  
So neatly and so naturally in prose,  
May seem to some (and some who know what's what)  
Akin to tying bladders to a cat:  
Since—wind and wings to boot—when all is done,  
She cannot fly so well as she can run:

But

But you (I find) are backed by La Fontaine :  
 He in a preface says, " that stories gain  
 By being versed," and—what might make me bold,  
 And them, whose stories, like my own, are old—  
 " That stories gain by being often told."  
 His word and yours should justify my deed ;  
 But, as few now his pleasant pages read,  
*Your* warranty must keep my bark afloat ;  
 And victualled for short venture is the boat.

' The Dean of Badajos was (report hath said)  
 A scholar and a ripe one, and well read  
 In all the arts and sciences which rank a  
 Man highest in the schools of Salamanca,  
 Coimbra or Alcala ; nor was to seek  
 In Law or Logic, Latin or in Greek :  
 In schoolmen versed, in poets, epic, tragic,  
 And comic—he knew every thing but Magic.  
 To lack such knowledge was a source of pain,  
 For none (he deemed) could show that secret vein,  
 Of all the learned men that lived in Spain.  
 At last, and when least hoped, within his reach,  
 He heard of one that could the science teach,  
 Who at Toledo lived, of little fame ;  
 And Don Torribio was his style and name.

' Scarce of his name assured and his abode,  
 The Dean was on his mule and on his road.  
 He lighting at Toledo, to a lone,  
 Mean dwelling by his muleteer was shown ;  
 And, as if all was moulded on one plan,  
 Such as his modest mansion found the man ;  
 To whom, due congees made, he thus began :—  
 " I am the Dean of Badajos. Is none  
 In Seville, the Castilles, or Aragon,  
 Nay—not from Cadiz to the Pyrenees,  
 (Whatever are his honours, or degrees)  
 But calls me Master ; yet were I by thee  
 Called scholar, it a higher praise would be :—  
 Instruct me but in Magic, I entreat,  
 And bind me to thy service, hands and feet."

' Although he piqued himself, as he might well,  
 On keeping the best company in hell,  
 Torribio dealt not (as my story teaches)  
 In candid courtesies and flowery speeches ;  
 But bluntly said, " he had met such ill return  
 From all that had repaired to him to learn,  
 It was his firm resolve, that never more  
 Would he reveal his prostituted lore."

—" And

—"And has the great Torribio been repaid  
In such base coin?" the dean of Badajos said,  
And—as if such a thought had fired his blood—  
Poured forth so loud, so long and large a flood  
Of saws and sentences against the crime  
Of foul ingratitude, in prose and rhyme,  
All on a foam with honest hate and scorn,  
That by the furious torrent overborne,  
The sage confessed, "he could no more repel  
The advances of a man, who spoke so well:  
He *would* instruct him; he would be his host;"  
And from his window cried—"Jacintha, roast  
A brace of partridges;" (this window looked  
Upon the kitchen where Jacintha cooked;  
His cook and faithful housekeeper was she:)  
Adding, "the dean of Badajos sups with me."  
Next touched his pupil's brow, and said, (let not  
The words by thee, good reader, be forgot)  
"*Ortobolan, Pistrafier, Ornagriouf*:"  
Then of his zeal and art gave present proof;  
Opened his books; and with his pupil fell  
To work on sign and sigil, spirit and spell.

' Master and scholar little time had read  
Before a knock, strange voice, and heavy tread  
Were heard; and lo! Jacintha, and with her  
A squat, square man, that seemed a messenger  
Breathless he was, and fiery hot with haste,  
Splashed to the eyes, and booted to the waist.  
This courier was postilion to my lord  
Bishop of Badajos; and he brought word,  
"The bishop"—(who had for a long time been  
Ailing, and who was uncle to the dean)—  
"Had had an apoplectic stroke, and lay  
Upon his death-bed when he came away."  
The dean, intent upon his long-sought art,  
Cursed messenger and uncle—but apart—  
And gravely bade the man return; "he would  
Follow (he added) with what haste he could:"  
But hardly was he gone before the twain,  
Wizard and dean, were at their work again.

' Vainly, for lo! new messengers! but more  
Worth hearing were the tidings which they bore.  
This new arrival was a deputation,  
Sent by the Chapter, who, in convocation,  
Since the dean's uncle, their right reverend lord,  
The bishop, had been called to his reward,  
Had chosen him—as fittest found—to keep  
And feed and fold his houseless, hungry sheep.

Upon

Upon this hint Torribio spake : he paid  
 The bishop a brief compliment, and said,  
 " He upon this occasion might fulfil  
 His promises ; nor did he doubt his will.  
 He had not yet informed him he had a son,  
 Who, wanting not in mother wit, had none  
 For the dark sciences : whom he had ceased  
 To press upon this point, and made a priest :  
 Nor better bad his beads, nor said his *credo*,  
 In all the many churches of Toledo.  
 Then, since his pupil could not be at once  
 A bishop and a dean, and *must* renounce  
 The lesser dignity, he would outrun  
 His wishes if he gave it to his son."

' Embarrassed was the dean ; but cleared his eye  
 And cloudy forehead, and thus made reply :  
 " It grieves me—grieves me greatly to refuse  
 The first small boon for which Torribio sues :  
 But a rich cousin, by my kin well seen,  
 One that is only fit to be a dean,  
 And who has promised I shall be his heir,  
 Looks to my deanery ; and, should I dare  
 Withhold the prize for which he hopes, I should  
 Anger each man and woman of my blood.  
 But a poor deanery in Estremadura  
 Ill fits *his* son, to whom I would assure a  
 More fitting and more profitable boon ;  
 And surely this could compass late or soon :—  
 Sooner or later, some new prize must fall ;  
 And, since I must obey my clergy's call,  
 Follow me, I beseech, and you shall be  
 Friend, councillor, and all in all to me :  
 Leave not, dear master ('tis my prayer) half done  
 The work you have so happily begun ;  
 And reckon on *his* gratitude, who knows  
 The measure of the mighty debt he owes."

' After some pause, Torribio gave consent,  
 And with him to his see of Badajos went ;  
 Where, as if he had filled the high vicar's stall,  
 He *was* to the new bishop all in all :  
 Nay—by his conduct earned, and tongue and pen,  
 Golden opinions of all sorts of men.

' Beneath the guidance of so good a master,  
 The bishop, if more cautiously, moved faster  
 In magic, (for more steady was his pace)  
 Than when he first began to run that race ;  
 Learned study with his duties to combine ;  
 And shaped himself withal so just a line,

That

That throughout Spain, in country, town, and court,  
Fame of his worth and wisdom made report.  
When lo! into his lap—unlooked for—fell a  
New plumb, the archbishopric of Compostella.  
I should want words to tell, how at their loss  
Men—priests and people—mourned in Badajos :  
Whose Canons (their last tokens of respect)  
Besought their parting prelate to select  
One from among his many friends, to be  
His successor in that afflicted see.

‘ The occasion was not by Torribio lost ;  
Who for his son again besought the post ;  
And was again refused the vacant place :  
But that with all imaginable grace :  
“ The archbishop felt such sorrow, felt such shame,  
At so postponing his preceptor’s claim :  
But could he a yet older claim withstand ?  
That of Don Ferdinand de Lara, grand  
Constable of Castile : for service done,  
He sought the windfall for a natural son.  
Bound to this Lord ” (though visible relation  
Was none between them) “ by old obligation,  
He paid a debt ; and hence might be inferred  
How well with all he kept his plighted word.”  
This fact, however it might make him grieve,  
Torribio had the goodness to believe ;  
At *his* rare fortune that had gained the good,  
Which he had lost, rejoiced as best he could ;  
And, as before at Badajos, went to dwell at  
His see of Compostella with the prelate.

‘ So little there those two were to remain,  
That the remove was hardly worth their pain.  
Soon the archbishop to a better home  
Was summoned by a chamberlain from Rome,  
With scarlet hat and brief: “ the holy father ”  
(That brief declared in full) “ desired to gather  
Wisdom and knowledge from his mouth, whose name  
Was noised through Christendom by clamorous fame ;  
And left him power again to appoint—that lesser  
Might be his church’s sorrow—his successor.”

‘ Torribio was not with his reverend chief  
When the pope’s chamberlain brought hat and brief.  
He to Toledo for some days had gone,  
It chanced, upon a visit to his son ;  
Who (for his course had been more slow than sure)  
Was living there upon a paltry cure :  
But, being now returned, was spared the pain  
Of suing for the vacant see in vain :

Him

Him the archprelate went to meet ; he prest  
 With open arms Torribio to his breast ;  
 And cried ; " you have heard good news ; now hear the best !  
 Now have I two to tell instead of one ;  
 I have been made a cardinal, and your son  
 A cardinal as well shall briefly be ;  
 Or I have no credit with the holy see.  
 I had predestined him my vacant throne :  
 But mark *his* evil fortune, nay, *my own* ;  
 My mother, left at Badajos, when we  
 Were called to Compestella, wrote to me,  
 While you, dear Sir, were to Toledo gone,  
*Unless my mitre was bestowed on Don*  
*Pablos de Salazar, her ancient friend*  
*And her confessor, it would be her end.*  
 And such, I well believe, would be the case.  
 Now put yourself, dear master, in my place :  
 Say ; would you kill your mother ? " and he sighed.  
 —Not of a kind to counsel matricide,  
 Torribio was, in truth, or in appearance,  
 Content, nor cursed the beldam's interference.  
 But—would you sift the story—she whose will  
 The pious son pretended to fulfil,  
 This earnest advocate was old, and fat,  
 And foolish, seeing but her maid and cat ;  
 And, as on all sides it was said, (Heaven bless her !)  
 Knew not the very name of her confessor.  
 Was it not rather at the instigation  
 Of a Gallician lady, a relation  
 Of this Don Pablos, it was brought about,  
 A hospitable widow and devout ?  
 Thus much is sure ; the prelate used to vaunt  
 This pious woman's wine of Alicante ;  
 Called her unfailing flask " the widow's cruise,"  
 And often blest her ollas and ragouts.

' However this might be, in friendly sort  
 Master and pupil sought the papal court :  
 Wherein as well the cardinal was seen,  
 As everywhere he heretofore had been ;  
 As popular with priest as pope, a vote, a  
 Word from his lips sufficed to rule the *rota*.  
 While thus acknowledged, pope and priesthood's guide,  
 Yea, in his height of fame the pontiff died.  
 And lo ! unanimous the conclave were  
 In calling him to fill St. Peter's chair.

' The holy father solemnly proclaimed—  
 A private audience Don Torribio claimed ;  
 And wept for pleasure while he kiss'd *his* feet,  
 Who filled so worthily the sacred seat.

' He

' He then to faithful services referred,  
And to the pope recalled his plighted word ;  
Scarce hinted at the hat he had laid down,  
When he exchanged it for the triple crown :  
But limited his suit to one short prayer ;  
Would he *now* make his helpless son his care ?  
He would be well contented with possessing  
The means of life, if sweetened with his blessing.  
He on *his* part renounced each brighter vision ;  
And sought but for his needs such small provision  
As might supply (enough would be a feast)  
The wants of a philosopher and priest.

' Meanwhile to him, that deem'd he'd gained his scope,  
And knew enough of magic for a pope,  
And now could ill frequent the sabbath revels  
Of witches with hobgoblins, ghosts, and devils,  
His friend Torribio had become a thorn  
In the flesh, a thing no longer to be borne :  
The holy father took his line, and stout  
In the resolve forthwith to pluck it out,  
Eyed the magician with a mien severe,  
And to his suppliant cried, " I grieve to hear,  
You under false pretences of appliance  
To hidden studies and mysterious science,  
Dabble with spell, and deal with demon ; crimes  
The Christian church hath punished in all times.  
It would much irk me to pronounce your doom :  
But, if you four days hence are found in Rome,  
Beware the secular arm, lest you expire,  
As well your sins deserve, in penal fire."

' He ended frowning ; but, unmoved in look,  
Torribio heard the threat ; and simply spoke  
Anew the three mysterious words reversed,  
(Words not to be forgot) by him rehearsed  
When he received the dean beneath his roof ;  
*Ortoloban, Pistrasfier, Ornagriouf :*  
And called aloud (as he whilere had done)  
From the open window, " You need dress but one  
Partridge, Jacintha ; for my friend, the Dean,  
Does not sup with me." Then vanished clean  
The scholar's vision : on the clock he cast  
His eyes, and saw but one short hour had past,  
Since, with intent to study magic lore,  
He had first darkened Don Torribio's door :  
An hour which seemed to fill his every wish up ;  
That made him from a simple dean a bishop ;

Bishop

Bishop, archbishop, cardinal, and pope :  
 Yet all was but a bubble blown from soap :  
 He in that hour had stirred not from his stool :  
 And that short hour had stamped him knave and fool.'

—pp. 27-43.

Some of the *new sonnets* in this volume are very elegant—and one or two of them have a touching, sober pathos, conveyed in lines which at once fix themselves for ever in the memory of the reader ; but we find none that seems to us so perfect a specimen as our ancient favourite 'Constantinople seen at Sun-rise ;' and we must add that we like *that* better as it stands in a note to Childe Harold than as Mr. Rose has now altered it. These after-thoughts are not always successful : we are grieved to say that we think Mr. Wordsworth, in his late castigated edition of his poetry, has divested several of the finest pieces in the collection —(the peerless 'Laodamia' for example)—of some of their best charms ; and we happen to have recently seen a copy of *Christabel corrected* by Mr. Coleridge within a few years of his death, in which every alteration seemed to us, without exception, for the worse. Men should distrust the coolness of age in tampering with the fervid creations of their prime. They should remember the fate of Tasso's amended Jerusalem. Well and wisely has Mr. Southey resolved on including in his edition of Cowper the version of Homer which that poet executed 'in the happiest period of his whole life'—and discarding the perplexed and enfeebled one over which he wearied his fingers in the hopeless gloom of his later years.

Next to 'The Dean of Badajos,' and hardly inferior to it, we should place, among the novel contents of the present volume, 'The Talisman,' inscribed to Dr. Todd, of Brighton, who is, we presume, too skilful and too prosperous a gentleman to take offence at its satire upon his profession ; and after that 'Gundimore'—a thoroughly Italian description of Mr. Rose's Italian villa on the shore of Hampshire. We have only to add, that we sincerely hope the reception of these *Rhymes*, among the limited circle for which this edition has been prepared, may encourage the author to place both them and more of the fruits of his leisure at the command of the public. He seems to us, if we must speak the plain truth, to have only of late years discovered the vein of verse which his genius is most peculiarly and felicitously adapted for working out ; and he has, we hope and trust, plenty of time and vigour before him yet.

ART.

ART. V.  
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ART. VII.—1. *Opinions de Napoléon sur divers sujets de Politique et d'Administration, recueillies par un Membre de son Conseil d'état ; et recit de quelques événemens de l'époque.* Par le Baron Pelet (de la Lozère), Membre de la Chambre des Députés. Paris. 1833.

2. *Napoleon in Council ; or, Opinions delivered by Buonaparte in the Council of State. Translated from the French of Baron Pelet (de la Lozère), Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction.* By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Edinburgh. 1837.

BOTH M. Pelet and his translator begin with a kind of apology for publishing another work on a subject which they seem to think almost exhausted : but this is only the common-place modesty of authors. M. Pelet and Captain Hall know very well that—enormous as is the mass of falsehood and forgery with which Buonaparte *himself* in the first place, his partizans in the second, and finally the mere hirelings of the Parisian press, have laboured to overlay and stifle historical truth—we are by no means overstocked with authorities possessing the double merit of good information and honest intentions. M. Pelet himself touches this topic, though very lightly, in allusion to Buonaparte's St. Helena romances ; but even a slight admission from a person of M. Pelet's character and condition, becomes important evidence on such a subject. We therefore record it. M. Pelet says—

'The St. Helena Memorials, it is true, report his conversations on all sorts of subjects ; but it must be recollected, that, though still alive, he had virtually become a member of posterity. He exhibited himself, therefore, as it were *historically*, in the manner he *wished to appear* in future times ; and as it was clearly under this impression that he dictated his memoirs, it is impossible not to distrust the sincerity of his opinions.'—p. ii.

M. Pelet's very just idea of Buonaparte's *history* is, we see, not that which is *true*, but only what Napoleon *wished it to appear*. The avowal is candid ; and, as the French say, *nous en prenons acte*.

Captain Hall also, after expressing his fear that the subject may be 'thought well nigh worn out,' adds,—

'But as there can be no doubt that many parts of it have hitherto been mystified—some by design, and some unintentionally—it occurred to me that a trustworthy statement, coming from a person who has enjoyed peculiar advantages for ascertaining the truth, might still be considered acceptable.'—p. iv.

He then proceeds to inform us of his author's claims to confidence :—

'Mons. Pelet's means of obtaining information arose from his having occupied high and confidential situations, first under the *Consulate* and the Empire, afterwards during the Restoration, and more recently under the present government of France.

'Under Napoleon, the author was long a member of the Council of State, and administrator of the royal forests of the civil list; both of which situations brought him frequently in contact with the head of the government. During the Restoration, he enjoyed the title of councillor of state, and for four years was prefect of the Loire and Cher, of which department he was elected a deputy in 1827; a seat which he has occupied up to this time. Since the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, he has been vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, and for some time held the important office of minister of public instruction. Finally, by his marriage with the daughter of Mons. Otto (who, it may be remembered, negotiated the preliminaries of the treaty of Amiens, and afterwards filled various high diplomatic situations on the continent,) Mons. Pelet came into the possession of many valuable official documents, several of which, so far as I know, are now for the first time laid before the public.'—pp. iv. v.

In this account there are one or two inaccuracies, which, trifling as they are, we think it right to notice, because Captain Hall evidently writes under the immediate sanction of M. Pelet himself—with whom he tells us he has 'an intimate personal acquaintance,'—and who has even enriched the translation with notes and illustrations (distinguished by his initials), which the original does not possess. The first of these inaccuracies is the assertion that 'M. Pelet held a high and confidential situation under the *Consulate*.' This must be a mistake: the *Consulate* ended 20th May, 1804; and the first mention we find of M. Pelet's official life is his 'becoming a member of the Council of State in 1806—being then but *nineteen*\* years old' (p. 2.),—early enough, of all conscience; and it is almost impossible that he should have held high and confidential office *two years before*. Nor is it quite accurate to represent him as having been a *member* of the Council of State—if that ambiguous phrase is meant to convey the idea that he was a Councillor of State—*Anglicè*, a *privy councillor*—at this period. As early, indeed, as 1806, he became one of the *auditors* of the Council of State, and about 1812, or 1813, he was promoted to be

\* This, though the statement of M. Pelet himself, we suspect to be also erroneous. We know that Buonaparte—particularly at first—bribed the old revolutionists by every species of favouritism; but we scarcely think that he would have done so indecent a job for the old conventionalist Pelet, as to place his son in a prominent office at the age of *nineteen*, unless—as in our celebrated whig case of Sir John Key—the youth's age was falsified to excuse the patron; but we find in several biographical works, that Pelet, junior, was born in 1785; therefore he must have been above twenty, and *might* have been, and *probably* was, of the legal age of *twenty-one*, when he was appointed. These little matters are not unimportant when we are weighing the testimony of a witness.

a *master of requests*;—but it is not till 1829 that we find him on the list of even honorary *privy councillors*. The *auditors* were a kind of *apprentices* in the art of administration, to whom was entrusted the first preparatory arrangement of the materials on which the *Privy Council* were afterwards to decide. A few of the *auditors* were distinguished by the peculiar privilege of attending at the meetings of the Council when the Emperor was present—but we do not find M. Pelet's name in even that list. All this is in some degree important—in the first place, because accuracy is always valuable; but in the next, because—M. Pelet professing to give us a view of Buonaparte in his Council of State—it is obviously one thing to have been a constituent member of the board, and another to be an inferior officer, admitted occasionally to the sittings when the business on which he had been previously employed happened to be brought forward for discussion. This distinction is clearly made by M. Pelet himself, in his chapter on the Council of State:—

‘At the time I speak of (1806), the number of *auditors* was so great, that he could not express himself freely before such a number of *young men of all the different classes in society*. In his decree, therefore, he made a distinction between the old and the new *auditors*; of whom only the old could attend the meetings *when he was himself in the chair*.’—pp. 221, 222.

M. Pelet himself was one of those *new auditors*. We are sorry that he was not an actual councillor of state, for we are so well pleased with what he reports of the proceedings, that we wish he had more to tell us.

There is another observation, which it may not be a useless preliminary to make: this gentleman calls himself ‘*Le Baron Pelet de la Lozère*’—an adjunct to which he has no more right than the son of any ex-member of our House of Commons would have to assume as a title of honour the name of the *county* for which his father might have sat forty years ago. This little assumption of a high-sounding name is so characteristic of the republican school of equality, that it is worth while to explain it a little. It happened that the *citizen Jean Pelet* was elected in 1792, to the National Convention, by the department of the Lozère, and another *Pelé* (the same name in pronunciation) was elected for that of the Loiret. To distinguish these citizens in the *appel nominal*, one was called \* *Pelet de la Lozère*, and the other *Pelé du*

\* Jean Pelet was luckily obscure enough to attract little notice in the Convention. From the king's trial he was absent on commission; but from his subsequent conduct, when we find him classed with those respectable men, Boissy d'Anglas and Lanjuinais, there is little doubt that he would have voted in favour of Louis. His conduct, indeed, was always moderate, and he went through the revolution unsullied by its excesses. Buonaparte made him a *councillor of state*, and subsequently a *comte*, and the son a *baron*.

*Loiret.* But this could give *Pelet* no claim to affix permanently the title of *La Lozère* to his name—and still less his son—who never, we believe, had any public connexion with that department. We notice this as another contradiction to that absurd notion which has been lately promulgated, that the strong political passion of France is for *equality*. We have before said, and we confidently repeat, that there is nothing more untrue; and that the whole French people is, beyond any nation upon earth, devoured with a rage for personal distinctions.\* Madame Delphine Gay de Girardin has, we are glad to see, had the courage, in a recently published poem, to tell her countrymen this disagreeable truth, and to confess that they have—

‘ ————— trop vanté  
Ce rêve d'envieux, qu'on nomme égalité.’

But M. Pelet, though he has fallen into this little weakness of a *parvenu*, may be, and we have good authority for believing that he is, an amiable and respectable man, whose book may be read with as much confidence as it is possible to give to one who has had the misfortune of learning his political rudiments in the school of Buonaparte. But willing as we are to believe—on the authority of Captain Hall, and indeed on that of the original work—in the personal candour and integrity of M. Pelet, we cannot say that we receive an equal impression of his literary talent or his political sagacity. From one who has been even from his boyhood versed in public affairs—employed successively in high administrative functions under the Empire—the Restoration—and the late Revolution—even up to the Cabinet—we should have expected more novelty and interest in his facts, and more depth and discrimination in his judgments.

The truth is, he has given us, so far as he is concerned, a very light work on a very weighty subject. This is, however, not *altogether* attributable to the character of M. Pelet's mind; some allowance must be made for his position. The *child*, as we have seen, of the *Empire*, it is natural that he should feel an inclination to be its *champion*; stronger minds than his were dazzled with the delusion of the Emperor's omnipotence and omniscience; and since the fraudulent revolution of July has brought the Napoleonists into fashion again, M. Pelet has still stronger motives for giving a favourable

\* We observe another small but not insignificant proof of these aristocratical propensities. The editors of even the *most liberal* journals assume the feudal particle *De*. That the royalist editors should have done so would have been no surprise; but it is rather amusing to find that the responsible publisher of the *National* signs himself *De La Roche*; of the *Courier Français*, *De Lapelouze*; of the *Presse*, *De Girardin*; of *La France*, *De Feuillas*, &c. &c. They may be all, for aught we know, entitled to this feudal prefix; but in the good old times of the Convention they or their fathers must have either abjured the *De* or lost their heads.

colour to the character of Buonaparte. But he seems to be really an honest man; and we believe the weakness of his share of the book is produced by his 'halting between two opinions'—between an honourable impulse to tell the truth, and a prudential reserve towards the old and the new usurpations. We, of course, must wish that M. Pelet could have taken a higher, franker, more sagacious view of the subject; but there is, even in his partiality and short-sightedness, a compensating advantage. Whenever he excites an impression unfavourable to Buonaparte, it must be taken as evidence reluctant or undesigned, and in either case incontrovertible. Now, our readers will see presently that the result of the whole work is to lower the character of Buonaparte more even than any of his professed adversaries have done. In fact, the more we learn about him from those who are able and willing to tell the *truth*, the more is our own old opinion of him confirmed; and as M. Pelet's book is the honestest, so it is the least favourable to his character; it is, in fact, a corroborative commentary of the Abbé de Pradt's celebrated sketch in his account of his embassy to Warsaw:—'This man, whose only education was in the military coffee-houses, has preserved their manners and language, and can be no other than the enemy of all urbanity. His genius may be represented as a royal mantle thrown over a harlequin's jacket; and he was in fact nothing but a species of *Jupiter Scapin*; such as had never before been exhibited on the theatre of the world.' M. Pelet's work, though in terms very complimentary, confirms, in fact, M. de Pradt's opinion; and indeed shows that the French *Jupiter* had in his composition a greater proportion than even we had imagined of the *Scapin*.

The work consists, as our readers have seen by the title-page of the original, of two divisions—one, the *opinions* delivered by Buonaparte in the Council of State on various subjects of public interest; the second, M. Pelet's own narrative of some remarkable events of the period. The text of the book—we know not why—reverses this order of the subjects, and treats of the last first. We shall follow in our observations what we think the more natural order announced in the title-page.

In entering on the examination of Buonaparte's Opinions in the Council of State, there are one or two preliminary observations to be made. M. Pelet, in his enthusiastic admiration of the unrivalled genius and unbounded knowledge which, we are told, Buonaparte exhibits in these Opinions, seems to believe—or at least leaves us to suppose—that the emperor generally *extemporized* them—*pro re natâ*—from the depths of his own mind. Such, however, was by no means the case. No rational creature can doubt that even in his *civil* character Buonaparte had great aptitude,  
a powerful

a powerful memory, with a very logical head, and much practical good sense; and that in the course of his wonderful career, he had opportunities of instruction in political administration and in general knowledge, which perhaps no other man ever possessed. Of these he profited; and might, without any miraculous scope of talents, have produced *on the moment* Opinions infinitely more curious and valuable than any that M. Pelet attributes to him; but, in fact, he was a greater actor than M. Pelet discovered him to be—and he seldom ventured himself (until the latter years, when prosperity had utterly turned his head) to make any public exhibition without having previously studied at least the outline of his part. No question was debated in the Council of State but under his special directions; and it was not till after a private examination with his ministers, and frequently with any one else who he thought could afford him information, that he referred the matter to the Council of State—for the purpose, sometimes, though very rarely, of having the matter really discussed, but, generally—of obtaining from that body (the only authority he had left in the State) a sanction of the opinion he had already formed in private. All that he *extemporized* at those meetings were those bursts of passion—those violent inconsistencies and contradictions—that so strangely interlarded the graver matters with which he had previously provided himself. There is hardly one of these Opinions which—far from being, as M. Pelet seems to think them, models of logic—does not show the most absurd want of ordinary reasoning. In most of them it is really amusing to see Buonaparte displaying his prepared facts and arguments, and then jumping over all the premises to his own contrary and despotic conclusion.

The first page of the first chapter of the Opinions offers a flagrant instance of these contradictions—

‘I shall here set down,’ says M. Pelet, ‘the doctrines expressed by Napoleon on these occasions, as to the part he intended the Legislative Body to take in the matter, and it will not be expected that the share was very liberal. He proposed to *leave entirely in their hands* the annual amount of taxes, and give them the exclusive right of altering the laws in civil cases; but that nothing relating to the internal administration of the laws, or to foreign politics, should come within their jurisdiction.’—pp. 182, 183.

On this theme Buonaparte thus enlarged in a discussion in the Council of State, 9th January, 1809—

‘A Corporal might take possession of the government at the moment of any crisis, for the constitution does not give the government power enough; and whenever the government is feeble the army are the masters. It ought not, therefore, to be in the power of the legislature to check the march of government by stopping the supplies. The taxes, accordingly,

accordingly, when once fixed, ought to be collected by simple decrees, for it is absurd to suppose that in the interval between the sessions there shall not exist an authority to promulgate such laws as the circumstances of the period may require. *The Court of Cassation considers my decrees as laws, and unless it were so, there would be no government at all in the country.*—p. 184.

Observe the logic of all this. The Legislative body is to have the *entire control of the annual amount of taxes*; but it ought not to have the power of *stopping the annual supplies*! And again: '*A corporal might take possession of the government at a moment of crisis*;' therefore, instead of extending the government to a wider circle, and different bodies, which *one* corporal could not replace, it must be all concentrated in *one* man, whose successor *the corporal* might by a single blow become! The Court of Cassation—High Court of Appeal—the expositor in the dernier resort of the law—is so servile as to consider as *law* the emperor's *confessedly* illegal decrees; 'and unless it were so, there would be no government in the country;' in other words, there can be no government where the will of the Emperor is not law. And all this conflicting nonsense is presented to us as the matured opinions of a great mind on the subject of a *representative constitution*, and a *legislative assembly*.

As the *Liberals* in France now profess such an entire devotion to the Napoleon system, it is worth while to extract a few more of his maxims concerning legislative assemblies—

'I consider it quite out of their way to attend to matters of police: taxation and the formation of general laws for civil affairs are their topics. A single session of a *month or six weeks*, once a year, is quite enough for these purposes. Every thing relating to executive business, public security, or police, is out of their beat; and so are politics, both internal and external. Indeed, the *long residence of the deputies in the country unfits them for these matters.*'—pp. 186, 187.

So that, because a residence of six months in their respective departments unfits the representatives for a large class of legislative functions, this imperial logician proposes, by way of remedy, that they shall pass eleven months in the country;—from which, also, follows the corollary that the less deputies know of the *local* interests of their departments the better!

Then follows his *beau idéal* of a *representative assembly*—

'The men I should like to see in the legislature are old landed proprietors, who should be married, as it were, to the State by their family connexions, or by their profession, and attached by some tie to the public interests. These men would come up to Paris once a year—would converse with the Emperor at his levee—and return home again perfectly satisfied with this little ray of glory shed on the *monotony* of their lives.

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'It is fit also that other public functionaries, besides those who may be reckoned upon for actual business, should be members of the legislative body. As far as the good of the nation is concerned, the legislative body *cannot be rendered too tractable*.'—pp. 188, 189.

—In other words, that the assembly should be composed of office-holders, and of obscure country proprietors leading 'monotonous lives' without habits of business or any other ambition than that of seeing the Emperor once a-year at his levee. But even this emasculated body he would not suffer to move but in leading strings.

'So long as they object to laws merely local, I shall let them pursue their own way; but if there should grow up amongst them such an opposition, as might become strong enough to clog the movements of government, I shall have recourse to the senate to prorogue them; or change them, or cashier them (*les casser*); and, in case of need, I shall appeal to the nation which is behind all. Various opinions will be expressed on this head, but I care not. Idle prating (*la badauderie*) is the characteristic of the nation ever since the days of the Gauls!'—p. 187.

The Opinions on *public instruction* are even still more contradictory. Every second sentence is at variance with the former, and the whole subject is so intentionally tangled and perplexed, that we must content ourselves with giving two general specimens of his liberal principles of national education:—

'We must introduce into the body of public teachers the classification of *military ranks*.'—p. 202.

'The minister of public worship must determine *what* classical works shall be placed in the hands of the young men; and I desire that he will print a small volume for each class, containing passages *selected* from ancient as well as modern writers, and which shall have a tendency to inspire the rising generation with *opinions in conformity with the principles of the new empire*.'—p. 198.

Did Buonaparte, in his profound scholarship, imagine that Livy had composed the panegyric of Tarquin—or Thucydides of Hipparchus—or Tacitus of Tiberius and Domitian? While we are writing these lines we see an additional instance of the progress which the July Revolution is making towards the despotism of Buonaparte. In a recent discussion on public education one M. *Vatout*, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, proposed that Greek and Latin should no longer be taught in the public schools; for what, he asked, 'did Latin do but inflame young men with the fancies of *Brutus and Cassius*?' This barbarous proposition is rendered still more remarkable by the fact, that this M. *Vatout* is the *librarian* of King Louis-Philippe: yes, the *librarian of the Citizen King* would forbid the youth of liberal France, not merely the study of Latin, but the knowledge that such persons as Brutus and Cassius ever existed. Verily M. *Vatout* deserves, if not his *place*, at least his *name*—which may be fairly translated Mr. *Go-the-whole-Hog*.

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*the-whole-Hog.* But does this Vandal-pedant believe that it was in the *Classics* that the brutal and illiterate Fieschi, Alibaud, Meunier, and Champion learned their lesson of assassination? No: they learned it in the principles of the July Revolution—in the *programme* of the Hotel de Ville—in the subsequent acts of a hypocritical Government, which has belied all its promises—in the desecration of the expiatory monuments of Louis XVI. and the Duc de Berri—and finally, in Louis-Philippe's own public declaration, that the most execrable *regicide* that ever lived was '*the best citizen of France.*' It was in these popular and intelligible documents which he who runs may read, and not in the sealed volumes of ancient literature, that those wretches drank the inspiration of their crimes.

But we must return to Buonaparte.—On the *administration of justice*, we have an admirable instance of his constitutional spirit and accurate information:—

'He cherished the notion of instituting circuit judges, who, starting from a centre, should traverse the departments to administer justice. He had reason to believe, that on various occasions, particularly in political causes, the local judges were biassed by the influences belonging to the spot. He conceived that a judge who should come from another quarter, to decide the causes brought before him, and who should go away immediately after pronouncing his judgment, would be more independent. He thought, also, that the government would by this means exercise a just share of influence in these matters, by possessing the right of sending one judge rather than another, according to the nature of the case. He had evidently formed this idea from *what takes place in England.*'—pp. 215, 216.

It is not quite clear whether this observation, which shows such an accurate knowledge of our English system, is Buonaparte's or M. Pelet's; but the development of the plan is of a piece with the conception:—

'The circuit judges (*les juges ambulants*), who hold the assizes, may be rendered *more useful instruments in the hands of government* than fixed judges can be. Can it be said that there is any government at all in France, when we see justice administered in the midst of a mob of attorneys and advocates, who lead the public opinion, and by that means intimidate both judges and witnesses? Do not we see the judges, even in the Court of Cassation, *dining with the lawyers*, and falling into intimacies with them quite destructive of that respect which is so essential to the moral influence of a judge? A circuit judge (*un prêteur ambulant*), on coming to any place where the assizes were to be held, would not be so readily influenced, still less intimidated. *A small apartment should be provided for him in the Court House; and he should not be allowed to reside anywhere else, or to go out to dinner with any one.*'—pp. 223, 224.

This idea of condemning the judge himself to solitary confinement, is, we believe, original. But

But he had a still better idea :—

‘ *I grieve daily,*’ says this meek and reluctant depository of power—  
‘ *I grieve daily over the numerous arbitrary acts which I am now obliged to perform, and my wish is that the State should be governed by legal means generally.*’—p. 228.

For this, he proposed to institute a *special tribunal—to be named by himself—not to prevent arbitrary acts, but to do them—that is, he wished to retain all the power, but to shift the odium from his own person to his puppets.*

‘ Such acts,’ he adds, with wonderful *naïveté*, ‘ would come more appropriately (*plus convenablement*) from the tribunal I have been speaking of.’—p. 228.

And he favours the council with one instance (and it is the only one he condescends to give) of the advantage of such a tribunal :—

‘ I shall let *them* decide the dispute between the superintendent of my civil list and my upholsterer, who wishes to make *me* pay 100,000 crowns (12,000*l.*) for my throne and six arm chairs, a sum so exorbitant that I have refused to pay it.’—p. 228.

Alas! poor dear, economical man! his throne cost France a little more than even that ‘ exorbitant sum.’ But think of his telling his Council of State that he wished to govern by *legal means*, in the same speech in which he proposed to erect a *special tribunal*, to enable him to cut down the bill of his upholsterer, whom he dared not bring before the ordinary courts.

Again: the *gendarmérie* was the main instrument by which the internal despotism was carried on, especially the conscription—and Buonaparte was exceedingly anxious to prevent the *gendarmes* being brought before juries for any malpractices they might commit.

‘ The *gendarmérie* requires the protection of exceptional tribunals against the partialities of juries... but until we can establish special courts to protect the *gendarmérie*, might we not establish that, in every case in which a *gendarme* is implicated, the jury might be composed of *gendarmes*?—(A laugh).’—p. 229.

The *laugh*, we venture to suspect, was not very loud.

A few days after he continued the subject of legal administration, and on the question of corporal punishments he says—

‘ Shall I tell you what I did in the last Italian campaign, when a small town proved faithless to us, and declared for the Austrians? I degraded the inhabitants by taking from them the title of Italian citizens, and had their disgrace engraved on a marble slab placed at the gate of the town. An officer of the *gendarmérie* was then put in command, with orders that when any of the inhabitants incurred the penalty of imprisonment, that punishment should be commuted for a certain number of stripes.’—p. 231.

And

And then he adds—

‘After the manner of their friends the Austrians.’—p. 231.

As if there was any comparison between the *military* discipline of the Austrian *army* and the *civil* government of a town in Italy! This mention of *his* friends the Austrians reminds us of a ludicrous passage in one of the letters addressed to M. Otto, the negotiator at Vienna of his marriage with Marie Louise. To a letter dated and signed by the Emperor there is added a paragraph acquainting M. Otto with the names of the ladies and gentlemen who were to compose the household of the future Empress :—

‘The first gentleman-usher and secretary is Count Beauharnais. *This is not the same person who was a member of the Constituent Assembly.*’—p. 147.

No, to be sure! but Napoleon must have thought M. Otto singularly ignorant, to need a public dispatch signed by his master's own hand, to inform him that the gentleman who was on the road to meet the new empress, was *not* the same M. de Beauharnais *who had been guillotined on the 20th July, 1794, and to whose WIDOW the writer of the letter had been ten years married*, having only just now divorced her, to make way for the new alliance! We really believe that no *Jocrisse* of the Boulevards ever exhibited so laughable a *bêtise*. And what heightens the absurdity is, that although this gentleman-usher was certainly not *the* Beauharnais who was distinguished in the States-General, he did happen to be an obscure member of that body; so that there was a blunder every way. But to return to graver matters.

On the subject of the *clergy*, he was equally inconsistent :—

‘When he first came to the throne, Napoleon expressed himself in kindly terms when speaking of the clergy, who hailed him as the “Restorer of Religion,” and by whose chief the holy oil was poured on his head. But his language varied afterwards according to the phases of his squabbles and reconciliations with the church. At one time, when he happened to be in a good humour with the clergy, he had called two bishops to the Council of State; but their presence embarrassed him more than once, when he chose to give way to his resentment against their body. Once, during a discussion on religious matters, when the day was so far advanced that he could not see from one end of the room to the other, he called out, “Is the Abbé Mannet there?” and being answered in the negative, he broke into bitter complaints against the clergy, and regretted that he could not cut the gordian knot of *this difficulty* as Henry VIII. had done. . . . . At other times he lauded the priests, extolled their services to the State, and attributed in a great measure to their influence the readiness of the conscripts to march, and the general submission of the people.’—pp. 235, 236.

The allusion to Henry VIII. is of a piece with all Buonaparte's  
historical

historical knowledge. There was no kind of similarity between the cases. Buonaparte's grievance against the clergy was solely their supposed personal affection for the Bourbons and their dislike of the usurper. Our readers know that Henry VIII. had no such difficulty to contend with, and that his measures were directed to a very different species of reform.

On the subject of the *conscription*, we have an instance of the narrow views that M. Pelet takes of great subjects:—

'The enormous sacrifice of life brought on by the conscription, under Napoleon, was the more dreadful from its applying to such vast numbers. He was not content with the present system which takes away one-quarter, or one-fifth, of the young men about twenty years of age, and leaves the rest free. *He swept off the whole class*, in order to fill up the blanks of his army; and the very same thing must happen again, *if we have similar wars to carry on.*'—p. 260.

M. Pelet does not see that it is not the possibility of such wars that requires the conscription, but the conscription which creates the possibility of such wars. The laws of nations and of nature admit that when voluntary service is found inadequate for the *defence* of the country, involuntary service may be required; but such an extraordinary exertion is, by the same laws, limited to the cases of *necessity* and of *defence*. In the old feudal governments, the duty and the advantage were reciprocal—the owner of the land held by the tenure of military service—they who had most to lose, were charged with the weight of the defence. This, though it could not altogether prevent aggressive wars, had a *tendency* against them, as neither chiefs nor vassals could have in foreign wars an object adequate to their risk and expense. The feudal system of personal service gave way as the state of society began to afford the system of substitutes—men serving not by tenure but for *pay* (whence the modern name for *soldiers*—*soldés*—*paid*); but this system also afforded a check—an insufficient and imperfect one—but still a check on wars distant in their locality, and excessive in their duration—and ensured a return to peace within a limited period—first, by the deficiency of the class of needy volunteers, and again by the exhaustion of the pecuniary resources for their enrolment and maintenance; but the system of Buonaparte evaded or overleaped all the difficulties with which, in mercy to mankind, Providence and the habits of society had—with partial success, indeed, but with a constant operation—restrained and limited the ambition of rulers.

By that system a nation may be drained of its *last* man, for objects as remote as Moscow is from Paris; and the invaded countries may be forced by requisitions and contributions to support  
their

their assailants : to such a system of war there are no bounds—but *space* ! Buonaparte swept away, we see—"not one-fifth nor one-fourth of the youth of the country—but the *whole class*," and plundered all Europe for the support of its oppressors. It is clear that without the conscription such wars could not have desolated the world. Nor was its operation confined to France—it forced the principle of conscription on the rest of Europe—a legitimate principle in this latter case, for it was a principle of self-defence—which England itself was forced, though in moderation and with measure, to employ. Our own militia, for example,—raised by ballot, and subsequently encouraged to volunteer into the line—was a kind of mitigated conscription. The effect was still more direct on the continental nations. And on the whole it may safely be pronounced that the French conscription was not the *consequence*, but one of the main *causes*, of the wars which have since 1800 desolated Europe ; and that we can never be secure against a similar *débordement*, until the principle which makes soldiers of a whole people shall have been abandoned, and that France and the continental nations shall have returned to the old principle of voluntary enlistment. If the elder branch of the Bourbons deserved to lose their throne, it was by forfeiting the solemn pledge they had given for the abolition of the conscription ; if that had been honestly fulfilled, France might have enjoyed a tranquillity on which neither she nor Europe can ever otherwise reckon. Nor, we fear, can that ever be accomplished till there shall be a *bonâ fide* representative and legitimate government.

There is a remarkable passage in this military chapter. M. Pelet says—

‘It was very seldom that any discussion took place in the Council of State respecting the armament, the equipment, or any other particulars relating to the organization of the army. All these details, which were much too familiar to the Emperor to render it worth his while to discuss them in the Council of State, he arranged with his minister, or with an executive council, composed of professional persons. Nevertheless, on one occasion, in 1806, he discussed a point relating to the *dress* of the troops, in the Council of State. At the sitting of the 15th March, 1806, he spoke as follows:—

“It would be no small economy to dress the troops in *white*, though it may be said, truly enough, that they have succeeded pretty well in *blue*. I do not think, however, that their strength lies in the colour of their coats, as that of Sampson did in the length of his hair!”—(A laugh).’—pp. 262, 263.

M. Pelet does not see, or at least state, to what ultimate purpose this unusual reference to the Council of State was directed. Buonaparte had a mind to be in all respects the successor of Louis XIV., *King of France and Navarre*. He had become tired

tired of the revolutionary *blue*, and had a desire to array his troops in the old monarchical *white*; but on so ticklish a point he wished—according to his usual policy of taking the profit and shifting the odium—to sound the Council of State, in which he had collected all the surviving notables of the revolution. The *laugh* with which the proposition was received, though laid by M. Pelet to the account of the stupid common-place about Sampson, probably checked this project in the bud. We are grateful to M. Pelet for having recorded it.

Next we have the notions of this enlightened political economist on the management of a *National Bank*:—

‘With respect to the nomination of the governor of the Bank, I do not think it right that I should name a set of candidates to the committee of shareholders; for their proceeding will limit and embarrass my choice, besides placing me in a degraded position before the committee.

‘The very most I can submit to is, that the committee name a governor of the Bank, subject to my approbation, as in the case of the Academics. *I must insist, however, upon being the master in all that I meddle with, especially in all that concerns the Bank*, which, after all, is much more the Emperor’s affair than that of the shareholders, since it is he who sanctions their coining money.

‘The Bank had well nigh fallen into the hands of an envoy of Mr. Pitt’s, M. Talon—[poor M. Talon, an envoy of Mr. Pitt’s!]  
—and it was necessary to use force to ward off the danger, which showed that the influence of the public authorities in the Bank elections was too small. We must, therefore, place in the management of this institution a race of men who are strangers to the Bank.’—pp. 290, 291.

All this despotic loquacity on subjects he knew little or nothing about, and which may be all summed up in the candid phrase just quoted—‘*I will be master in all I meddle with*,’ is only contemptible; but what shall we say of the meanness, the malice, the *misère* of such a proceeding as the following? In this discussion on the Bank, Buonaparte took an occasion to make a violent *sortie* against bankers in general, and against M. Recamier by name, which he wound up by saying—

‘“I think, too, that every bankruptcy ought to be considered fraudulent, until it has been ascertained that it was not so. The instant a failure takes place, the bankrupt should either be put into the public prison, or be confined in his own house, as the judge might see fit; and he should not be permitted to resume business before he should have paid all his creditors in full. My opinion, moreover, is, that in cases of bankruptcy, the wife ought to be deprived of all her property acquired by marriage; it being consistent with our habits and manners, that a woman should share the misfortunes of her husband, and because such a regulation would give her an interest in not leading her husband into foolish expenses.”’—pp. 290, 291.

This, at first sight, seems only ignorance and tyranny; but M. Pelet’s

Pelet's explanation shows it to have been, moreover, a mean, disgraceful, unmanly spite :—

'In what he said to M. Recamier of the expensive habits which brought on his ruin, and the *liability* (solidarité) which he wished to impose on his *wife*, we may recognise the bitterness with which he invariably expressed himself when speaking of the bankers. The fact is, they were an independent class of men, who owed their fortune to nothing but their own industry. They wanted nothing from the government, who, on the other hand, often required their assistance, and this circumstance, as well as their essential independence, gave him no small umbrage.

'Napoleon had, moreover, a *personal pique* against Madame Recamier, in consequence of the little court she held at her own house. However elevated his rank and station might be above hers, he could not see any one share the public notice with him as Madame Recamier did, without a *feeling of jealousy*; and he seemed to think *that she robbed him of a portion of the public favour*! The attentions, accordingly, which Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael received from the society of Paris, *annoyed him almost as much as a direct opposition* to his government. Even the rage for M. Gall and his system of craniology *put him out of humour*, for he was provoked that even for a moment people should be more taken up with Gall than with Napoleon!—p. 294.

We suppose our readers will require no more examples of the genius—the information—the lofty views and liberal spirit which shine with such transcendent brightness on these *Opinions of Napoleon in the Council of State*. M. Pelet gives us his own *opinion* on them in these words :—

'It may be asked, "What opinion will be formed of Napoleon and his system of administration by the observations made by him in the Council of State?" The reply is, that unquestionably the same opinion which the public have already formed will be thereby confirmed. They will recognise in Napoleon's character a *mixture of impetuosity and trickery, half French half Italian*, but in which impetuosity predominated; while it was modified by such a decided bearing towards *absolute power*, that it could not fail, on the one hand, to deaden all the internal energies of his country, and, on the other, eventually to rouse foreign nations into resistance.'—p. 17.

This is but a feeble summary of the result of M. Pelet's revelations, in which Buonaparte really exhibits the liberal spirit of a Turkish Bashaw—the profound information of a coffee-house politician—and the noble and generous views, to repeat the allusion of M. de Pradt, of the *Scapin* of a comedy.

We must now revert to the narrative portion of M. Pelet's work. He commences with an account of the Buonaparte family, and the first appearance of Napoleon—

'The Bonaparte family belonged originally to Florence, but they retired from that city during its commotions, to Sarzane, in the republic  
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of Genoa. One of the branches passed over to Corsica, which belonged to Genoa, and established itself at Ajaccio. From this branch sprung Napoleon. His father was a gentleman who lived on his own property, which might yield him from 50*l.* to 80*l.* a-year, and of which he made the most'—[rather, 'which he farmed himself'].

'The Bonapartes were the only persons amongst the gentry of Ajaccio who, in 1789, declared for the French Revolution. Joseph was named administrator of the department, while his brother Napoleon left the artillery school and became a captain in the National Guard.

'In a little while, however, the patriotic party in Corsica was put down, when the Bonaparte family were obliged to quit the country and retire to Provence. It was there that General Cervoni, who was also a Corsican born, met the young Napoleon and carried him, rather against his will, to the siege of Toulon, where he introduced him to Gasparin, one of the representatives of the people, as a well-educated officer.'—pp. 21, 22.

There is here an inaccuracy in the original statement, which is seriously increased by a slight error in the translation. 'Napoleon, sorti de l'Ecole d'artillerie, fut capitaine,' &c., should not have been rendered 'while Napoleon left the artillery school, and became,' &c.—(which loses seven or eight years of his life)—but 'while Napoleon—who had been educated in the artillery school—became,' &c. But even from M. Pelet's account, one would not clearly understand that Buonaparte had been, *years* before the siege of Toulon, a regularly commissioned officer of artillery. We can give our readers an exact state of the case from official documents—

'N. de Buonaparte [*sic*], educated at Brienne, entered [the Ecole Royale de Paris] the 22nd October, 1784, and left it on the 28th October, 1785, on becoming a sub-lieutenant of artillery.'\*

He received (according to his own certificate†) his 'commission as lieutenant 1st September, 1785, and that of captain in the same corps 6th February, 1792, and was serving as a captain in the 4th regiment of artillery in *May*, 1793.' Now the siege of Toulon did not commence till the *September* following; and, whatever may have passed with Cervoni or Gasparin, he seems to have begun that siege in his proper and regularly acquired rank, having had a previous service of no less than eight years in the corps. We take the opportunity of giving these authentic details, because there is much—we believe, studied—obscurity in the early history of Buonaparte.

In the next passage there is another error, and, on M. Pelet's part, we are afraid an intentional one—

\* Catalogue des gentilshommes qui ont fait leurs preuves pour le service militaire.—St. Allais, vol. vii. p. 35.

† Services de l'Artillerie, Paris, 1793.

'Being at Paris a couple of years afterwards, at the period of the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October, 1795), the *Convention*, recollecting the manner in which he had served the artillery at Toulon, gave him the command of the guns employed in their defence.'—p. 22.

It is not true that the *Convention* recollected and employed Buonaparte on this occasion. These modes of expression seem to have been adopted to exclude the remembrance of Buonaparte's obligations to *Barras*, who was his real patron; but the patron and the patronage were so little creditable, that Buonaparte and his admirers have taken a world of pains to forget it. Buonaparte was on the *pavé* of Paris when Barras—appointed commander-in-chief by the Convention in the *émeute* of Vendémiaire, 1795—nominated Buonaparte, whom he had known at Toulon, to be his second in command: and on his subsequent marriage with Barras's friend, Madame de Beauharnais—(the widow of the gentleman who was *not* Gentleman Usher to Marie Louise)—Barras, now become a *Director*, appointed him to the army of Italy.

M. Pelet jumps rapidly to the peace of Amiens; he married, as we have already seen, M. Otto's daughter, and from that connexion has obtained some information, and a few documents) concerning the transactions in which that diplomatist was employed. One passage, in which he details the mode in which Otto—who, it will be remembered, came to England ostensibly as only an *agent for prisoners of war*, but with *secret* instructions to attempt negotiations for a peace—set about his work, we shall leave to Lord Holland and the other survivors of the Whig opposition of that day to explain. M. Otto, says his son-in-law,

'lost no opportunity of *encouraging the Members of the Opposition to persevere* in their pacific exertions, and *with so much success*, that, at the end of six months, he felt that he might produce his credentials, and open direct negotiations.'—p. 30.

We remember the Opposition of that day were very indignant at any suspicion that they were playing Buonaparte's game. M. Pelet, it seems, on the authority of *Buonaparte's own agent*, thinks that they were.

M. Pelet's account of the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens is by far the most candid that we have ever seen from the pen of a Frenchman—

'It is true Napoleon gave England more than one cause of complaint; of these the principal one was the annexation of Piedmont. . . . They found fault with Napoleon not only for the occupation of Piedmont, but for his refusal to remove the sequestration imposed upon British property, and his decree for raising three hundred thousand men. Above all, the English took exception to his forbidding Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, to admit English goods into their countries. This attack on the commerce of England exasperated the nation, and

totally changed the dispositions of the people towards France. They were not less provoked at the hostile intentions which Napoleon showed as to Egypt and India in the mission of General Sebastiani. The report of this officer, which appeared in the *Moniteur*, astonished France quite as much as England. Its publication was either an act of the highest imprudence, or it was intended as a provocative; and as no one imagined that Buonaparte did anything without a motive, the inference was obvious. . . . .

'There was no denying that the reclamations of England were well grounded; but how could Napoleon recede from his system of aggrandisement and conquest, or give back provinces which he had declared repeatedly must form integral parts of France? Accordingly, he refused to comply with these demands, upon which the English ambassador requested his passports, and left the country.'—pp. 34—37.

Our readers will have observed M. Pelet's hint that the infraction of the Treaty of Amiens had an ulterior object—that object was the assumption of the imperial purple to adorn the sovereign power which Buonaparte already possessed. But another, and more startling step—the most atrocious, indeed, that disgraces the annals of mankind—was soon after made towards the same object—the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. We shall extract M. Pelet's account of this horrid transaction, not only because it is creditable to his feelings, and valuable as the deliberate testimony of 'a member of Buonaparte's Council of State,' but for the sake of the picture it gives of Buonaparte's appearance in council—

'Whilst the public mind was occupied with the arrest of Moreau, the capital was thrown into consternation by the news of a much more serious event, which however appeared to be connected with it. On the morning of the 22nd March, 1804, it was made known that the Duke d'Enghien had been carried to the Château of Vincennes, and there shot in the night! The details of this horrid event were not known,—indeed, the generation which had grown up were scarcely aware of the existence of the unfortunate prince in question—but they were deeply grieved to see the First Consul falling into the evil ways of the revolution, and tarnishing his glory, heretofore so pure, by this bloody execution.

'All Paris assumed a sombre aspect. The barriers were closed as in the turbulent days of the revolution, and no one was allowed to leave the city after nightfall without permission from the governor of Paris.

'The First Consul shut himself up in Malmaison, and would see nobody. Next day only his own family and his ministers were admitted. On learning from them the effect produced at Paris by the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, he became still more gloomy and resentful (menaçant). His anxiety carried his thoughts to the Legislative body who were assembled at that moment; and, dreading that some symptoms of discontent might be engendered therein, he gave orders to put an end to the session. A ready-made closing oration was placed in the hands of Fourcroy, the councillor of state, which he was directed to deliver. This he accordingly did. The discourse spoke of the conspi-

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racy which had been discovered, and of the intrigues of the Bourbons. Bonaparte would gladly have found in the President's reply some words of congratulation upon the arrests of the guilty persons—but the president confined himself to general comments on the labours of the session, and preserved a profound silence respecting everything else. Bonaparte came that day to Paris and presented himself unexpectedly before the Council of State, which had been assembled to consider ordinary affairs. *He stepped in with his brows knit, and having flung himself into his seat, gave utterance in the following words to the sentiments by which he was agitated:—*

“The population of Paris,” exclaimed he, “is a collection of block-heads (un ramas de badauds) who believe the most absurd reports. Did they not take it into their heads to assert that the princes were concealed in the Austrian ambassador's house—as if I did not dare to seek for them in that asylum! Are we then in Athens, where criminals cannot be followed into the temple of Minerva? Was not the Marquis of Bedmar arrested in his own house by the Venetian senate? and would he not have been hanged but for the dread of the power of Spain? Were the rights of nations respected at Vienna in the case of our ambassador, Bernadotte, when the national flag, hoisted over the very house of the embassy, was insulted by a crowd who threatened to pull it down?

“I respect the decisions of public opinion when they are justly formed; but it has its caprices which we ought to learn to despise. It belongs to the government, and to those who support it, to enlighten the public—not to follow them in their wanderings. I carry with me the will of the nation, and have at my beck an army of five hundred thousand men—with which I know how to make the *republic* [!!] be treated with respect.

“If I had chosen to do so, I might have put the Duke d'Enghien to death publicly,—and if I did not, it was not from any fear of the consequences—it was in order to prevent—[kind soul]—the secret partizans of that family from exposing themselves, and thus being ruined. They are now quiet, and it is all I ask of them.

“I have no thoughts of returning to proscriptions ‘en masse,’—and those who affect to believe so know it to be untrue. But let those look to themselves who take an individual share in such proceedings—they shall be *severely punished*.”

Napoleon frequently interrupted himself while running on in this way, for he evidently felt the *necessity of making out a justification, but was puzzled what to say*, and hence the vagueness of his expressions, and their want of coherence when touching on the main fact. After he had ceased speaking, no one else said a word; and this silence was abundantly significant. He then immediately left the room, and the meeting broke up; for our thoughts were too deeply fixed on this one topic to be able to attend to ordinary affairs.’

Our readers will have been reminded by the knit brows, the false and incoherent excuses, and the struggle between audacity and terror—of the appearance of Richard III. in *his council of state*, when labouring with his bloody design against his nephews—

a crime for which, till the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, history had no analogous atrocity.

The tyrannous and bloody act was done!

The most arch deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet that land was guilty of!

And yet there are tender-hearted folks that saw this tragedy without emotion, who yet could lament over the murderer's *bill of fare* at St. Helena, and invoke the vengeance of heaven and earth because his *footmen* were not indulged with what they thought a sufficient allowance of Burgundy and Champagne!

The march towards the throne still proceeded—

'The First Consul was surrounded by a *court* like that of other monarchs. He had nominated great officers of the palace to do the honours, and he never went out that his carriage was not accompanied by an escort of cavalry with drawn swords in their hands.

'He carefully effaced the bullet marks left on the walls of the Tuileries by the affair of the 10th of August, 1792, and he erased from the balcony of the Louvre the offensive inscription relating to Charles IX.

'He took pains to depreciate those writers of the philosophical school whose works had the most essentially contributed to bring on the Revolution; and he even went so far as to propose to cast out the ashes of Voltaire and Rousseau from the Pantheon.'

Hark to that, gentlemen of the liberal press! and to this, ye *Savans*:—

'Many of the distinguished men of science whom Napoleon had placed in the Senate, and by whom he delighted to be surrounded, such as Lagrange, Laplace, Lacépède, Monge, and Berthollet, still continued their functions as professors,—but they were given to understand that the dignity of that situation, and the rules of society *required them to keep away from the Senate*; and thus the ancient prejudices of the court were revived even in the case of the noblest of all professions.'—p. 56.

And all this at the beck of him who lately professed such personal modesty and so great a respect for science, that he could find no higher title to add to his name than *Membre de l'Institut*!

M. de Pradt had told us that Buonaparte cordially hated his *good city* of Paris and her inhabitants; and that there should have been no love lost between them was very natural: but we were not before aware of the extent of the aversion, or of the insane designs that he sometimes entertained against the capital which he so professed to love and laboured to propitiate.

'The opposition he had met with in Paris on the Duke d'Enghien's death, and during the trial of Moreau, weighed on his mind; and as soon as the paper was concluded, he burst forth in the following words: "Would it not be possible to select some other city in place of Paris for the coronation? *This city has ever been the curse of France.* Its inhabitants, who are ungrateful and fickle, have conceived the worst possible designs against me; and they would have been well pleased

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had Georges triumphed and I fallen. *I cannot consider myself in safety in Paris unless surrounded by a numerous garrison*; but I have two hundred thousand men under my orders, and fifteen hundred of these are sufficient to keep the Parisians in order. . . . I have pretended to be asleep for the last month, as I wished to ascertain how far this evil spirit would carry them; but I would have these folks take care what they are about—my awakening will be that of the lion! I am aware that I am spoken against, not only in public but in private parties, and that even men in office, whose duty it is to support my government, either basely maintain silence or join the cry of those who traduce me. . . . In short, there is nothing left untried to set the capital against me!"

'After this explosion against Paris, a deep silence prevailed in the Council; for the members felt themselves included in the reproaches launched against the public functionaries. At last one of them ventured to say, that he thought this statement of the ill-will of the Parisians exaggerated; and that possibly it was got up by the enemies of government in the view of leading it into extreme measures, which might still more essentially alienate the feelings of the population. Napoleon made a sign of incredulity, and repeated in a tone of excessive bitterness (*colère concentrée*), "Let them take care what they are about! The lion slumbers—but he is not dead!"

'The truth is, that Paris was then, as it always has been, the focus of opposition; and on this account Napoleon objected to deputations being sent up to him from the Departments to compliment him. He feared that these provincials might get inoculated with the *bad spirit of the capital*, and carry the *virus* back with them to the country. About this time there appeared in the *Gazette de France* an article with which he was supposed to have had something to do, upon the motives which induced Constantine to change the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium. The chief reason therein given is the bad disposition of the inhabitants of Rome—for ever ready to find fault with the existing government. *This was a hint to the city of Paris, that it might cease to be the capital*; and it was even said that Napoleon had serious thoughts of establishing himself at Rome.'—pp. 98—102.

We are not surprised that M. Pelet's book should not be popular in Paris.

Next comes the turn of the Generals:—

"France," continued he, "is certainly under great obligations to her twenty generals of divisions, who have fought gallantly in the stations in which they were placed; but *there is not a man of them all who has in him the proper stuff to make him the chief of an army, still less to be the chief of a government*. In fact, since the times of Frederick and the Prince Eugene, Europe has not beheld one general in chief."—pp. 60, 61.

Substantially true, we dare say:—but, shades of Murat, Ney, Massena, Moreau! and ye, Soult, Clausels, Grouchy, what say ye to it?—They would probably answer, 'that Egypt, Aspern, Eylau, Moscow, Culm, Leipsig, Waterloo, and Fontainebleau, prove that their critic is not, himself, above criticism—that, though  
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his *advances* were bold and brilliant, his *retreats* (the highest test of military art) were miserable—and that if he won astonishing victories with some *little* assistance from his *generals*, he had suffered still more stupendous reverses which he owed altogether to *himself*!

Our readers will admire the chronological accuracy which states that there has not been a great general since Frederick and Prince Eugene!

Still, notwithstanding all this palaver and bullying, the Council of State, the Senate, and other constituted authorities, delayed and hesitated about conferring on the great man the sovereign title:—their doubts, however, were soon determined by the following constitutional proceeding:—

‘Meetings were held at Joseph’s house, where the most influential members of the Senate, and of the Legislative Assembly, who happened to be at Paris, were called together, and addressed in these words:—“Make up your minds speedily—unless you wish your decision to be accelerated by the voice of the troops. The First Consul is setting out to visit the camps stationed between Brest and Hanover; and there can be no doubt that the soldiers will proclaim him Emperor—nor that the people will hail the award of the army. What can the great bodies of the State do in such an event—but to sanction such election? Is it not wiser for you to get before the troops and the multitude? You are consulted to-day—to-morrow you may be passed by. It belongs especially to you, *as revolutionists*, to take the initiative on this occasion—for who can have a deeper interest than you in consolidating the authority of the First Consul, and shutting out the Bourbons effectually? The title of Hereditary Consul would never suit Napoleon, for it smacks of the Republic—that of EMPEROR is the only one worthy of him and of France.”’—p. 71.

There is nothing new under the sun—the scenes which occurred in Paris in the year of our Lord 360, were re-enacted in 1804, and that city, again fallen under the dictation of a victorious soldiery, saw another Julian—an usurper and apostate—invested with the imperial purple\*:

‘Nevertheless, the transition was the subject of conversation in every corner of Paris next day; and criticisms were by no means spared on the conduct of the leaders. “Every one,” cried the citizens, “appears to have taken thought only of himself! These grandees of the State never dreamed of making stipulations, except for their own interests.”’—p. 80.

The Senate, particularly, made a bold push to become a *House of Peers*—but Napoleon was already master—He ‘expressed in the Council of State, the highest displeasure at these pre-

\* See Gibbon, Dec. and Fall, ch. xxii. The whole life of Julian, and his ultimate fate, bear a strong resemblance to those of Buonaparte, as far as Moscow; but Julian did not abandon the companions of his victories and his reverses.

tensions which the Senate had presumed to set up. "These pretensions," he continued, "of the Senate, are merely old recollections of the English Constitution; but no two things can be more dissimilar than France and England."—pp. 74, 75.

and then—with that instinctive talent, that miraculous depth of information, and those sublime views of human nature for which he is so justly admired—he proceeds to explain the *natural* differences which must prevent the French constitution having anything like the English House of Lords:—

"The Frenchman lives under a clear sky, drinks a brisk and joyous wine, and lives on food which keeps his senses in constant activity. The Englishman, on the contrary, dwells on a damp soil, under a sun which is almost cold, swills beer or porter, and consumes a quantity of butter and cheese (*consomme beaucoup de laitages*)."—pp. 75, 76.

Prodigious!—we had heard before from some French philosophers, that our *roast beef and porter* had a considerable influence on our moral and political condition—but it was left for the logic of the Great Napoleon to discover that the *French Senate* could not be made hereditary, because the *English drank milk and consumed butter and cheese!* Can burlesque go beyond this? We are tempted to imitate Mr. Fox's celebrated apostrophe\* and exclaim,—*O calumniated Hudibras, how grave and cogent was your logic! O tame and feeble Rabelais, with how timid a hand have you recorded the unfathomable rigmarole of the great Gargantua!*

We believe our readers will be satisfied with these extracts from this work—indeed, we have given them specimens of the principal topics, and to proceed further would only be a repetition of such trash as we honestly confess we did not think that Buonaparte could have uttered, or that any one who professes a regard for his memory would have ventured to record.

We have frequently, in the course of our perusal, been tempted to suspect that M. Pelet is not quite simpleton enough to believe that he is doing Napoleon any honour; and that the great admiration he *verbally* professes for the moral and administrative qualities of the Emperor, as exhibited in the *Opinions*, is merely introduced to render less unpalatable to the reigning party in France, the severe truth which his work reveals—how much of the genius they

\* The original apostrophe and its history deserve not to be forgotten. The late Lord Liverpool, when in the House of Commons, had talked of a *march to Paris, and the conquest of France*.—In allusion to this, Mr. Fox, in his letter to the electors of Westminster, 1793, exclaims—"The conquest of France!!! O! calumniated crusaders, how rational and moderated were your projects! O! much injured Louis XIV., upon what slight grounds have you been accused of restless and inordinate ambition! O! tame and feeble Cervantes, with what a timid pencil and faint colours have you painted the portrait of a disordered imagination!"

Yet Lord Liverpool lived to see, under his own ministry, France *twice* conquered, and *two* marches to Paris.

profess to admire was mere passion and presumption—how much of the glorious administration which they affect to regret, was on his side an insulting despotism, and on theirs a degrading slavery.

Whatever may have been M. Pelet's motive, he has done no inconsiderable service to historical truth, by the incidental lights which he has thrown on some portions of Buonaparte's character, which had been hitherto imperfectly understood. Nor can we but express our thanks to Captain Hall for having introduced the work to more general notice. It has been, for obvious reasons, little spoken of in France; one party did not relish the eulogistic terms in which it treats of the Emperor; the other was mortified at the substantial injury done to his reputation; and the whole nation disliked the crude exhibition of the base materials of the colossal idol before which it had so servilely bowed down.

The translation, from which we have (with an occasional correction) made our extracts, is exceedingly well done in point of style and idiom, but there are several strange inaccuracies in the version. For example—

'I have no desire that such a legislative body shall be got up, as shall require nothing at my hands.'—p. 188.

This is the direct reverse of the original meaning—

'Je veux qu'on me fasse un corps législatif qui n'exige rien de moi.'—p. 151.

When talking of founding a university, Buonaparte says—

'Il faut que ce corps ait des privilèges; que *les chefs*, par exemple, soient *senateurs nés*, &c.'—p. 162.

This is translated—

'This body must have privileges—for example, they ought to be *senators by birth*.'—p. 200.

Here are two errors; it was not meant that the whole *body*, but the *heads* only, should be senators—and '*senateurs nés*' does not mean senators *by birth*, but, on the contrary, senators *ex officio*—as for example, under the old *regime* the archbishop of Paris was said to be '*conseiller né du Parlement de Paris*.'

Again; with his usual hankering after despotism, Buonaparte says of the parochial clergy:—

'Il faut réduire autant que possible le nombre des *curés* inamovibles, et multiplier les *desservants*, qu'on peut changer à volonté.'—p. 297.

This is rendered—

'We must reduce, as much as possible, the number of perpetual *curates*, and multiply that of *incumbents* who may be removed at pleasure.'—p. 242.

But the converse is the true translation. The *curés*, in France, are what we commonly call *incumbents*, and the *desservants* are analogous to our *curates*.

We are sure that Captain Hall will thank us for pointing out these

these errors—*quas incuria fudit*—because they affect the meaning of the respective passages; and with these and a few more such exceptions, we can speak with entire approbation of his share in this work. To M. Pelet we have a still greater obligation. He has done more, as far as he has gone, to correct 'the world's mistake in' Buonaparte than we could have expected; and, whether he meant to do so or not, has put an end for ever to all the balderdash with which we have been deluged about the height, and the depth, and the compass of Buonaparte's administrative talents—his liberal ideas—his reasoning powers—and his universal information! In reply to such stuff we may now conclusively refer to these rigmarole 'Opinions in the Council of State'—*ex ore tuo judicabo te!*

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ART. VIII.—1. *Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord*. Par Michel Chevalier. 2 tomes 8vo. Paris. 1836.

2. *A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine, and a Second Visit to Switzerland*. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. Paris. 1836.

THE frequent references which these two works contain to the countries of their respective authors have induced us to bring them under notice in conjunction. Highly as we appreciate the descriptive powers of the American novelist, even under his guidance we should hardly have thought it worth our while to follow the track of the myriad tourists who have preceded him on the beaten roads of Europe, if we could not derive an interest from the expositions of American feeling and opinion, called forth by the scenes he visits and the incidents he records.

The work of M. Chevalier, on the other hand, is in great measure a lecture to his countrymen on an American text, in which, with a freedom from national prejudices, which we consider quite as consistent with real patriotism as the anti-British zeal of Mr. Cooper, he couples much incidental chastisement of French vanity with ample matter for reflection and suggestion for improvement. We have heard that M. Chevalier was, if he be not still, a St. Simonian. Those, perhaps, who are intimate with the tenets of that sect may trace, in the political speculations of his volumes, some symptoms of his connection with it. We are not, however, assailed in the perusal by any of the mere mystic or blasphemous raving in which its doctrines are usually embodied; and judging M. Chevalier by his works, even were it his pleasure to walk the streets of Paris or Philadelphia with a beard and red jacket, we should be equally thankful for the information contained in his volumes, and for the lessons which all nations, and  
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more especially his own, may derive from them. His opinions, whatever they may be, did not prevent his being employed by the French government on a mission to inspect the public works of the United States, and their railroads in particular;—an employment the period of which was prolonged by M. Thiers, when minister of the interior. His travels were subsequently extended to Mexico and Cuba, and after perusing the present volumes we wait with impatience his promised account of these countries. The contrast between the neighbouring republics—between the distorted and rickety offspring of a bigot mother and the young giant of Anglo-Saxon race—is pregnant with instruction; and the style of M. Chevalier is well adapted to give point and effect to the various topics of the comparison. The struggles of Spain's chief remaining colony—(if it yet remain hers)—to avail itself of the inventions of modern science, and to follow the examples of Europe and North America in the pursuit of national prosperity, entitle Cuba to our sympathy, and to a better fate than that of being made the financial stalking-horse of a Hebrew democrat, and sharing the ruin and anarchy which knaves and fools together have brought on the mother-country.

'Since the period,' says M. Chevalier, in his Introduction, 'when the preponderance in the balance of the world passed to the people of Saxon origin—when the English race obtained the prevalence over France and Spain, in Asia, America, and Europe—new institutions, new rules of government, new ideas, and new systems touching life, social, political, and individual, have developed themselves among the English, and still more among their continuators of the new world. Among them, every thing which concerns labour, and the condition of the greater number of the labourers, has been brought to a perfection before unheard of. It would seem that, favoured by these innovations, the pre-eminence of the Anglo-Saxons over the nations of the Latin group has a tendency to increase still further. . . . How, and under what form, shall we arrive at appropriating these inventions of the English race? This difficult and complex question has been my principal subject of reflection during my residence in the new world.'—vol. i. p. 15.

This great question M. Chevalier discusses on a plan less dry and methodical, and therefore more attractive to the general reader, than that followed by the Montesquieu of the present age, M. Tocqueville. It is a plan, however, which, as applied to the more serious parts of his subject, is more wandering and desultory than either reader or reviewer could desire. Steering a somewhat middle course between the tourist and the philosopher, he strays from place to place, and from topic to topic—from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, from the Bank to Slavery—in separate and unconnected chapters; his mere statistics being judiciously thrown into notes at the end of his volumes.

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From one of these notes we learn the rather striking fact, that the intercourse between Havre and New York is about on a level, in respect to the number of passengers, with that between Dover and Calais—the numbers being in either case about forty thousand. M. Chevalier, however, having selected Liverpool for his point of embarkation, his choice gives occasion to two preliminary chapters on England, which make us rather regret that his mission did not embrace our own country. The following is a fair specimen of his style. After some gentle ridicule of the sentimental tourists of his own nation, and having rebuked them for generally confining their researches to Gothic ruins, Highland scenery, or noble residences, he proceeds :—

‘ He who wishes to return satisfied from England must visit her as the queen of industry. He should inspect the City rather than the Regent’s Park, the India-House rather than Windsor, &c. . . . . For my own part, I have seen nothing which has better pleased me than the great brewery of Barclay and Perkins. While perambulating one of its floors, on which were ranged ninety-nine vats, each of the capacity of from five to six hundred thousand bottles, I called to mind the tun of Heidelberg. What a difference between the old castle and its tun, and the giant fabric of the English brewer, with its battalion of vats ! The castle moulders—its gothic sculptures crumble. No descendant of the old Electors’ vassals replaces their fallen statues on their bases. At the brewery, each utensil hangs on its proper nail, each caldron is burnished and lustrous. The stalls of the Electoral stables are empty. In those of the brewer one hundred and fifty horses, which might serve Goliath for chargers, are the objects of attentions as delicate perhaps as any which were bestowed on the persons of the Electors themselves. The ninety-nine vats of Barclay pour forth a stream which flows to the remotest quarters of the globe, and whose diurnal volume would fill the famed vessel of the Palatinate. The secret of the contrast is, that the great tun was replenished but with the produce of seignorial rights, while those of the brewery are filled by the free labour of three hundred individuals assured of receiving each day the recompense of their services.’—*Chevalier*, vol. i. p. 13.

M. Chevalier’s transit through England took place in November, 1833. Railroads had then become, what they have not ceased to be, the topic of the day, and M. Chevalier’s observations are principally directed to them, and to the means of connecting Paris with London through their agency. The future line of iron which, with the slight interval, indeed, of the Pas de Calais, is to unite the two capitals, he considers as the wire which, bringing into contact the two poles of a Voltaic pile, is to elicit moral light, and heat, and power from the junction. Eager for such results, he naturally laments the absence in France of that spirit of association so powerfully operative in England. More, however, of railroads and of France hereafter ; we follow our author

author to America. His mission was one of peace, but war is his first theme, and like the epic rhapsodists of old, he rushes at once into his subject; but it is the war of the President and the Bank. General Jackson is the Achilles, Troy is represented by that unhappy class the moneyed minority of the Union, and Biddle is the Hector of the strange Iliad which, in 1834, was acting under M. Chevalier's immediate observation. Through its details we cannot follow him, but they are well worth the study of present and future politicians. If M. Chevalier is to be believed, this singular contest has exhibited to the world the spectacle of the chief of a republic, raised to popularity and its consequent power by military exploit, shaking at will the social fabric of a great people by acts as arbitrary as those of Czars or Sultans. Some of the features and results of this strife are set forth in the following passage. After describing the effects of the crisis on the financial condition and prospects of Philadelphia in particular, he proceeds,—

'The situation of the other states is little better. I am disposed to think that the anti-Jackson journals, so self-called, exaggerate the distress; but, rhetoric apart, there is evidence of suffering not to be mistaken, especially among the commercial body. It is notorious that unexceptionable bills are discounted in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, at 18 per cent., and higher still. The prices current, and the funds, attest a fall of 15, 20, 30, and in some cases 40 per cent. Up to this moment the efforts of the President to beat down the hydra aristocracy of money—the monster, the mammoth bank—have beat down nothing, unless it be the credit and commercial prosperity of the country; for the Bank has been administered with so much ability, especially since it has possessed for its President Mr. Biddle, one of the most distinguished citizens of the United States, that now—after the sudden withdrawal of the government deposits, after the sudden and truly disloyal attacks directed on some of its branches, especially that of Savannah, to force them to stop their payments in specie—it remains incomparably the firmest of all the financial institutions of the Union.'—vol. i. p. 72.

Our readers may be curious as to the Savannah episode; a note of M. Chevalier's will enlighten them:—

'This branch of Savannah, one of the feeblest, had but 500,000 dollars worth of paper in circulation; the agents of the customs, to whom they were given in payment, made a collection of these notes, and one morning a party presented himself at the Bank with 380,000 dollars worth, and demanded cash for the mass. The cashiers of the Bank, at other points, had found time, however, to remark that the paper of the Savannah branch had disappeared from circulation. The holder was paid on the nail, and reduced to beg the agent to receive the cash back in deposit.'—vol. i. p. 73.

Our readers need not be told that these officers of the customs are

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are included in that list of 60,000 public functionaries whose official existence depends on the President.\* In England it was reserved for men recently displaced from power to raise the patriotic cry of 'go for gold.' We have not yet heard it proclaimed by a Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer in his robe of office.

'The egotism of dynasties, or rather of courtiers,' says M. Chevalier, 'has engendered and will engender many evils; but it has its counterpart in the bosom of republics, especially under a system of absolute equality, which distributes political power in doses absolutely equal between the ignorant and the instructed, between the *élite* of its merchants and its writers, and the Irish peasant, brutal and drunken, who has just inscribed himself on the roll of its citizens. An absolute people may, as well as an absolute king, repudiate for a time the counsels of wisdom and experience. A people, like a king, may have its courtiers. The official documents which have emanated from the United States' executive during this affair of the bank, in respect of administrative science and intelligence of the machinery of public prosperity, are on a level with the acts of a Spanish or a Roman government; and yet this executive is the result of an elective system the most practical and unlimited. . . . Assuredly,' he pursues, 'if an European government, upon motives of such a description as those which he [Jackson] enumerates, were to undertake the ruin of an institution essential to the country, the cry of despotism would be raised on all sides. If in this institution the state held an interest of some 1,200,000*l.*, many would tax the pursuit with insanity.'—vol. i. p. 75.

It is not our desire, in quoting these remarks of an impartial observer, to push his reasoning to extreme conclusions. He elsewhere anticipates, in this affair of the Bank, that ultimate triumph of good sense which will secure the euthanasia and resuscitation of the United States Bank in some efficient shape; and the march of events has probably by this time justified his anticipation. Thinking as we do, that there is an innate principle of vigour in the condition of America which may enable her long to endure without flinching the shocks which universal suffrage generates, we do not even hint at the question whether any institutions but her own would afford her scope for the performance of that mighty mission of territorial occupation and civilization to which she is evidently destined. It is fair also to remark that in a country where recent instances have proved that the mob can set law and justice at defiance at its pleasure, no bloodshed or personal violence has marked the crisis now in question. The Jackson processions, with their moving trees of liberty, have stopped to shout at the residences of their opponents, but they have not gutted them. Biddle with his anathematized pockets

\* See note 46, vol. i. p. 456.

has walked unscathed the streets of Philadelphia. A Paris mob, under similar excitement, might have eat his heart in the Place-de-Grève. While, however, 20,000 looms are standing idle at Lyons, mainly from the interruption of American demand, a French writer may be excused for criticizing the eccentricities of a machine, in the derangements of which his countrymen are so deeply involved; and so long as men shall be found among ourselves to promote and advocate the application of American institutions to our own complicated frame of society, we are bound to direct our attention to their inherent defects and admitted consequences in a country to which they are peculiarly applicable.

Many of M. Chevalier's pages are devoted to show that the establishment of a well-organized and extensive system of paper credit in France, would do more to unshackle her productive energies, than any conceivable reduction of her establishments. If he be correct in estimating the mean rate of interest in France on all her transactions between borrower and lender so high as 25 per cent., certainly no measure of economy could be so effective, no saving so great, as one which should lower this ratio. M. Chevalier indeed calculates that a reduction of 2 per cent. would effect an economy of 540,000,000 livres; but the memory of assignats still weighs upon France. Beyond the confines of Paris the *billet-de-banque* is rejected by the tradesman and the post-master, and with loss and difficulty accepted by the banker. 'Metallic currency has for us,' says M. Chevalier, 'a superiority incomprehensible to an American or an Englishman, for to our peasants it is an object of a sort of mystic veneration' (vol. ii. let. xxviii.). M. Chevalier's views of the American contest should, therefore, be received with some allowance for the feelings of a Frenchman who believes that his country's vital interests are sacrificed by the want of that very machinery which a government in America has laboured to destroy. Whatever may be the merits of the question, the retiring President's last message, which reaches us while our ink is wet, shows that he is not the man to change his opinions, and '*Delenda est Carthago*' is still the motto of that banner which he is about to furl. Individuals of all parties, we believe, give him credit, if they refuse it to his successor and coadjutor Mr. Van Buren, for the conviction and sincerity with which he has acted. To us on this side of the Atlantic, the apprehension of danger from a nascent aristocracy of wealth which has so strongly influenced the President, appears visionary; and it may reasonably be doubted whether the peculiarities of his temper, and personal animosities hardly known to our statesmen, have not had much share in urging him to strong measures and those extreme

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treme and Cobbettian conclusions of *no rags*, &c. which at various periods have become the watchwords of his party. 'I do not believe,' says M. Chevalier, 'that Sylla and Marius, Cæsar and Pompey ever detested one another so cordially as the two Presidents of the United States and the States' Bank.' A short time will show whether the Talleyrand of America will continue the contest with resolution and sincerity equal to that of his patron, or whether the Pennsylvanian Bank, after receiving, with Quaker-like patience, the parting kicks of its veteran foe, will not be allowed to enjoy and administer the inheritance of the extinct States' Bank, under the presidency of Mr. Van Buren.

We turn, however, with more satisfaction to that subject of internal communication, which formed the main object of M. Chevalier's pilgrimage. While in England we are making a progress in that department of national exertion and improvement which argues no commencement of decrepitude, we cannot but watch with interest the vigorous stride of our trans-Atlantic offspring. Unwilling to occupy the attention of our readers with tabular details, we invite it to a general and striking result of those furnished in M. Chevalier's appendix;—viz., that the canals and railroads completed or in construction in America, are more than double of our own in length, and nearly equal to those which throughout Europe have been brought into a similar state of progress. Those of the United States are estimated by M. Chevalier at some 7350 miles, those of Europe at 7566. Of these, England claims for her share 3300. In this estimate are not included the two lines of railroad projected from New Orleans to Nashville and from Charleston to Cincinnati, which, if executed, as they probably soon will be, will add between 11 or 1200 miles to the account of America. The statistical student may amuse himself by considering these general results in various points of view. If he consider the United States and Great Britain with reference to superficial extent of territory, finding that the surface of the Union, exclusive of her possessions westward of the Rocky Mountains, bears a proportion of some fourteen or fifteen to one to that of the British Isles, he might be disposed to think that Britain, standing at nearly one to two in the scale of achievement, comes creditably out of the comparison. If, however, he view the question with reference to wealth, population, or time, he cannot rise from the investigation without feelings of admiration and awe at the progress of the younger community. With respect to the execution of these works in America, M. Chevalier is of opinion that, allowance being made for all the varieties of soil and material, and the difficulties surmounted, they have been executed with economy, and

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on a scale well adapted to their respective objects and amount of traffic. The canals appear for the most part to range in dimension between those of England, in which, in some instances, economy has perhaps been too much consulted, and those of France, many of which, exposing an useless expanse of surface to a sun more fierce than ours, are liable to desiccation in summer. Many of the American railroads have yet but one line of rails laid down, but with the course of another prepared. Others of inferior importance have but one line, and the rails themselves are of wood armed with a strip of iron. The majority present both curves and inclinations of a bolder description than is willingly admitted by our engineers. While the *ponts et chaussées* department in France forbids a curve of less than 800 metres radius, the engineers of America are content to avoid one of less than 300. The railroad from Baltimore to Ohio, which is traversed by locomotives, has several of 150 and 120. On that from Boston to New Providence 1800 is the minimum. On that from Boston to Lowell, on which the minimum is 919, the rate of motion is twenty-nine miles an hour. We mention these varieties for the mere purpose of showing how large a field of experiment and illustration is open to our men of science at the expense of our active neighbours.

We rather regret that M. Chevalier has forborne to give his readers a sketch of the various processes by which these works, connecting states which present so many features of independence and rivalry, have been accomplished. If there be any subject on which more than another we should be thankful for information and advice, it would be as to the best mode of deciding between the claims of conflicting interests, and the statements of rival companies, in the Parliamentary adoption of new lines of communication. Our House of Commons has in vain struggled with the difficulties of this subject. The rules imposed by its resolutions of last session upon its committees were in themselves perhaps unexceptionable; but they proved insufficient to prevent such scenes of confusion and such reckless outlay of time and money as occurred on the Brighton and on other committees. We have the highest respect for the two learned professions of law and civil engineering; but we suspect that little permanent advantage will accrue to the former from the sudden but precarious profits—to the younger branches of the profession especially—which attended the lucrative wrangling of the Speaker's dining-room last session. With regard to the engineers, we must say, that we have heard members of the house, well and painfully acquainted with this harassing department of its functions, select the names of one or two professional

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witnesses as *especially distinguished for veracity and consistency* in their evidence. In these days that profession has assumed an importance which makes the moral qualities of its members a matter of no indifference to the public, and if any such distinctions as the above can be justly drawn, the loss of dignity and character to the profession of Smeaton and Telfourd will be ill compensated by any accession of emoluments to their successors. While we write the storm is again brewing from many quarters. Rival companies are exchanging diplomatic sarcasms through their secretaries. The member of Parliament, besieged among his Penates by deputations, and puzzled by conflicting assertions, is arming himself with patience for the impending inquiry, the result of which may probably be governed by an influx of Irish members bent upon some visionary good to their own country, and which may again be rendered abortive by the vote of a four o'clock House of Commons, or the calmer judgment of the Lords. In the mean time the ready and unresisting victim, the landed proprietor, is kept in doubt and ignorance whether the new line is to pass through his dining-room or his garden.

There is another topic connected with the execution of the works in question, which we predict will force itself on public attention *here, if not in America*. We mean the conduct and discipline of those armies of labourers which are thrown at once upon particular districts. Great sacrifices of that interest which has hitherto been considered as specially an English one, individual comfort and convenience, must be made. It would be hopeless, were it justifiable, to set up either, as obstacles to public improvements, or opponents to incorporated power. That the pursuits and amusements of the rich must be the first to give way where invaded, is inevitable. The fly-fishing days of Lord Essex are probably over, and if they were not, the Whig principles of that nobleman would doubtless induce him to offer the trout from the streams of Cashiobury, and the pheasants from his preserves, upon the altar of his country, without a murmur. Both, we understand, have, at all events, been sufficiently ransacked since the neighbourhood of Watford has been taken possession of by the Birmingham Railway Company. At Ashridge, indeed, an illiberal and Tory resistance has been opposed to a company of high respectability, headed by a foreman of the works, who were disturbed in the division of their shares in Lady Bridgewater's pheasants by a body of gamekeepers. The persons, however, of the nobility and gentry are as yet scarcely in danger. The class which in Johnson's time shunned

'The glittering flambeau and the gilded coach,'

will probably in ours equally shrink from the aspect of four horses

and a rumble full of footmen. The farmer, however, in his cart, the retired tradesman in his gig, runs greater risks in the quiet lanes of Watford and Ealing than our ancestors encountered on Hounslow or Finchley; for the Macheath of that day was a Chesterfield compared to the ruffian who was lately foiled and captured by the courage of an individual in the latter neighbourhood. This may be called an isolated case of attempted outrage—but we mention it because, when the capture was accomplished, the ordinary means of detention were deemed insufficient to secure it, and it was thought necessary, by those well acquainted with the state of the neighbourhood and the character of the railroad labourers, to hurry the ruffian to a place of greater security than the cage of Ealing. We certainly do not imagine that contractors, themselves frequently the victims of ruinous competition, can be made amenable for the delinquencies of their workmen, or responsible for their moral character. We are, however, of opinion that the company should be made to bear the full expense of the utmost additional police that may be necessary for the protection of person and property in the neighbourhood of their operations; and we trust that some independent member of parliament, unconnected, if you will, with the aristocracy, representing not the pretensions of the rich, but the rights of all, pleading rather for ducks and pigs, than for carp or pheasants, will be found to enforce this doctrine in the House of Commons. We are also sorry to be made aware of symptoms of the rise and growth of the truck system, with its concomitant abuses, in the case of some of the railroads under construction. That shops for immediate necessities should be established in certain situations may be convenient and proper; but if persons connected with the works are to have an interest in these shops, if they are to be held by the masters of gangs, and by those who have the power of selecting and dismissing the labourers, let the latter and the public beware. We tell them that the worst abuses, the most fraudulent and grinding oppression of the poor, are the inevitable consequence of a system so vicious.

How far soever the United States may have surpassed the mother-country in the item of internal communications, the activity of our own capitalists is sufficient, putting Ireland out of the question, to enable us to give the comparison without mortification or despondency. To a Frenchman, however, whose patriotism is not the mere brawling of the *Victoire et Conquête* school, the subject of what, to adopt a new coined word of M. Chevalier's, we shall call the *viability* of his country, must suggest both these feelings. The following remarks of M. Chevalier embrace Europe at large, but appear to us specially applicable to France.

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force of two hundred and fifty millions of people, i. e. of a population twenty times as great as that of the United States when they commenced the execution of their system of communications. The territory which invites their operations is not of four times the extent of that actually covered by the States. The millions which they raise so easily for purposes of war and mutual destruction would not be wanting for enterprises of creation. They have only to will it, and all the nations of Europe will have undergone such a fusion of interests, thought, and sentiment, will be so brought together and interwoven, that Europe shall form but one nation, and a European war will have the sacrilegious character of a civil contest.'—vol. ii. p. 106, let. xxii.

This may be Utopian or St. Simonian, but it would be well if the talent of individuals and the energies of nations were never wasted on speculations more pernicious, if not as visionary. That France, meanwhile, has ample employment before her in completing the *viability* of her own territory, is a truth which some of M. Chevalier's notes forcibly illustrate (note 15, vol. ii.). To begin, like the *belier* of Hamilton's fairy tale, from the commencement, with the ordinary roads, royal and departmental—it appears that, out of some 18,000 leagues of roads of these two classes nominally existing, upwards of 3700 remain to be completed, and that 2700 are in urgent want of repair. The sums required for these works of first necessity M. Chevalier estimates at 260,000,000 of francs, or nearly 10,500,000*l.* sterling. Of the *Chemins vicinaux* he says nothing, or of the deliverance of the villages of France from the five months' blockade of mud, to which he justly states them to be annually subjected. In respect of inland navigation, France has apparently less reason to be ashamed of her achievements and her progress since the period when Henry IV. and his great minister commenced the junction of the Loire and Seine by the Canal de Briare. Including all the canals in process of completion, France possesses, or will shortly possess, about 1000 leagues of artificial navigation, to which may be added 1800 of navigable rivers. Some of the former give good promise of success. On the canal of the Rhone and Rhine, above Besançon, where the traffic is less than on the inferior part of the line, in 1833, 1600 boats, in 1834, 2180 were conveyed. On the canal of Burgundy the receipts in 1833 amounted to 171,000 francs—but had reached 591,000 for the year 1835.

'Our canals,' says M. Chevalier, 'are well conceived and executed. The majority present a section more considerable than the ordinary canals of England and America,—at the least double. When, however, they shall be finished, half our task will remain, for they issue into rivers not navigable in summer. Thus the Canal du Midi terminates in the Garonne at Toulouse, and the navigation of that river is not regularly good till fifty leagues lower down, at Castels near Langon. . . . The

conceptions of Henry IV. and Louis XIV. of connecting the three seas which wash the coasts of France on the north, the west, and the south, is indeed realized, but the connexion, instead of being permanent, as the development of our commercial relations requires, is, as yet, but casual and interrupted. Until our canals shall be well supplied with water and our rivers improved, all the traffic which requires regularity will be effected on wheels. Those articles alone which can bear without inconvenience a detention of six months, will be confided to our waters, and our roads will continue to be worn by our enormous carriages.'—note 15, vol. ii. p. 440.

In respect of railroads the French, possessing some fifty leagues, are, as yet, much in the condition of the young conscript in one of their *vaudevilles*, who, having completed a month of his service, has *only* six years and eleven months before him to complete his full term. M. Chevalier considers that the number of leagues of railroad which it will behove the government to complete, leaving the branches to the care of companies, amounts to seven hundred and fifty, at an expense of 597,000,000 livres, or 29,000,000*l.* sterling. This rough sketch, however liable to statistical correction, embodies the notions of an intelligent and observing Frenchman on the subject of the viability of his country. To some considerable extent they must be acted upon, if France means to hold for the future that place in the scale of nations to which her natural advantages entitle her. If she neglect them, it is no exaggeration to say that an executive, established at Philadelphia, or at least in some one more convenient position, would administer the details of the government of the hundred millions who may be expected, at no distant period, to be spread over the present territory of the United States, with greater ease, punctuality, and expedition than France could now be administered.

At the period when M. Chevalier's letters were written, neither the government of France, nor her capitalists, had been roused from their lethargy by the fact that the number of individuals annually passing between Paris and Versailles was considerably more than double that of the passengers on the railroad between our two great emporia of commerce and manufacture, Liverpool and Manchester, then in the fourth year of its acknowledged and progressive triumph. France has since had an example nearer home, more under her immediate observation, and under circumstances more analogous to her own; for the Brussels, Malines, and Antwerp railroad has been constructed on the only principle on which, for some time to come, we can expect that such works will be constructed in France—not by associated individuals, but by the government of the country. The success of that undertaking has already exceeded that of the Liverpool and Manchester. The number of passengers on the latter in the year

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1836, the sixth of its operations, was, in round numbers, 515,000. On the line from Brussels to Malines, in rather less than the first year of its completion, from 7th May, 1835, to the 1st May, 1836, were conveyed 503,800 the whole distance, and 59,400 to intermediate points, making a total of 563,200 and a mean of 533,500. On the whole line from Brussels to Antwerp the mean number of passengers in six months, from May to the end of October in 1836, was 407,622, the whole number inscribed on the books 626,125. If England can hardly look on these results without jealousy, can France contemplate them with folded arms? The balance of expense and return in the first year of the line to Malines is no less encouraging than the above traffic would indicate; for after paying  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest on the total expenditure of 1,850,000 francs, the government has pocketed a benefice of some 83,000. It is worth while to observe that the fares on this railroad are not more than half those of the Liverpool and Manchester, and we have been given to understand that a very large proportion of its traffic originates rather in pleasure than in business. It is somewhat singular that while the conductors of this enterprise, viz., King Leopold and his ministers, were desirous that the line should pass through Malines, the real rulers of the kingdom, the priests, insisted on its avoidance of actual contact with that city, and the line has been directed accordingly. We are at a loss to divine the special motive of this partial interference with the plan, though we could imagine very good reasons for priestly opposition to the entire undertaking. There is yet another circumstance, which may be worthy of the attention of our landholders, among the present results of this undertaking. Our readers are aware that in England, where a projected line passes through the field of a proprietor, the parties may be compelled to purchase the whole enclosure. This provision has been adopted in Belgium, and the government was in consequence compelled to purchase a considerable quantity of land of this description, which has since risen so much in value as to form an important item in the estimated profits of the work. We believe that in Belgium, as in England, opinion is yet divided upon the important question whether the carriage of heavy goods can be profitably accomplished by railroads, or whether their main source of profit and chief feature of utility will not continue to be the conveyance of passengers and goods of the lightest description. Should this be the result, the world will still have no reason to be dissatisfied with the powers of its new agent; the triumph over those difficulties, which in the time of Adam Smith attended the transport of human luggage, will not be a barren one. To a country in the condition as to roads in which England was, at no distant period,

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and France continues, the emancipation of the serf from the soil was but a theoretical triumph of liberty.

'To improve communications,' says M. Chevalier, 'is to labour for real, positive, and practical liberty; it is to make all the members of the human family participate in the faculty of traversing and cultivating the earth their patrimony, to extend the franchises of the majority as widely and as well as it is possible by laws of election. Improved communications reduce the intervals not only from point to point, but from class to class. Where the rich and powerful alone can travel, where the poor man can only pass from village to village with pain and difficulty, the word equality is a lie. In India and China, in the Mahometan countries, in Spain, and her America, it is of little consequence whether the government call itself a republic, a despotism, or a limited monarchy. For these reasons I should with difficulty give credit to the charge of tyranny against a government strongly intent upon the improvement of its communications. Ideas circulate with merchandise along the road and the canal, and the commercial traveller is a missionary. The men of retrograde convictions know this well: they dread an engineer worse than an editor of Voltaire. It being incontestible that one of the first railroads on the continent was established in the Austrian provinces, as that government has opened five roads throughout its possessions, and encourages steam navigation on the Danube, I venture to conclude that M. Metternich deserves a better reputation than that which he enjoys on this side of the Rhine. It is known, on the contrary, that during the short administration of M. Labourdonnaye, in 1829, the sections and plans of certain roads projected in La Vendée disappeared, and have not been since recovered. It is some months since, in one of the states of the republican confederation of Mexico, La Puebla, which has, it is true, earned a colossal reputation for ignorance and *obscurantisme*, the representative body, animated with a holy zeal against the miscreants, chiefly foreigners, who had pushed innovation so far as to establish a diligence between Vera Cruz and Mexico, smote them with an annual tax of 720,000 francs, and forbade them to exact any charges on the Pueblan territory.'—vol. ii. p. 3.

It is no wonder that, while the tonnage of the Mississippi is counted by hundreds of thousands, that of commodities conveyed from Vera Cruz to Mexico falls short of six thousand.

If any sovereign of the present day is qualified, we do not say to achieve the Herculean task which lies before him, but to give the impulse towards its achievement, Louis Philippe we believe to be that sovereign. His obstinate prudence has as yet saved to his country the millions which Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers would have willingly laid out for him to the best advantage in pursuing that profitable and successful speculation, the Quadruple Alliance. The recent public works of Paris, and the restoration of Versailles, are such noble triumphs of art, and so well suited to the genius of the nation, that we can neither blame the taste

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nor the policy which has applied adequate funds for their completion. There is one quarter, however, which promises to keep open for France an outlet of perennial and unprofitable expenditure, and recent events have enlisted every feeling of national vanity in its prodigal continuance. Sir Walter Scott has told us how, when his wizard namesake endeavoured to task his familiar with some impossible thing, he began with a kind of public work,

‘And warrior, I could tell to thee  
The words which clave Eildon’s hills in three,  
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.’

It was not till the demon had achieved these that the wizard fairly puzzled him by bidding him weave ropes of the sea sands, which to this hour, as the vulgar believe, present nightly proofs of his ineffectual toil. If he succeed, as, with the improvements of modern science, and from his connexion with some modern *universities*, who can say he may not, in turning out at last a finished article from the coast sands of Galloway, we should recommend him to try his hand next upon the colonization of those of Algiers. For the sake of France, we can only wish that the wily wizard of the Tuileries could apply the funds likely to be wasted on that enterprise to the deep cutting and bridging which the Tweeds and Eildons of France call for at his hands.

While upon this subject of public works and communications, we were somewhat surprised at Mr. Cooper’s selection of a topic on which to eulogize the institutions of monarchical France. We certainly have never met with an American traveller of the wealthy class who did not betray in conversation his appreciation of certain advantages which affluence enjoys in Europe, but which the jealousy of democratic institutions denies to its possessor in America. Every work upon America adds its testimony to this evidence of the painful working of social laws and habits which limit, in a thousand minor particulars, the self-indulgence of wealth, however acquired. We knew that the owner of millions in America must travel, if travel he will, in the common stage, or rough it with the Kentuckian and the emigrant in the steam-boat, but we hardly expected that the recollection of these inconveniences of life would elicit, from one, too, who had travelled in England, an eulogy upon French posting.

‘We are a little apt,’ says Mr. Cooper, ‘to boast of the facilities for travelling in America, and certainly, so long as we can keep in the steam-boats or on the railroads, and be satisfied with mere velocity, no part of the world can probably compete with us; but we absolutely want the highest order of motion, which I think, beyond all question, is the mode of travelling post. By this method you are master of your own hours, and as for speed, you can commonly get along at the rate

rate of ten miles an hour. I never felt the advantage of this mode of travelling so strongly as on the present occasion. Up to the last moment I was undecided by what route to travel. The passport had been taken out for Brussels, and last year, you may recollect, we went to that place by Dieppe and Arras. The *par quelle route, monsieur?* of the postillion brought me to a conclusion—à St. Denis!—Cooper, let. viii.

Why this amounts to a palliation of passports, that system which the great Whig name of Russell has lately brought under public attention. But ten miles an hour, Mr. Cooper? We know that rate of progression has been accomplished on the Bordeaux route, but Mr. Cooper may depend upon it that eight is the utmost he will accomplish now on that or any other, and we would advise him to look to his springs before he attempts it. There is indeed one advantage which French posting possesses over our own, that travelling by night is as expeditious and nearly as safe as by day. The reason we take to be, that a Frenchman, like Lubin Log, is too wise to spend his money at an inn, and that families as well as individuals are wont to make but one stride from Paris to the place of their destination. The reverse prevails in England; our roads also are narrower, and the chances of collision with fast public conveyances more numerous. The fact is, that there are but two states of society in which Mr. Cooper's highest order of motion can be generally brought to anything like perfection, viz., under a Russian despotism, and in a country where competition is carried, as in England, to a pitch which actually enables the possessor of money to exchange it for civility and promptitude as readily as for notions, dry goods, or muscovadoes, and which makes comfort and convenience a marketable commodity. Tastes, however, will differ. The late Lord Guildford had a partiality for quarantine; we have known some travelling philosophers who derived entertainment from the conversations of the Houyhnhnym and Yahoo tribe who assist at a French *attelage*. To us the variations on that one note *sacre*—which constitute the *fond* of the French postillion's *langue*—have long lost their interest, and we consider that after those states of central Germany, which have notoriously attained the minimum of equine progression, the posting of France affords as salutary lessons of human patience as that of any civilized country in Christendom.

Mr. Cooper's present work, though it contains many indications of the good sense and liberal feeling which travel and observation usually engender upon natural talents, is not exempt from that tone of surliness and irritability which pervades, to our apprehension, his other publications. Of his known and acknowledged aversion to England, we say nothing. We may think it in its excess unworthy of the position to which he has raised himself in the

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the literary ranks of the day; but these volumes being by no means remarkable for any particular exhibition of it, we have no desire to notice any casual symptoms of the morbid influence, more particularly as any collision of opinion with his own countrymen elicits a most impartial effusion of the bitterness with which his sentiments are usually expressed. This is specially the case in the matter of a certain controversy as to the comparative expense of monarchical and democratic government, in which Mr. Cooper's patriotism involved him as a volunteer at Paris. His zeal in behalf of his country's institutions we think highly commendable, and his success in the argument we do not question, the discussion not being before us. From the whole tenor of his observations, however, we gather this unquestionable fact, that for some time past some influence or other has generated in the American missions at Paris and elsewhere a leaning in favour of the institutions of monarchical Europe, strong and apparent enough to excite Mr. Cooper's deep disgust and strong animadversions. Witness the following passage:—

'I will add another word on the tone of some of our agents abroad. It is not necessary for me to say for the tenth time, that it is often what it ought not to be. . . . We are strangely, not to say disgracefully situated, truly, if an American diplomate is to express his private opinions abroad on political matters only when they happen to be adverse to the system and action of his own government. . . . Like every other accountable being when called upon to speak at all, he is bound to speak the truth; but admitting in the fullest extent the obligations and the duties of the diplomatic man towards the country to which he is sent, is there nothing due to that from which he comes? Is he to be justified in discrediting the principles, denying the facts, or mystifying the results of his own system, in order to ingratiate himself with those with whom he treats?'—*Cooper*, let. xxv.

From all this, and a great deal more in the same strain, we conclude that Mr. Cooper assigns, as the cause of all these culpable condescensions, that vice of the diplomatic profession which consists in the seeking to attain political objects by flattery and dissimulation. Now, considering the class from which, we presume and believe, America usually selects her foreign agents, namely, from those whose education best fits them for meeting the politicians of countries more refined than their own, and whose circumstances enable them to bear the burthen of their ill-paid situations, we strongly suspect that all this infidelity to America has its origin in the same source from which proceeds Mr. Cooper's admiration for French posting, viz., in an habitual sense of all the thousand conveniences which belong to the upper classes in Europe, and which are unattainable by them in America. That Paris is the Capua in which many an American Hannibal forgets

forgets his sworn hostility to aristocratic habits and institutions, we do not doubt. We have heard Americans speak very freely on this head, and we can easily imagine that an American waited upon by a white *laquais de place*, fed by a cook also of the colour of his own nightcap, and revelling in many other luxuries too numerous and minute for mention, may look with as much complacency upon the institutions which permit his enjoyment of them, as Mr. Cooper did himself on the passport which enabled him (*mirabile dictu'*) to select one of two ill-paved roads to Brussels. If this insensible influence of comfort and convenience lead its victim to repine at the prospect of a return to his black establishment at Philadelphia, if his lady shrink from a resumption of the tasks and duties of Mrs. Haller, it is a misfortune. If it lead him to undervalue or vilify the institutions under which so huge a mass of liberty and national prosperity is nurtured and protected, it is a fault and a grave one; but we suspect both these consequences do sometimes occur. Say what Mr. Cooper may, the vexations to which the wealthy class in America is exposed may be necessary—their removal or mitigation may only be attainable by concessions not to be expected, or sacrifices not to be desired; but *evils* they remain—so long as any abstraction from the sum of attainable human happiness shall be considered as such. Mr. Cooper's own observations show beyond dispute, at least on his part, that the evil of discontent exists—that the *malaise* is rankling, and is producing consequences more violent and general than on any information of ours, or any lighter authority than his own, we should have dared to conjecture. Else why does Mr. Cooper, in penning the diatribe above quoted, go on to profess—

'I have not the smallest expectation, were these opinions laid to-morrow before that portion of the American people that comprises the reading classes, that either these facts or these opinions would produce the least effect on the indomitable selfishness in which nine men in ten, or even a much larger proportion, are intrenched. I am fully aware that so much has the little national pride and national character, created by the war of 1812, degenerated, that more of this class will forgive the treason to the institutions on account of their hatred of the rights of the mass, than will feel that the republic is degraded by the course and practices of which I complain. I know no country which has retrograded in opinion so much as our own in the last five years. It appears to me to go back as others advance.'—*Cooper*, let. xxv.

If this be the state of America, which we own we doubt, we equally question whether the remedy of foreign travel, so obviously indicated in the following passage, would prove a panacea for this strange disease:—

'A few toad-eaters and court butterflies excepted, I do not believe there

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there is a man in all America who could dwell five years in any country in Europe without being made sensible of the vast superiority of his own free institutions over those of any other Christian nation.'

We would go far to see a specimen of the animals here mentioned, the *Papilio Philadelphicus*, or the Great Toad-eater of New York. They have as yet escaped detection by our naturalists.

If, in the course of the above remarks, we have touched upon invidious topics, it will be seen that we have done so rather under the guidance of the American than the French writer, and our commentary has been less severe than the text. It is no purpose of ours to bring under partial notice the less favourable points of comparison between Europe and America, or to suppress those which are to the advantage of the latter. If England is to be contemplated, in the words of M. Chevalier, as the queen of industry, the Union should be visited as the queen of enterprise, and it should never be forgotten that while she is engaged in the mightiest mission of civilization ever undertaken by a community, she has little leisure to cultivate the refinements of social life. Those qualities of daring and endurance, the scorn or love of danger, the contempt of physical comfort, which have been admired in the heroes of military conquest, are not to be contemned in those whose field of victory is the primeval forest and the cypress swamp, whose sword is the woodman's axe. In M. Chevalier's work the following passage succeeds a just enumeration of the dangers of fire and water which make a passage in a Mississippi steam-boat an enterprise of greater risk to life than a voyage round Cape Horn.

'If accidents as grave as these should succeed one another in Europe a general clamour would ensue. The powers of the police and the legislature would be called forthwith into action, and the steam-boat would become an object of popular aversion and excommunication. The effect might be to a certain degree the same here, in the neighbourhood of the great towns of the eastern provinces, because the country is beginning to be regularly organized, and the life of man to count for something. In the west the tide of emigrants, pouring down from the Alleghanies, rolls over the plain, chasing before it the Indian, the bear, and the buffalo. That tide is for civilization what the armies of Genghis Khan and Attila were for barbarism. It is an army of invasion, and its law is the law of armies. The mass is all, the individual nothing. Woe to him who stumbles, he is crushed and trampled. Every one for himself. Help yourself, Sir. The life of an American is that of a soldier. His camp is a flying one, his motto, death or conquest; but conquest is the gain of dollars, the creation of a fortune from nothing; the purchase of lots at Chicago, their resale a year afterwards at Cleveland, or St. Louis, at 1000 per cent. profit.'—*Chevalier*, vol. ii. p. 24.

M. Chevalier

M. Chevalier goes on to speak, as an European may speak, of the feebleness of constituted authorities in such a country,—of generals with salaries inferior to those of village postmasters, and who hold the command of the forces only, excepting in case of war, like Mr. Pitt's volunteers, who were only to quit their county on the presence of an enemy—of judges themselves in danger of judgment:—

'But the sentiment of discipline,' he pursues, 'is no loser; it conveys itself instinctively towards the men, who are in effect the generals of the expedition. If the people trouble themselves little with the governors of the state, they are docile and submissive towards the inn-keeper, the driver of the stage, the captain of the steam-boat. They eat when the landlord pleases, and what he chooses to set before them—they are upset and fractured by the driver—burnt or drowned by the Captain—without complaint or recrimination. All is still the army. It has been remarked that the life of the founders of empires, from the followers of Romulus to the Buccanier, has been compounded of absolute independence and passive obedience. The society which rears itself on the waste has not escaped this common law.'

No traveller in America has given a more lively description than M. Chevalier of that vast scene of speculative enterprise which extends itself from one end of the Union to the other, and which no country can present but the one where civilized industry is let loose, with all the appliances of accumulated knowledge, upon an unoccupied field of operation. For, setting justice and morality apart, things which have no representative in the Inkle and Yarico code of emigration, the Red Indian is no occupant. He is neither the Arab who stands in the gate of Constantine, nor the agricultural Indian who becomes the tenant of the Spanish conqueror, and retains his share, however humble, of the soil. It would be vain to measure the prudence of these speculations by any European standard. The substitution of terms by which, as Thucydides tells us, in Athens the distinction between virtues and vices was obliterated, ceases to be nominal in America. The prizes are so large, and the resources in case of failure so numerous, that schemes, which in Europe would terminate in hopeless beggary, are prudent where bankruptcy is but a state of transition to some new career of industry and profit. The Union may, indeed, be considered as one vast hazard table, differing only from that over which Mr. Crockford is said to preside, in the circumstance that while the bank is inexhaustible, the advantage, technically termed 'the pull,' is entirely in favour of the player. In St. James's-street the wise are said to confine their attentions to the supper table, and none but those who, in search of excitement, blind themselves to the certainty of ultimate loss, habitually approach the other. If, however, Mr. Crockford could be prevailed

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on to dispense with the prerogatives of deuce-ace, leaving those of aces undisturbed, what an accession of prudence and respectability might he not attract within his circle! The fathers of families and the mentors of youth would be heard calling their main, and the great subject of parental warning would be among the things

‘*Quæ monstrant ipsi pueris traduntque parentes.*’

Even such a table has nature spread in the American wilderness, and not in vain are its attractions exposed to the race which crowds around it. There are few idle spectators to lean over the backs of others and watch the chances.

‘The Yankey of pure race,’ says M. Chevalier, ‘is discovered by the desire of locomotion; he cannot rest quiet in one position, he is under a necessity of coming and going, of agitating his limbs and keeping his muscles in action. If his feet are still he must move his fingers—with his inseparable knife he must knotch the back of a chair or score a table. He is fit for every kind of labour except that which requires minute attention and slow progress. “We are born in a hurry,” says an American writer, “we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit a high-pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke.”’  
—*Chevalier*, vol. ii. p. 122.

On the Pocahontas steam-boat M. Chevalier was surprised that the passengers should one and all leave their beds, on a foggy morning, at four o’clock, to watch till eight for the appearance of Norfolk, their place of destination.

‘If, said an American fellow-traveller, you knew my countrymen, you would think it but a matter of course that, in order to arrive at nine, they should rise at four. It is the nature of an American to be always in fear lest his neighbour should arrive before him. If one hundred Americans were about to be shot they would fight for precedence, such are their habits of competition.’—note 19, vol. ii.

Providence, which Dr. Buckland shows us, has in all times fitted its material instruments to their ends, has dealt in like manner with its moral agents. Our tertiary period of civilization indeed has produced no change in the physical construction of its agents. The bones and phalanges of the backwoodsman are still on the same model as those of the luxurious sons of Europe: the junction of the horse and alligator is an expressive fiction, and not an actual phenomenon; but cannot we trace wisdom and design in the concurrence of events and circumstances which have moulded the character of the American as plainly as in the paddle of the *Ichthyosaurus*, or the tooth of the *Iguanodon*? Nor while we observe throughout the population of the Union those qualities

qualities which fit them for their task, should we omit to trace those varieties of species which contribute to the moral fitness of the whole to its purpose. Between the New Englander and the inhabitant of the slave-holding South, the Yankey and Virginian, as much difference exists as between the sons of our own three United Kingdoms, or between the Frenchman of the north and the Girondiste. Another is growing up in the far west, partaking of the character of both, but in which Mr. Cooper is of opinion the Virginian infusion will preserve that predominance which its more shining qualities have as yet obtained for it in the counsels of the Union, especially in the senate, in which at present more than one-fifth of its members are of Virginian stock. New England has as yet furnished but two Presidents—all the others have been Virginian, or from North Carolina.

These allusions might naturally introduce the subject of slavery. It is one, however, on which M. Chevalier has touched but briefly, perhaps for the same reason which induces us to avoid it. It is a subject less of difficulty than despair, uninteresting rather from the gloom that involves it than from its dryness. If we could see one gleam of hope in that quarter of the horizon, we should hail it as fellow-men, and as ourselves descendants from those who laid the foundation of the evil, with delight; but all is darkness. The reader will find some interesting statistical details on the subject in the notes of M. Chevalier's first volume. Among the facts there stated, perhaps the most important is, that in the five states of Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, and the two Carolinas, the increase of the white population from 1790 to 1830 was 180 per cent., that of the black 229. While we write, the declaration of the newly-constituted republic of Texas reaches us. We are too well aware of the state of its circumstances and population to wonder at its retention of the system of slavery, but that this retention should occupy the *first place* in the list of the conditions of its adjunction to the Union, brings out in bolder relief the colossal anomaly of its constitution; and stamps in black and white the strange contrast between liberty in its purest form and slavery in its deepest degradation, which is to be found nowhere but in America. If it were our object to select invidious topics of animadversion on America, we should rather deal with the less notorious subject of her conduct towards the Indian race, for which she has not the excuse of fear or the justification of danger. We commend the case of the Cherokees to Mr. F. Buxton, and the whole subject to those who believe that there is any necessary connexion between republican government and justice, mercy, or good faith. We prefer to insert the following extracts from M. Chevalier's concluding pages, as a sample of the spirit in which

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which he has viewed the institutions of the country he visited :—

‘The American democracy assuredly has its defects. I have suppressed neither its rude demands upon the upper classes, nor its haughty bearing towards foreigners. It is indeed exacting and disdainfully overbearing towards the latter; but is it not the fact that susceptibility in young nations, as in young men, is rather a quality than a fault, provided that it be united with an energetic application to some great work? Pride is ridiculous in a degenerate or an effeminate people, but in a nation enterprising, active, and indefatigable, it is the consciousness of present power and future eminence. . . . The Anglo-Americans have much resemblance to the Romans both in good and evil. I do not pretend that they are to become the masters of the world, but I wish to make it be remarked that, coupled with defects which shock foreigners, they possess great qualities and precious virtues, to which our attention should be directed by preference. Posterity will judge them rather by their great qualities than their imperfections. It is by these they are formidable; let us struggle with them, less by denouncing their errors than by endeavouring to appropriate their faculties.’—vol. ii. p. 215, let. xxxiv.

With these sentiments we willingly concur, and it is only when in actual conflict with those who, neglecting difference of condition and relations of space, would advocate the rash substitution of American institutions for our own, that we are willing to prefer topics of doubt and animadversion to those of eulogy.

With this extract we shall conclude our remarks upon M. Chevalier's very interesting letters. His facts are striking and well selected. His speculations combine much originality of thought, with that liveliness of expression which will recommend his volumes to many readers, especially of his own country. Viewed as a work of entertainment, his publication has left us little to desire. Its graver purposes, we think, might have better been consulted by a graver form than the epistolary. Our limits forbid us to plunge into the ocean of transcendental politics presented in his chapters on social amelioration, which are more immediately addressed to his own countrymen. His range is here so wide, and the game he starts so various, that selection is difficult, and general review impossible. In justice, however, to M. Chevalier, we cannot omit the general remark, that no literary traveller within our knowledge has given evidence more satisfactory than these volumes contain of the absence of national prejudices. It is our no less pleasing duty to observe, that the spirit of impartiality which runs through them is as little connected with indifference to religion as with any lack of zeal for the prosperity and greatness of his country.

It remains for us yet to pay our parting respects to Mr. Cooper, and, for reasons before stated, we shall do so principally by noticing

ticing a few of those passages in which incidents of European travel lead him to American topics. At Berne, Mr. Cooper is much edified by the *livret*, or pocket certificate of character, which all hired servants, whose conduct entitles them to claim it, receive, not from their masters, but from the communal authorities of the district. 'A regulation like this,' says Mr. Cooper, 'could not exist in a very large town without a good deal of trouble;'—certainly; and yet what is there of more moment to the comfort of a population, than severe regulations on the subject of servants? America is about perhaps the only civilized country in which the free trade system is fully carried out in this particular, and carried out it is with a vengeance. We have the let-alone policy, *in puris naturalibus*, and everything is truly let alone but the property of the master.

'The dislike to being a servant in America has arisen from the prejudice created by our having slaves. There is no particular dislike in our people to obey, and to be respectful and attentive to their duties as journeymen, farm labourers, day labourers, seamen, soldiers, or anything else, domestic servants excepted,—which is just the duties they have been accustomed to see discharged by blacks and slaves. This prejudice is fast weakening, whites taking service more readily than formerly, and it is found that with proper training they make capital domestics and are very faithful.'—*let. xxvi.*

From Geneva Mr. Cooper writes—

'The Genevese are French in their language, in their literature, and consequently in many of their notions. Still they have independence enough to have hours, habits, and rules of intercourse that they find suited to their own particular condition. The fashions of Paris, beyond the point of reason, would scarcely influence them. How is it with us? Our women read in novels and magazines—usually written by those who have no access to the society they write about, and which they oftener caricature than they describe—that people of quality go late to parties; and they go late to parties, too, to be like English people of quality. Let me make a short comparison by way of illustration. The English woman of quality in town rises at an hour between nine and twelve. She is dressed by her maid;' [and, in short, Mr. Cooper, after describing her proceedings correctly enough, puts her to bed between one and four.] 'These are late hours, certainly, and, in some respects, unwise, but they have their peculiar advantages, and, at all events, they are consistent with themselves. In New York the house is open for morning visits at twelve, and with a large straggling town, bad attendance at the door, and a total want of convenience in public vehicles, unless one travels in a stage coach, yclept an omnibus, it is closed at three for dinner. After dinner there is an interval of three hours, when tea is served, and the mistress of the house is at a loss for employment till ten, when she goes into the world in order to visit at the hour she has heard or read that fashion prescribes such visits ought to be made in other countries, England

England in particular. Here she remains until one or two, returns home, undresses herself, passes a sleepless morning, perhaps, on account of a cross child, and rises at seven to make her husband's coffee at eight. . . . . The men are no wiser. When invited they dine at six, and at home between three and four. The object of this digression is to tell you that, so far as my observation goes, we are the only people who do not think and act for ourselves in these matters.'—let. xx.

*Non noster hic sermo.* These are the words neither of Mrs. Trollope, nor of Captain Hall, nor of Mr. Hamilton. How they will be received by the fair plagiarists of New York we know not; but if one spirit of the Curate and the Barber, in Cervantes' inimitable tale, seizing them all, could bring to a general conflagration those sources of the mischief, the English 'fashionable' novels, as a moral teacher Cervantes himself would yield in our estimation to the author of the *Spy*. Truly indeed, but feebly, has Mr. Cooper characterized that mass of falsehood, and of worse than folly, which, with some few exceptions, for we would not outdo the Curate and the Barber, makes the staple of those recent novelists who handle the life and manners of the English aristocracy. We fully believe that Mr. Cooper has described the head, and front, and extent of the mischief they inflict on America, and we have little fear that the descendants of the pilgrim fathers at least—we are less confident as to the southern states—will extend their plagiarism from folly to vice. The fact, however, that any one of Mr. Cooper's fair fellow-citizens should have adopted that inconvenient code of hours, which with us is in reality dictated, like other codes, by the House of Commons, in deference to such guides, is quite sufficient reason, if others were wanting, to justify the conflagration we have taken the liberty to suggest. Jack Cade, after enjoining the burning of London Bridge, adds, on reflection, 'And, if you can, burn down the Tower too.' We should have little objection to include nine-tenths of the *Annals*—(though certainly not Hood's *Comic*)—in this gaol delivery to the secular arm.

Mr. Cooper's travels are wound up by a pilgrimage to the rural shrine of the god of his idolatry, General Lafayette. The Nullification strife, then raging in the United States, was naturally a topic of conversation, though the General himself seems rather to have avoided a subject more curious perhaps than pleasing. It gives occasion, however, to Mr. Cooper to be rather querulous on the subject of European notice and exaggeration of any circumstance which can be quoted against the working of American institutions.

'There is great weakness,' he justly says, 'in Americans betraying undue susceptibility on the score of every little unpleasant occurrence

that arises at home. No one of the smallest intelligence can believe that we are exempt from human faults, and we all ought to know that they will frequently lead to violence and wrongs. Still there is so much jealousy here on this subject, the votaries of monarchies regard all our acts with so much malevolence, and have so strong a desire to exaggerate our faults, that it is not an easy matter at all times to suppress our feelings. I have often told our opponents that they pay us the highest possible compliment in their constant efforts to compare the results of our system with what is purely right in the abstract, instead of comparing it with the results of their own. If a member of Congress is flogged, it is no answer to say that a member of parliament has been murdered. They do not affirm, but they always argue as if they thought we ought to be better than they.'—*let. xxviii.*

We gather from the context of this passage that Mr. Cooper is alluding rather to France, in which he was residing at the moment, than to England; but as applied to either, we freely admit that his complaint is not destitute of foundation. Mr. Cooper, however, was a seaman, and he should remember that his country, in virtue of her own magniloquent pretensions and the sweeping assertions of her political admirers here in the old world, is something in the condition of the crack ship of a trial squadron. That she has great qualities both for sailing and fighting no rational man disputes; but while it is the boast both of those who launched her and those who cheer her from the shore, that she can beat all rivals on any point of sailing in virtue of her construction—and while there are not a few who would break up the craft which carried Nelson to battle, in order to refashion the navies of England on her model—we cannot be surprised that the least incidents of her trial cruise should be matter of record and criticism with those who think of such matters. With us, if Captain Symons spring a mast, or Professor Inman behave ill in a squall, the circumstance may be explained and well accounted for; but it is no answer, that Troubridge was lost in his passage from India, or Nelson's whole squadron dismasted in the Gulf of Lyons. Among the questions affecting the Union, most interesting to ourselves, is that of its probable stability, and doubtless it is one above all others most liable to miscalculation, and most hazardous for political prophecy. Mr. Cooper's favourable opinion of the Confederation's enduring qualities is entitled to much deference, as coming from one well acquainted with the elements of a problem which few Europeans are in condition to discuss. We are sorry, however, to see that it is partly grounded on the fact of that melancholy compromise between the Northern and the Southern and Western States on the Slavery question, which makes the preservation even of a numerical

merical equilibrium in the legislature between the slave and non-slave-holding states a subject for the ingenuity of American statesmen.\* How soon the balance may again be swayed, or, as M. Chevalier thinks, permanently affected, by the weighty addition of Texas to the slave scale, depends upon a resolution of Congress, not likely long to pause from any delicacy to the wretched neighbour who apes the gesticulations of her republican model without the dignity of power. We know not what Mr. Cooper will say to the recent message from the President of South Carolina, and still less what Mr. Van Buren will reply to it; but Mr. Cooper need not be surprised if some of the lookers-on in Europe should opine with Captain M'Turk, in *St. Ronan's Well*,—‘If these sweetmeats are passing between them, it is only the two ends of a handkerchief that will serve their turn.’ There is certainly, however, much truth in the following passage:—

‘The short period from which our independent existence dates furnishes no argument against us, as it is not so much time, as the changes of which time is the parent, that tries political systems; and America has undergone the ordinary changes, such as growth, extension of interests, and the other governing circumstances of society, that properly belong to two centuries, within the last fifty years.’—*let. xxviii.*

Mr. Cooper's reputation as a writer is so well established in Europe that our further recommendation would be superfluous to assist the popularity of his present work. With us, it has performed its office of entertainment and instruction. In America, we hope its reception may be better than his own estimate of the wide-spread corruption of the reading classes there would entitle us to expect. More serious, he is not unfrequently as severe as Mrs. Trollope, whom he admits to have spoken many truths. To the writer, whether native or foreign, caricaturist or philosopher, who shall succeed in removing any of the defects acknowledged to have hitherto accompanied the progress of American civilization, that country will owe an obligation. If it be true, which we do not affirm, that the individual who places his feet on the front of a box in the theatre of New York is now rebuked by a cry of ‘Trollope!’ from the pit, that lady already deserves a civic crown.

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\* See Note 33, Chevalier, vol. i. Appendix.

ART. IX.—*Transactions of the Institute of British Architects.*  
Vol. I., Part I. London, 1836.

IT was our good fortune last autumn to escape from the feverish excitement and moral tension of this vast metropolis, from the hurry and fret of business, the glut of pleasure, the satiety of delight, the weariness of politics, and the exhausting duties of our critical function, into that favoured corner of our fortunate island, the West of England; we lingered a happy month, alternately in green glens, and on noble mountains; sometimes in the rich park-like interior, at others on the sunny coasts of the glorious sea, in those sheltered nooks and inlets, where the shelving woods sweep down into the laughing waves, where the myrtles and geraniums bloom, and where cold winds, 'adverse to life,' seldom blow. We wandered around the delicious neighbourhood of Exeter, that time-honoured capital, which for so many centuries has looked proudly over the sweet valley, which its clear Exe clothes with perpetual verdure, winding into the vast ocean through a bosom of beauty, threading hill and dale, wood and meadow, by pleasant hamlets and lordly castles. There are few objects of a peaceful, quiet nature more exquisite than these scattered villages of Devonshire. They are truly agricultural; unmarred by the disproportioned factory, unincumbered with an overgrown, unhealthy, discontented population, they lie concealed amidst their pretty gardens, their fresh pastures and ruddy orchards, or crown the broad upland, infusing an air of life into the rich, arable, and woodland scenery around.

We mingled with the peasantry—the simple, uncorrupted, obliging, warm-hearted peasantry—happy in their state of industrious independence, respectful to their ancient and kind landlords, loyal to their king and country, and true to the religion of their forefathers. We had laden our small portmanteau, in accordance to our studious habits, with a goodly supply of books, to dissipate the ennui of unusual leisure, interrupted avocations, and the fancied insufficiency of rural recreation. We little dreamed that our studies would be confined to the book of nature and the beauties of the creation, to the rising sun, the silent moon, the incense breath of the morn, the perfume of the newly-turned furrow, the fragrance of the wild flower, the aroma of the thymy, heathy, sweet-aired moors, the invigorating breeze of the bracing sea—to the multitudes of out-of-door delights concentrated in these happy regions, which lure the student from his lonely desk, and forbid him to waste his precious evenings over the lamp—

'Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?'

What

What booted it to us to have sallied forth on our travels with Walsh's 'Constantinople,' Leake's 'Northern Greece,' Humboldt's 'Kawi-sprache,' Sismondi's 'Etudes sur l'Economie Publique,' and the last corrected and enlarged edition of Mr. McCulloch's very valuable 'Commercial Dictionary?' The slighted tomes made their grand tour, in imitation of many of our fashionable travellers, like a trunk, and in one they returned from whence they were brought, unread, uncut, in no wise altered beyond the wear and tear incidental to locomotion. One only shared a better fate—that of which we have prefixed the title to this article.

It is a matter, we think, of national congratulation that the architects of Great Britain should at length, though late, have formed themselves into this association. We hope it will eventually have the effect of promoting a union, a mutual co-operation, and a good fellowship among themselves—a more general communication of inventions, ideas, plans, and designs, which must tend to foster a higher, more correct, and classical taste in the important works committed to their charge; which are, be it remembered, both durable memorials, and always before the eye of the world. We trust, under happier auspices, they may remove the unfavourable comparison not unfrequently instituted by foreign critics between the great architectural monuments of modern date among the continental nations and those of our own country.

We cannot shut our eyes to the humiliating fact, that architecture, the chief of arts, (as the name implies,) has never flourished in our British Isles as it has done in Greece and Italy, those favoured climes of taste and design. It would be a long and an ungracious task to point out the causes of this inferior degree of success, in a matter of daily domestic comfort—in a branch of the arts, which is so well calculated to display the pride of the monarchy, the dignity of the church, the wealth of the noble and the merchant, the skill and invention of the most mechanical and constructive of nations. We will just suggest, among some of the causes, the early liberty of the subject in England, which, by conferring a security of property, generated that love for comfort and private possessions, so peculiar to Englishmen, in preference to merging the individual in magnificent public institutions;—the limited power of the monarch—the distribution of national wealth by the representatives of the people—the jealousy always displayed by a powerful aristocracy as to the power and affluence of the church, which in its most palmy times of papacy never attained the full-blown pomp and splendour of the Spanish or Italian;—the iconoclastic simplicity of a Protestant church, a conscientious opponent to the carver and sculptor;—and finally, the influence of a climate, damp and cold—of stunted

suns and lengthened winters, in which lofty halls, spacious apartments, vast windows, open corridors and porticoes—all those gorgeous appurtenances and ornaments in which architecture delights to revel—so far from tending to render indoor existence happy, would be the instruments of discomfort, disease, and uneasiness. Towards the latter end of the last century, when a better architectural feeling appeared to be growing upon us, there came the curse of war, that greatest of all impediments to the peace-loving arts, the welfare and happiness of mankind. It nipped the opening bud with odious taxes and fiscal restrictions, narrowing our windows, defining the size of brick by law, declaring war against all picturesque projections as contrary to act of parliament, increasing the expense of raw material of every kind, thwarting the manufacturer with duties and excisemen, and rendering it imperative on the bulk of the people to consult economy in form, size, and ornament; fostering the melancholy dullness of Baker Street; creating those tasteless piles of bald-faced barracks, manufactories, prisons, palaces, and penitentiaries, which would render another Lisbon earthquake hardly a national calamity in England. Something, too, must be attributed to the unfortunate position in which those who profess the liberal profession of architects are placed in this country—we allude to the tradesman-like mode of remuneration by a per-centage on the whole expenditure. It is difficult to conceive a system more degrading to a gentleman of education and of feeling, or one more open to painful suspicions of underhand meddlings with subordinate tradesmen. It seems to hold out a premium to increased outlay and extravagance, and has induced that universal and degrading opinion of an architect's estimate, that it can be as little depended upon as an epitaph. Thus a body of honourable, highly educated men submit to a reflection on their word and integrity, implied in such a doubt, which they would not put up with for an instant under any other circumstances, and are yet compelled to do so in a matter of the most vital importance to their character, credit, and well-doing in their profession. If the per-centage system be unhappily to be continued, we would suggest that it should be taken on the estimate given in rather than on the eventual expense. The most unexceptionable honorarium, however, would be, as in the case of so many other liberal professions, a fixed definite sum for a certain specified performance.

We abstain from following a train of reflections which would lead us away from our present object. We wish to call the attention of our readers to the very able papers in the Transactions before us, on the subject of a newly introduced mode of building, termed *concrete*. During our sojourn in the West of England,

we

we have been struck with the great prevalence of a cognate method of construction, which is much confined to Cornwall and Devonshire, and known immemorially by the local name of Cob. It has never been so thoroughly investigated as it appears to us to deserve, and as it necessarily will be of some interest and, we hope, of instruction and entertainment to our Devonian readers, towards whom we entertain an especial good will, we propose to dedicate a few pages to the examination of the history, antiquity, and mode of preparation of this most primitive composition, this earliest effort of human ingenuity, which is hardly sufficiently honoured in its own counties, and very little known beyond the confines of the West of England.

Nature has there been so bountiful in flower and fruit, corn and cattle, that—reasoning by analogy from what occurs in other equally favoured countries—it was to be expected that the inhabitants might become comparatively careless as to the exercise of their bodily and mental energies, and might prefer the grosser enjoyments of a fat land to that never-cloying banquet of intellectual food, which it is the peculiar object of our literary labours to provide.

The character and appearance of the cottages do not imply any unusual advance in architectural science. They are generally composed of mud or cob; for the terms are nearly convertible. They are formed out of the earth on which they stand, and too often appear to be rapidly returning to their original element.

As the mode of building is rude and inartificial, so the exterior is too often untidy and dilapidated. The line of wall is seldom true, either horizontally or perpendicularly. The building bulges out and swags in every direction, and is frequently seamed with gaping cracks, which convey to the beholder the most displeasing feeling in architecture, that of decay and insecurity. The earthy material is either uncovered in the deformity of nakedness, or coated with a coarse plastering, and daubed over with a wash of lime, which propriety of language will not permit us to call white. This dingy epidermis is seldom perfect—damp, frost, and infinite neglect occasion it to peel off in flakes, and to leave the red raw material exposed beneath. There is little, as regards construction, calculated to give pleasure to any eye save that of the artist, who revels in the broken and uncertain outline, and in the colours of poverty.

Our first impressions were rendered more striking, from having passed many of the happy days of our youth in the north of Africa, and in the southern and more Arabian provinces of Spain. We now beheld in Devonshire cottages and villages, which from great similarity of material, construction, and colour,  
transported

transported us back to regions, which no one can ever have seen without a longing, a yearning to revisit. This coincidence, coupled with the remarkable fact, that this most ancient *oriental* style of building is so very generally adopted in the *West of England*, led to some inquiries, which we now submit to the indulgence of our readers.

All our lexicographers, ancient and modern, seem shy of the word *cob*,\* when prefixed to a wall. Cob, saith Nares in his glossary, hath many meanings. Cob, lays down Johnson, is used in the composition of low terms. Whiter in his Etymologicon (copying Junius), derives cob from the Welch CWBB—which purports (however that euphonous word is to be pronounced) *entire, whole*; thence the making whole, to cobble, a cobbler. In the Latinity of the middle ages, *cobile* meant a beam, a door-post, of which an example is cited by Ducange. Jamieson has it not in the Scottish Lexicon, nor Lye in the Anglo-Saxon, nor Webster in the American. The word, in common parlance, has a signification both of amplification, as a cob-nut, a cob-loaf; and of diminution, a cob-web, a cob-horse. The other meanings—viz. a sea-bird, the young of a herring, a spider, have little connexion with a cob-wall, excepting, perhaps, the spider, as an intruder. The Devonian authors throw little light on this intricate point. Chapple† observes in a note, ‘Cob, possibly from the British *chwap* = *ictus*; a Græco *κοπτος* *contusus*, because the earth and straw ought to be well beaten, trod, or pounded together.’ This plausible hit, an etymological *chwap*, does honour to the name of Chapple; but it is a mere similarity of sound; we might as well derive cob from the Coptic as from the Greek. There is no indication in any of their authors, which will justify this *ex post facto* derivation. Borlase would have connected cob with the Cornish, the Danmorian *cob*, *dhu cob*, to bruise, to break. Vallancey would undoubtedly have claimed it for the *Bearla Feni* of the Hibernian Milesians. Cob, however, is a primitive word of the unknown tongue, and laughs at lexicographers; it may possibly be antediluvian, and the name given by the great inventor himself.

Before we enter into cob in the abstract, we must dispose of it in the concrete. In putting our readers in possession of the most approved method of constructing cob,‡ we take as our basis the workmanlike account of that careful compiler Mr. Loudon,§ who

\* Cobleigh, Cobeton, &c. are names of Devonshire villages, obviously connected with the material of which they are constructed.

† Chapple, Review of Ritson's *Devon*, p. 50.

‡ The ancient demilune pier at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, is called the Cobbe, which is derived by Hutchins from the cobble-stone used in the construction.—Hutchins's *Dorsetshire*, vol. i. p. 254.

§ Loudon *Ency. of Arch.* No. 839.

derived his information from a Devonshire clergyman, one born in a cob parsonage, and himself a grand compounder thereof. The cob walls of the West of England are composed of earth and straw mixed up with water, like mortar, and well beaten and trodden together; the earth nearest at hand is generally used, and the more loamy the more suitable. These mud walls are made two feet thick, and are raised upon a foundation of stone-work. The higher the stone-work is carried the better, as it secures the cob-work from the moisture of the ground. After a mud wall is raised to a certain height, it is allowed some weeks to settle; this period varies according to the damp or dryness of the atmosphere. The first layer or rise (*Devonicé raise*) is from three to five feet high, the next is not so high, while every successive *raise* is diminished in height as the work advances. The solidity of cob walls depends much on their not being hurried in the process of making; for if hurried, they will surely be crippled, and swerve from the perpendicular. It is usual to pare down the sides of each successive *raise*, before another is added on it. The cob-parer (the instrument then used) is like a baker's peel, the shovel for removing the bread from the oven. The lintels of the doors, windows, cupboards, or other recesses are put in as the work advances, bedding them on cross pieces. The walls are carried up solid, and the respective openings are cut out after the work has well settled. In forming these walls, one man stands on the wall to receive the cob, which is pitched up to him by another below, the man on the work arranging and treading it down. Each workman generally uses a common pitchfork. The whole is then covered with thatch. Devonshire thatching is very superior to that in most parts of England. It is done with combed wheatstraw, *Devonicé reed*, which consists of the stiff, unbruised, unbroken stalks, which have been carefully separated by the thresher from the fodder straw, and bound up in large sheaves called *nitches*. The outer walls are plastered the following spring, and this plaster covered with a whitewash of lime, or rough-cast, *Devonicé slap-dash*. These are dangerous processes in the hands of a builder without a cultivated taste, for such a wall, to use the metaphorical language of Loudon, 'has no beauty, because it has no expression.' The whitewashing this inexpressive cob pleases the eyes of ordinary tourists by the contrast it produces with the surrounding scenery; but it is condemned by the tasteful Gilpin, as the most inharmonious of tints, and productive of a disagreeable glare. That glare, however, is soon mellowed by the hand of time, and toned down by dirt and damp. The building then appears in most artistical and picturesque keeping.

Rough-cast

Rough-cast and slap-dash are terms which accurately describe the action and effect. The wall is plastered very smoothly with lime and hair mortar; as fast as this coat is finished, a second workman follows with a pail of rough-cast, which he throws on the soft plaster. The materials for rough-cast are composed of fine gravel reduced to a uniform size by sifting or screening, and by washing the earth carefully out. This gravel is then mixed with pure, newly-slaked lime and water, till the whole becomes of the consistence of a semifluid; it is then forcibly thrown, splashed, slapdashed upon the wall with a large trowel. The workman then brushes over the mortar and rough-cast with the lime liquid in the pail, so as to make all, when finished and dry, appear of the same colour. The building is then complete; this plaster and rough-cast gives the last finishing touch of beauty, the *coup-de-grâce* to cob. It is like the sprinkling with comfits the sugary chalk plaster of the indigestible twelfth-cake, that confectionary cob.

The real worth of cob, however, consists not in these outward charms, but in the intrinsic merits of the facility and cheapness with which it is made. It will cost, speaking roughly, about three times less than stone and five times less than brickwork; it requires, however, considerable time in the construction. A cob house of two stories ought not to be built in less than two years, in order that the work may settle completely. A cob house forms a most dry, healthy, and comfortable dwelling; the thickness and non-conducting properties of the walls preserve a mean temperature within, producing warmth in winter and coolness in summer. Cob is extremely durable when protected from wet above and below, for, as Hamlet's grave-digger has it, 'your water is a sore decayer.' This is implied in the Devonshire adage, that 'all cob wants is a good hat and a good pair of shoes.' Instances occur of cob houses, built in the time of Elizabeth, being found at this day in perfect preservation. Cob is ill adapted to barns and garden walls, as it harbours vermin, and is subject to be undermined by rats and mice; in these instances, it is preferable to follow the example of Semiramis (that radical reformer of cob), who first surrounded with a brick wall the mud-built Babylon, the well-known 'coctilibus muris' of Ovid. There are some interesting varieties of cob, such as 'dry cob,' 'rad and dab,' &c. which will be mentioned in their proper place. They are emanations, ἀπορροαί from the original invention, which was conceived and brought forth, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, armed at all points and perfect; the result of architectural instinct, which like the cob-built nest of the swallow, has continued unchanged, unadvanced, unimproved, in defiance of the lapse of sixty centuries, and the experience of

two

two worlds; we may almost say of cob, as Byron does so splendidly of the ocean—

‘Time writes no wrinkles on thy *muddy* brow,  
Such as *Cain* first beheld thee, art thou now.’

The first city ever built by man, was built by Cain; the mind of this first rebel and freethinker was bold, independent, original, and self-willed; arraigned for the murder of his brother, he resolutely complained of the severity of his punishment, and having obtained a qualified protection from his merciful judge, appears to have cast aside remorse and allegiance, and to have bent the force of his intellect to the invention of those arts, by which the human race has been so signally benefited—for most of which we are indebted to the bad and the infidel, to ‘the sons of man’—a humiliating fact, and doubtless so ordained by Providence for its own wise purposes. Adam and his other posterity, overwhelmed with the sense of their transgression, and broken-hearted by the loss of Paradise, seem to have passed their days in sorrow and repentance. We shall trace cob for a long period as peculiarly used by the Cainite branch.—Cain built a city, *την οικοδομων Πολιν*; to build a city infers a considerable population, and a certain development of social life. As single houses must have preceded cities, Cain certainly had previously constructed a house for himself and his wife before the foundation of Enoch. It could not have been a log house; he was unprovided with instruments of iron to fell or fashion timber, for the art of working metals was not discovered by Tubal-Cain until long afterwards. It could not have been of stone, or brick and mortar; that implies a knowledge of chemistry. The use of brick is first recorded at the tower of Babel, where bitumen was used instead of mortar. Cain, we may fairly assume, must have built of mud or cob—this mode, the lowest in the scale of architectural science, was therefore the best suited to the infancy of mankind; it neither requires much mechanical knowledge, nor any assistance of tools beyond the fingers and feet. Mud was the obvious material to a tiller of the earth. Cain, an eater of corn, must have observed the increased cohesiveness of clay when mixed with stubble; he might have seen that exemplified in the nests of some birds of the air. Mud mixed with straw would make his cob, while fallen branches of trees and dried vegetable matter would furnish his roof. His cottage, as to its colour, most *certainly* resembled the red towers of the Alhambra, and the ferruginous cob of Exeter; for as the first house was built near the site of Eden, it must have been composed of the same earth from which the first man was made;—that red earth, *ῥωλος ερυθρος*, which gave the ancient original name of the Red

Sea

Sea to the Persic Gulf—that red dust from whence the first man was called Adam, Adham, the red, the earthy one.

It cannot be expected that any antediluvian cob should have withstood the waters of the deluge, which swept man as well as his works from the face of the earth. But the abstract science of cob weathered the storm, and was kept alive by Ham, who, to use the words of Bishop Patrick, carried the spirit of Cain into the ark, and was the first apostate after the flood. His irreverent behaviour to his father is familiar to all, and the remarkable fact that Canaan,\* the son, and not Ham, the father, was cursed by Noah for that offence. The infidelity and disobedience of Cain, continued in Canaan, were still coupled with his inventive ingenuity. The grandson † of Ham, the nephew of Canaan, was Nimrod, the great prototype of Bacchus, Dionusos, the builder of the mighty city of Babylon, the post-diluvian Enoch.

As all historians, sacred as well as profane, make particular mention of the use of brick in the tower of Babel, we may presume that it was a novel invention, and that buildings previously had been constructed of the Cainite cob. Stone ‡ is comparatively rare in the alluvial interammanian plains of Mesopotamia, “therefore they had brick for stone.”

This tower, which the Cainite worshippers of fire erected to their idol Bel, the sun, is supposed by Bochart § to have been built about 101 years after the flood, and before the birth of Phaleg, in whose time the earth was divided. Herodotus || informs us, that it was a pyramid of eight stories, rising, according to Strabo, ¶ from a square base. Mr. Rich, who long resided at Bagdad, and visited the ruins so frequently, agrees with the learned Bryant in thinking that the centre was composed of earth, an artificial mound, the *χυτη γαια* of Homer, the *χωμα γης*, the *γηολοφος* of Pausanias; and that it was afterwards faced with brick-work, cemented with slime, bitumen, mud, or whatever the *chemar* was. The term *Agour* of the Hebrew, is uniformly represented by the Greeks as *πλιθοι οπται*, *laterculi coctiles*, baked bricks. Rennell,\*\* a great authority, considers the present *Mujalibbé*, ‘the overturned,’ to be the remnant of this tower. Mr. Rich, from actual knowledge of the localities, prefers the ‘Birs Nemroud,’ the palace of Nimrod; this is a vast mound, situated about six miles from

\* Gen. ix. 22—25.

† Gen. x. 6—8.

‡ ‘Like the generality of steppe regions, Babylonia was as destitute of wood as stone.’—Heeren’s *Historical Researches*, vol. ii. p. 141. Oxford, 1833.

§ Bochart, *Phaleg*, i. 10.

|| Herodotus, i. 281.

¶ Strabo, *Geog.* xvi. 738.—*πρὸς διὰ πυρρῆς τετραγωνίας*.

\*\* Rennell, *Geography of Herodotus*, xiv. on Babylon—and Rich, *Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon*, passim.

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Hilla. He describes the remains as being 'built with unburnt brick, mixed up with chopped straw or reeds, and cemented with clay mortar of great thickness.' In another place he remarks, 'the sun-burnt bricks generally look like a thick clumsy sod of earth, in which are seen broken reed or chopped straw, used for the obvious purpose of binding them.' This sounds very like the appearance of decayed weather-beaten Cob. The concurrent testimony of all recent travellers describes the ruins of Babylon as mere mounds of earth, heaps of soil, the remains of houses fallen in. It is probable that most of the private buildings of antiquity were composed of mud or cob, as Rennell describes the modern houses of Bussorah, and adds, that after a heavy rain the falling in of houses into the streets is no uncommon occurrence. The magnificence of royalty and pomp of religion were displayed in expensive monuments of brick or stone. To take such an instance as Pæstum, which everybody has visited, the temple remains, the basilica exists, the stone foundations of the city-walls may be traced, while the dwellings of the inhabitants are gone, crumbled into the earth from whence they were made; the grey monuments of a more durable material stand out like the bleached skeleton of some mighty megalotherion, whose flesh has long since mouldered into corruption. It has been our fortune to witness the transition period of decay in the deserted towns of Andalusia, and the desolate mud villages of Castille.

The celebrated walls of Babylon were certainly not entirely built of brick; the singular mode of their construction has long been a matter of some difficulty.\* We do not pretend that the process was exactly that of our cob of Devon, although the remains at present are so precisely the same. The difference seems to be, that the cob of Babylon was raised dry, in solid forms of unbaked earth, that is, of cob made in detail, laid at certain elevations on layers of reed, and then cemented together; we learn from Herodotus† that they were built of the earth, which came from the excavation of the surrounding moat. Diodorus Siculus, ‡ who gives the most particular account, mentions an interior wall of unbaked brick, *ομαίς πλινθοίς*, or to adopt the words used by Rennell on another occasion, of 'clods of earth.' This agrees with their present state as described by Sir R. Ker Porter, 'masses composed of mud mixed with chopped straw or broken reeds, and then dried in the sun.' According to Eusebius, quoting

\* It is needless to say, that the ancient accounts of the size, height, and width of these walls are grossly exaggerated. Herodotus, that amusing gossip of antiquity, never was on the spot, and gave a credulous ear to every tale which he has recorded in his book. He is fairly entitled to be called the father of romance as well as of history.

† Herod. i. 179.

‡ Diodorus Siculus, ii. 8.

Abydenus,

Abydenus,\* they were rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar; or, according to Larcher, by Semiramis his wife;—the original walls having perished, melted into air—*αφανισθῆναι* † is the strong expression used, and one quite applicable to the decomposition of cob. Berosus, ‡ a Chaldean author, describing these rebuilt walls, particularly states, that some were of burnt and others of unburnt brick. These renewed walls in their turn have crumbled away; St. Jerome § writing in the fourth century, and on the authority of a travelling monk, an eye-witness, relates that they were just sufficient to form an enclosure for the hunting preserves of the Persian King. No trace whatever of these walls can now be discovered at Babylon, although the most careful researches have been made by many and intelligent travellers; *etiam periere ruina*. They too have vanished, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, have left no wreck behind; while the walls of Hilla near the site of Eabylon are described by Rich ‘as of mud, and presenting a truly contemptible appearance.’

At the dispersion of mankind, a branch of the Cushites settled in Canaan and Egypt, just before the birth of Abraham. It may be remarked, that the ‘children of men’ continued to dwell in houses and cities, while the ‘children of God,’ the patriarchs, led a nomad life in their tents. Thus Lot (Gen. xiii. 3—12.), who like Abraham (Gen. xix. 2—10.) had previously dwelt in a tent, when he settled in one of the cities of the wicked, resided in a house; Jacob (Gen. xxxiii. 17.) only learned to build a house at Succoth, after a long sojourn in that of Laban the Syrian. Those Cushites who settled in Canaan and Egypt, and who are known by the names of *Υκσοι*, *Ουρεϊται* (from Ur in Chaldaea) or *Ποιμῆνες*, the royal shepherds of Manetho, introduced the Cainite cob. This is evidenced by the task-work subsequently assigned to the Jews by Pharaoh, as detailed in the fifth chapter of Exodus, ‘There shall be no straw given, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks.’ Bishop Patrick observes, ‘what the use of straw was in making bricks is variously conjectured; some think it was mixed with the clay to make the brick more solid;’—the precise object for which straw is used in cob. The expression ‘tale of brick,’ does not entirely represent the words of the Septuagint, *την συνταξιν της πλινθειας*, the series, the constructed line of brickwork, the quantity of run work. The word *πλινθος*, when used alone, by no means implies baked brick, while the term *Halbénim* of the original Hebrew, is derived by Biel and Castelli from *Laban*, || which has reference

\* Megasthenes ex Abydeno, 46. Ed. Cory.

† *Βηλει*—*Βαβυλωνι* τυχὲν *πριβαλειν*, *τω* *χρησθ* *δε* *τω* *ικνουμην* *αφανισθῆναι*.

‡ Berosus, 39. Ed. Cory.

§ S. Hieron, in *Esai*, 13, 14.

|| Biel, *Thesaurus Philologus*. *Lában*, to whiten.

to colour rather than construction. Many have supposed the pyramids of Dahshour,\* which are composed of "sun-dried bricks, made of mud and cut straw," to have been erected by the Jews when captive in Egypt, whose task-work we are expressly informed by Josephus † was the building of walls and a pyramid; similar works were generally erected in Egypt by captives: Sesostris inscribed on his gigantic buildings, "No one native laboured hereon:" a principle adopted in after-times by Solomon (2nd Chron. viii. 9).

All authors, sacred as well as profane, agree in considering the Phœnicians to have been a branch of the stock of Canaan. Thus the same woman is spoken of by St. Matthew (vii. 24) as a woman of Canaan, and by St. Mark (xv. 22) as a Syrophœnician, so unerringly accurate are the inspired writers, even in matters of no apparent importance, and where, at first sight, they might seem to differ. Bochart ‡ and Bishop Cumberland both admit the genuineness of the passage, *χνα ὡτως η φοινικη εκαλειτο*, while Eupolemus § and Sanchoniatho, || both quoted by Eusebius, most distinctly state the Phœnician descent from Canaan. The Phœnicians certainly used cob. Sanchoniatho ¶ ascribes the invention to Technites and Autochthon (names under which we may trace a reference to Cain). These, says our author, discovered the method of making a compound of stubble and brick mud, and drying it in the sun, the burning sun of the East. The words *φορυτον*, a mixture, a mass kneaded together like dough, and *τερσαινειν*, *aerefacio*, to dry in the air, or in the sun, the *τερσεται ηελιω* of Homer (Odys. ii. 124), without any reference to fire, are strongly characteristic of cob. Ezekiel, of all the prophets the best acquainted with the customs of the Phœnicians—of which the thirty-seventh chapter, the groundwork of the treatise of Heeren, is a proof—when speaking of breaking through a wall, invariably uses the word 'dig through,' *διορρυττειν*,—"I digged through the wall with mine hand" (Ezek. xii. 7); this would almost be impossible in the case of a stone or brick wall, but by no means so as to one of cob. The identical expression is twice used by our Saviour himself in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, 'Lay yourselves up treasures where thieves do not break in and steal'—*οπη κλεπται μη διορυσουσιν*, where thieves 'do not dig through.' In fact, the common Greek term for a house-breaker was *τοιχω-ερχος*, a wall-breaker. Therefore the author of that most ancient

\* Modern Traveller. Egypt, i. 333.

† Josephus, Antiq. ii. 9. 1.

‡ Bochart's Canaan, ii. 2, 711; Bishop Cumberland's Sanchoniatho, iii. 94.

§ Eupolemus, *τοι χαναν γινησθαι τοι πατερα τοι φοινικων*, 58, Ed. Cory.

|| Sanchoniatho, *χνα, το προτω μετανομασθιντος φοινικος*, 16, Ed. Cory.

¶ Sanchoniatho, 8, Ed. Cory, *ουτοι ιπνυοσαν τη πηλῳ της πλινθου συμμιγνυσιν φορυται και τῷ ἡλιῳ αυτας τερσαινειν*.

book, Job, in the fourth chapter, adverts to the little trust to be placed in those 'who dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed by the moth.' A very high authority has suggested, that by the moth is meant the white ant. It is clear that some sort of those destructive insects are alluded to, which so notoriously harbour in walls of clay, that is, of cob. These Phœnicians, the most extraordinary people of antiquity, pushed forth their commerce and civilization along the coasts of the Mediterranean, whose precious waters have been the channel of knowledge to the western world; for what would have been the condition of Europe, had that great internal space been covered with an African desert instead of the buoyant ocean. The narrow limits of an article prevent our following cob into the East, to India, where it still exists, or to Greece and Italy. We will just remark, that it was conveyed into Greece by Cadmus, who was guided by an ox, which he followed less on account of devotion to Apis than for the sake of his beef; for, according to the sacred records of the Phœnicians,\* he was cook to the King of Tyre, and moreover, like Monsieur Ude (ci-devant cook to the King of France), an author as well as an *artiste*; to him the barbarous Hellenists were indebted for their cob, their alphabet, and their frying-pan, so early was the legitimate connexion between literary and gastronomic pursuits;† possibly the first national school, as well as the first kitchen ever built in Bœotia, was of cob. We cannot resist mentioning the ingenious manner in which Agesipolis, King of the Spartans, obtained possession of the city of Mantinea; he dammed up the river which flowed round the town, and thus succeeded in softening the cob walls, which fell in. Xenophon,‡ in his account of this affair, uses the expression *πλινθων*, while that of Pausanias§ is still more decisive of cob, *ομης πλινθι*. The Mantineans, when they rebuilt their walls, carried up the stone foundation of their new cob many feet, in order to prevent a recurrence of this stratagem. The foundations are described by Colonel Leake|| as very perfect—their intention is quite obvious. The masonry, which is complete as high as it extends, is clearly too low to have formed a wall of defence by itself.

Cadmus, we suspect, used much *rad* and *dab* in the construction of Thebes; the principle of that hasty process is indicated by

\* Athenæus, xiv. 22.

† And we might add, with religious pursuits. A good Grecian cook understood the best modes of preparing the burnt-offerings which, doubtless, were eaten by the officiating priests. There is a curious character of Peligna, a clerical *cordón bleu*, given by Olympias to her son Alexander the Great. (Athe. xiv. 22.)

‡ Xenophon's Hellen., v. 2.

§ Pausanias's Arcad., viii.

|| Leake's Morea, iii. 73.

Thucydides

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v

Thucydides\* in the works thrown up at the siege of the neighbouring Platea. He mentions the confining the mud in layers of reed; his expression, *εν ταρσοις καλαμου πηλον ενελλοντες*, is the identical phrase used by Herodotus† in describing the walls of Babylon. Pliny‡ speaks of the rad and dab of Spain as quite known to everybody;—‘*Illini quidem crates parietum luto, et lateribus crudis extrui, quis ignorat?*’ These rods or reeds vary according to the vegetable productions of different countries. Thus bamboo is used in the rad and dab, the *leya bandinden* of Ceylon. Vitruvius§ recommends the Spanish bass, the *esparto*. In Devonshire, either laths or reeds, called spires, are made use of. These rushes grow in plenty near Topsham; rad, in rad and dab, may be a corruption either of reed or rod—it bears the same ratio to cob as brick-nogging does to brick-work; it is warmer than lath and plaster. It is possible that Ezekiel had this make-shift rad and dab in view, when he inveighed in his thirteenth chapter against those who run up hasty walls, and daub them with untempered mortar. The Phœnicians, the *πολυδαδουλοι Σιδωνες* of Homer, carried the arts of building and of carpentry to the greatest perfection.|| David and Solomon, the wisest of kings, obtained their artificers from Hiram, the sovereign of the princely merchants of Tyre. There is no surer stimulus to the industry and invention of mankind, than the artificial wants created by the wealth and luxury of an enlightened commerce.

The Carthaginians, who trod in the steps of the parent city, carried along the African and Iberian coasts a peculiar kind of improved cob—which was imported into Spain by Hannibal, and continues in use there to this moment. The name of *Hannibal*, we need hardly observe, means the grace of God,—the same *Bel* of the Chaldeans and Canaan. That shrewd commander erected along the Spanish coast a line of watch-towers, which even in the time of Pliny¶ bore his name, ‘*turres speculas Hannibalis*.’ These Martello towers of the Carthaginians were continued by the Romans, Goths, Moors, and Spaniards. The necessity of a place of refuge and military look-out has always been felt on these fertile shores, exposed from time immemorial to the descents of the Mediterranean pirates. These picturesque *atalayas* still stand forth, like lone sentinels, in full relief on the blue sky, perched upon the craggy headlands of the sea-shore, the monuments of distant ages of romance and battle. They are built of concrete cob, run up in moveable frames of wood, which are held together by bolts. The component mixture is then

\* Thucydides, ii. 75. † Herodotus, i. 179. ‡ Nat. Hist., xxxv. 48.

§ Vitruvius de Arch., ii. 3.

|| 2 Sam. v. 2; 1 Kings v.

¶ Pliny, Nat. Hist., xxxv., 48. xi., 73.

rammed down into the cases: when they are filled, the bolts are withdrawn, and the framework moved onwards or upwards, as the case requires. This ancient method of construction has been recently introduced into England, under the name of concrete, which resembles the *εμπλεκτρον* of the Greeks, the *opus signinum* of Vitruvius.\* The material is composed of a small proportion of lime, mixed with rough sand, pebbles, and old materials, which are placed while wet into the framework. The whole process is minutely and admirably detailed in the papers furnished by Messrs. Godwin, Abraham, and Taylor, to the Transactions now before us. Mons. Cointereau in his 'Ecole d'Architecture Rurale,' has detailed the method adopted in France, where it is called 'pisé, pisay,' the concrete 'beton,' the 'smalto' of the Italians. A somewhat similar practice has long obtained in parts of Devonshire, and is called dry cob; it is preferred to wet cob, as there is less settling. These walls of dry cob were called by the Romans † *parietes formacei*, walls made in frames. Pliny gives an account of the mode of construction, and their great durability:—'Quis non in Africâ Hispaniâque ex terrâ parietes, quos appellant formaceos, quoniam in formâ circumdatis utrinque tabulis, inferciuntur verius quam instruuntur, ævis durant incorrupti, imbris, ventis, ignibus, omnique cemento firmiores?' &c. San Isidore, ‡ the Gothic archbishop of Seville, in his directions to builders, follows the language of Pliny. He terms the method 'formatum sive formarium.' A perusal of that curious book, the Encyclopædia of the Eighth Century, sufficiently demonstrates that the Goths were anything but ignorant of those arts which contribute to the well-being of social life. This cob is now made use of both by Moors and Spaniards. We have seen it raising in Andalusia and Barbary, while it is the usual mode of building at the Cape of Good Hope, the other extremity of Africa. It is called by the Spaniards *tapia*, of which the etymology is as uncertain as that of our cob. Covarrubias, § a fanciful philologist, alone ventures to approach it. He derives it from the Arabic *tapia*, an earthen wall; a derivation not to be met with either in Souza || or Weston, ¶ who have traced the Arabic words engrafted into the Portuguese and Spanish languages. The rad and dab of Spain is called *tapique*. Most of the ancient cities of Spain, especially of the southern and western provinces, are surrounded with walls of concrete cob; those of Seville and Cordova (the finest specimens)

\* Pliny, xxxv., 12. Vitruv. Sub fin. viii.

† Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxv. 14.

‡ Sti. Isidori Etymol. xv. 9.

§ Covarrubias. Tesoro de la Lingua Castellana, ii., 183.

|| Joao de Sousa. Vestigios da Lingua Arabica em Portugal.

¶ Weston, Remains of Arabic in the Spanish and Portuguese Languages.

remain almost in the same state as they existed at the conquest from the Moors, 600 years ago. They have precisely the same appearance as worn-out Devonshire cob, particularly some cob walls close to the churchyard at Colebrook, near Crediton. In Spain this outer plaster was sometimes painted *à fresco*, as the walls of Babylon were ornamented with coloured representations of the great huntings of Ninus and Semiramis.\*

The villages of Andalusia are generally built of cob plastered, and very carefully whitewashed with the 'col de Moron;' they are scattered, far and wide between, amid the wild waste of uncultivated plains, overgrown with the cistus, the ilex, and the cork-tree, the haunt of the vulture and the robber. The close-packed cottages glitter in the bright sun and blue sky, like whitened sepulchres, the abodes of squalid poverty, which is borne in that glorious climate with oriental resignation. The red towers of the Alhambra and the exquisite elegance of the fairy interior, contrast painfully with the abject condition of the pauper inmates, and present a melancholy picture of the fallen state of a noble land, where the arts and industry of the enlightened Moor have quailed beneath the palsying touch of the tasteless, destructive Spaniard.

We have thus traced cob, in its progress hand and hand with commerce and civilization, to the straits of Gibraltar. The vast Atlantic† now opens, that sea over which an air of danger and mystery was cast by the Phœnicians, jealous of their profitable monopoly of the tin of England and the amber of the Baltic. The identity of the western part of England with the Cassiterides of the ancients, is fully gone into by Borlase.‡ It is admitted by Bochart, § Mannert, || Heeren,¶ and the best geographers of all nations. We can have no doubt, as cob was introduced by the Phœnicians into all their other colonies, that it was brought by them into the West of England, and adopted generally from its cheapness, and facility of construction, even in a country abounding in stone, marble, and granite. To inquire, however, fully into the causes which have perpetuated this ancient architecture so peculiarly in the west of England would be extending a paper already, perhaps, too much extended: we will, therefore, conclude with a very satisfactory remark. Cob, we have seen,

\* Diodorus Siculus, ii. 8.

† If we had leisure to cross the Atlantic, we might visit those cob pyramids of the sun (Bel, Hl Hl) at San de Teotihuacan, in Mexico (Bullock's Mexico, p. 411), whose existence may be cited as another proof of the eastern source of the inhabitants of that mysterious continent.

‡ Antiquities of Cornwall, ch. 7.

§ Bochart, Canaan, i. 39.

|| Mannert. Géographie der Griechen und Römer. Britannia, c. 1.

¶ Heeren. Historical Researches. Phœnicians, ii. 3. 68.

was tainted from the beginning with apostacy and treason. It was reserved for this happy corner of England, in securing to itself all the architectural advantages, to reject the infidelity and rebellion of Cain and Canaan, Cadmus and Hannibal. Cob in Devonshire is built by good men and true, loyal and faithful. Cob in Devonshire has become orthodox and conservative; and long may these good old cob walls give a dry, comfortable shelter to a simple, obliging, kind-hearted peasantry; and may their progeny continue to dwell therein in health, contentment, and independence, as their honest forefathers have done so many generations before them!

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ART. X.—1. *Report of the Record Commission, with Minutes of Evidence.*—pp. 937. 1836.

2. *Observations on the Report from the Committee of the House of Commons.* By the Commissioners of Public Records.

3. *A Leaf omitted out of the Record Report.*—pp. 228. 1836.

4. *A Letter to Patrick Frazer Tytler, Esq.* By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. 1836.

THE number of persons throughout the civilized world who now spend the greatest portion of their waking hours in reading, is one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the age in which we live. The widened spread of education—the abundance and cheapness of books—the long continuance of peace, which has prevented many young men from entering into the army and navy;—the want of means on the part of many persons of good condition and connexions for indulging in expensive pleasures;—have all contributed to this important change. Public libraries, instead of presenting only a lonely scholar here and there, as in times past, are now crowded with daily visitors; and the museums, institutes, and reading-rooms, which are everywhere springing up at home and abroad, are, at certain periods of the day or season, constantly frequented. In most instances this apparent thirst for knowledge, is merely an easy method of wearing the hours away, or the strenuous idleness of a set of imbecile pretenders, who are alike incapable of producing anything excellent themselves, or of duly appreciating the excellence of others. It is not to be denied, however, when all these deductions have been made, that the mere acquisition and communication of information, both with respect to the past and the present, is now proceeding with a degree of rapidity and strength, of which former ages could afford no example.

Among other curious and instructive objects of inquiry, a considerable

siderable portion of the attention of each of the states of Europe has, since the commencement of the present century, been directed to the elucidation of its own early history. For this purpose measures have been proposed, or are now in progress, to collect, arrange, and publish all the material documents connected with their internal or external political transactions. In this career, it was not likely that England, with its wealth and enterprise, and possessing stores so much more valuable and extensive than any of its neighbours, should be left behind. It appears, accordingly, that various parliamentary reports respecting our records were made between 1719 and 1800. In this last year a royal Commission was issued, in pursuance of a laborious report prepared by a Committee of the House of Commons, which had sat upon the subject. The report sets forth,—

‘that the public records of this kingdom are, in many offices unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained; that many of them are exposed to erasure, alteration, and embezzlement, and are lodged in buildings incommodious and insecure; and that it would be beneficial to the public service that the records contained in many of the public offices and repositories should be methodised; and that certain of the more ancient and valuable amongst them should be printed.’

The commission of 1800, accordingly, empowered the twelve persons named in it to

‘regulate and digest the records, rolls, instruments, books, and papers, in any public offices and repositories; and to cause such of the said records, &c., as are decayed and in danger of being destroyed, to be bound and secured; and to make exact calendars and indexes thereof, and to superintend the printing of such calendars, and original records, and papers, as they should cause to be printed.’

A second commission was issued in 1806, and the commissioners were increased to fifteen; a third in 1817, when they were increased to seventeen; a fourth in 1821, when they were increased to twenty-one; a fifth in 1825; and the sixth and last in 1831—when the commissioners were increased to twenty-five. The purpose of all these commissions has been essentially the same; and so far as the following observations apply to them, the whole six may be considered as one, extending from 1800 to the end of 1836.

As the state and contents of our public archives had long ceased to attract attention, the issuing of the commission in 1800 was viewed with general satisfaction. It recognized in our records a degree of importance which the general public had not previously believed them to possess; and the labours of the commissioners were expected to make numerous and important additions to our historical and constitutional knowledge. For a considerable period these hopes were fondly cherished. One set of folios succeeded another, which all supposed to contain mines of information, and  
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which some purchased, but none ever read. At last suspicions began to spring up. The large sum of 10,000*l.* a year was regularly voted, paid, and spent. Inquiry began to be made, in which of the volumes of the commission the precious treasures were to be found?—but no answer was ever given. In the mean while the folios continued to multiply, and as the few which were occasionally opened were not found to possess the interest that had been expected, distrust and dissatisfaction gradually spread. At last, in 1829 and 1830, direct charges were made against the commission, for the extravagance and want of judgment said to be manifest in the management of its concerns. A new commission issued in 1831, and a temporary calm succeeded. A clamour, however, soon again arose, both within and without the commission, which, after leading to much and acrimonious personal dissension, ended last year in the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the whole transactions of the board, from its appointment in 1800 to the end of 1836. The committee has now published its report, to which is annexed an appendix of evidence, of such appalling magnitude, that the very sight of it is sufficient to extinguish the interest which it is intended to awaken. Notwithstanding this discouraging appearance, and the partiality occasionally displayed both by members of the committee and witnesses, we can assure those who are specially attached to the cause of sound historical and constitutional research, that of all the subjects which, for several years past, have been brought before them, the Record Commission possesses the strongest claims to their close and candid consideration.

The words of the first commission, which are repeated almost verbatim in each of those which followed, announce the duties of the commissioners to be of the clearest and most precise description. They are,—1. To preserve and arrange the records; 2. To render them accessible to the public; and 3. To print such of them as in an historical or constitutional view they might deem most important. The character of the commission must necessarily depend upon the manner in which those duties have been performed.

I. When a public body voluntarily undertakes, or is commanded, to arrange archives of any kind, the first step which it seems natural to take, is to ascertain, with as much precision as possible, where these are to be found. This course was adopted by the committee of the House of Commons, which preceded the first record commission, as appears by the following extract from their report:—

‘ Their first proceeding, as the necessary foundation of all the rest, was to prepare a list of all the public repositories in England in which  
any

any records, rolls, books, or papers of royal, parliamentary, judicial, or other public authority, have been usually kept, comprehending those formerly inquired into by parliament, and those hitherto unexamined by it; classing them under the heads of General Repositories, Houses of Parliament, Offices of State, Courts of Justice, Cathedrals and Universities, Inns of Court, and Public Libraries; and also including the corresponding description of repositories in Scotland. In the next place, your committee framed, and transmitted to the proper officer of each repository, such questions as appeared to them to be most proper for ascertaining the proper nature of its contents, the state of the building as to security and accommodation, the degree in which its catalogues, calendars, and indexes were complete; the number, duties, and remuneration of the officers belonging to it,—distinguishing between those offices which are open of right to all his majesty's subjects, and those which are only established for the safe custody of matters belonging to some branch of government, or some peculiar institution,—in all cases forbearing to inquire into the existence of public documents contained in private collections, the local situations of which must always be uncertain and the possession transitory.\*

By this vigorous proceeding, which procured returns from between three and four hundred places, and by the comprehensive views disclosed in their report, the committee of 1800 effected more for the discovery and preservation of the public records than the whole six commissions have done during the six-and-thirty years of their existence. As the committee had judiciously begun by making out a list of places, both public and private, where records were likely to be preserved, it might have been expected that the commissioners would have followed their example, by making out a list of those places of deposit for records which they believed to be subject to their jurisdiction. Having done this, it was natural to suppose they would have personally, or by adequate agents, inspected each of such places in succession; and thus ascertained, by close examination, the actual state and arrangement of every part of their contents. The way being thus cleared, the next step for them to have taken as men of business and intelligence, would have been to communicate to the public, from year to year, or at least from time to time, brief but specific notices of what had been done from one date to another in each office, either in the way of preserving or arranging the records; whether this had been done by the commission, or by the independent exertions of the officers belonging to each establishment. Had the work been done by the commissioners, or by the officers of each establishment at their expense, then the nature, extent, and cost of each set of operations should have been specified, and to what individuals the amount had been respec-

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\* Rep. of Com. of 1800, p. 5.

tively paid. A single folio page, divided into four columns, somewhat in the following manner:—

Record Offices.	Sums expended		
	In repairing and arrangement, and to whom paid.	In facilitating access to Records.	In Printing, and for what works.
Tower - - - -			
Chapter House - -			
Augmentation Office			
Rolls' Chapel - -			
Museum, &c. - - -			

—Such a page would at one glance present a succinct but detailed view of the proceedings of the board for a twelvemonth;—and thirty-six pages would have exhibited a satisfactory history of the operations of the whole six commissions.

No plan of this kind appears ever to have been thought of. How much labour the commissioners actually bestowed, or what sums they disbursed, in the discharge of this branch of their duty, in any one record office, during any one year, or for any one service, the indefinite language and round sums, which have been occasionally introduced into the reports which they have furnished, give us no specific information. On these points the transactions of the commissioners are, from first to last, marked by a want of regularity and detail which we believe to be almost unexampled. It sufficiently appears, however, from these reports, and from the evidence taken before last year's committee of the House of Commons, that sums to a greater or less amount have been spent in mending and cleaning certain portions of the records in the Rolls' Chapel, the Augmentation Office, and other places. To this must be added a heavy charge of 1,302*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* incurred for binding in one single year at the Chapter House. It is proper to notice, however, that the cost of binding at this office, as well as several other charges at other offices, appears to have been defrayed partly by the board, and partly out of funds over which the board had no control. Such an arrangement is always inexpedient. It creates intricacy and confusion, weakens all superintendence, and encourages every sort of unnecessary and profuse expenditure. Among other facts relating to this branch of the subject, it transpired before last year's committee that while the binding at the Augmentation Office was in progress, the keeper

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of the office cut off the seals, which are said to be remarkable for beauty and elaborate workmanship, *from a great number of Conventual leases*, in order that they might be bound into volumes more easily.\* The occurrence of such an incident shows the necessity of the commissioners or their agents watching with vigilance over the whole operations conducted under their authority. That the most obtuse assistant could have been guilty of such mutilation, would have been surprising; but that it should have been chargeable upon a person who was at the same time Keeper of the Augmentation Office, Keeper of the Chapter House, Secretary to the Commissioners, and himself a Sub-commissioner, is almost incredible; and had it occurred under a government where strict discipline was observed, the whole board would have been cashiered instantly upon one such astounding discovery.

Besides that modicum of attention which was bestowed by the commissioners upon cleaning and repairing certain portions of the records, it ought also to be mentioned, that they occasionally received a sort of return from a few of the offices, containing some general observations on the condition of the records and of the buildings in which these are deposited. In whatever form, however, this information may have been conveyed, it has invariably been of the most scanty and unsatisfactory description. Until a very few years ago, it does not appear that any set or deputation of commissioners had personally examined the site or condition of a single office, or the preservation of the records within it. The last general report of the commissioners, dated in February, 1837, intimates that some members of the *present board* employed several days in personally inspecting a certain number of the record offices and records; and that the board has also, by means of circular questions, obtained full information respecting the state of the whole of the record offices, the kind of documents in custody, and their state of preservation.† Former commissioners were so remarkably dilatory and inactive, that it is gratifying to observe any symptom of amendment; and the present board ought cheerfully to be allowed credit for that proportion of it which they can fairly claim. At the same time, it ought to be observed, that this merit is only comparative. The report of 1837 neither informs us when the personal inspection of the record offices or records by the deputation of the present board took place—nor when the circular letters to the keepers of records were forwarded—nor when that information was obtained, which is alleged by them to form part of the appendix to their report.

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\* Evidence, p. 438.

† Rep. for 1837, p. 14, 15.

The date of these things must, however, be very recent: perhaps not previous to the time when the darkening prospects of the commission evinced the necessity of a greater degree of energy on the part of its members. Taking the facts alleged in the most favourable point of view, when we come to examine closely what the commissioners have just done, it amounts to no more than a repetition of that general inspection of the records and record offices which a committee of the House of Commons had performed, we suspect as effectually, between thirty and forty years ago, before any record commission was called into existence. Whether the *full information* alluded to by the commissioners as forming part of the appendix to their report, will prove as satisfactory to the public as it has been to themselves, will be seen in due season. In the mean while it ought to be known that no appendix whatever accompanies the report, nor is any intimation given when it will be ready. This is in conformity with a practice which appears to us extremely reprehensible, and in which the present commissioners have indulged very largely. They announce writings of various kinds as *published*, which have either never been printed, or for some reason or other afterwards suppressed, or, if not absolutely suppressed, which none but themselves and their close connexions can see for years, or any other given period. Until this information be communicated, it would be premature to pronounce upon it. At the same time, it is difficult to conceive how *circular questions* could produce information so satisfactory as the commissioners have represented it. The record office-keepers, we have no doubt, are persons of the most approved honour and integrity, but with respect to subjects on which opinions differ so widely, almost all of them must have formed their own views and notions, and their testimony cannot be of that decisive and disinterested sort upon which entire reliance should be placed. The course pointed out to the commissioners is so plain, that they could not easily have mistaken it. The condition of the record offices themselves, and of the state of every sheet and roll of their contents, ought to have been thoroughly ascertained either by the commissioners themselves, or by competent persons in their pay and of their appointment. Had this line been pursued in the first instance, complete and exact information of the condition of the whole of the records and record offices would have been obtained thirty years ago. The truth is this: more alluring objects soon attracted, and have ever since engrossed, almost the whole attention of the commissioners; by which means this primary, but unostentatious branch of their duty, has all along been overlooked and neglected.

II. We proceed to the second province of the commissioners,  
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that of rendering the records more accessible to the public. This access may be facilitated by collecting the whole mass, or at least all which relate to the same subject, into one repository; by providing proper catalogues and indexes; and by allowing the records to be consulted without any charge at all, or on a charge of very moderate amount.

Whether it would be easy or expedient to bring the whole public records of the kingdom under one roof, is a question foreign to our present purpose. One point may safely be assumed, that wherever different portions of the same record, records of the same class, or papers intimately connected together, are dispersed in two or more public offices, it would, speaking generally, be desirable that they should be re-united. There are records now in the Tower, relating to Exchequer proceedings, which ought to be sent to the proper Exchequer offices. In the Chapter House there are two or three Patent and Scotch Rolls, which ought to be sent to the Tower; and two chancellor's rolls, now in the Tower, ought to be sent to the British Museum. The same observation equally applies to public instruments of another nature. We read in the preface to the Letters of the time of Henry VIII., lately published by the State Paper Office, that—

‘The three great receptacles of state papers down to 1578 are the State Paper Office, the Chapter House, and the Cottonian Library: and so extremely accidental seems to have been the preservation of many of the papers, that of a series relative to the same subject, a part will frequently be found in each of these libraries. Nay, of two letters written by the same person, to the same correspondent, on the same day, one will be discovered in one of these receptacles, the other in another, and the answer in the third. And several instances will be seen where one portion of a letter is found in one part, and the residue in another part, of the same collection.’\*

A manuscript volume of very early Scottish acts of parliament was discovered in the State Paper Office in 1793, and on the application of the then Lord Clerk Register transmitted to the Register House at Edinburgh. Four manuscript volumes of the proceedings of the parliament of Scotland in the time of Charles I. were not many years ago discovered by Mr. Thomson also in the State Paper Office, and have since been transmitted to the Register House in a similar manner.† A manuscript book, believed to be the original record of the General Assembly of the church of Scotland for the period to which it referred, having been improperly withdrawn from its proper custody, or at least not duly replaced, came about a hundred years ago into the possession of the trustees of Sion College. It was borrowed

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\* Vol. i. pref. p. 14.

† Evidence, pp. 327 and 330.

by the committee of the House of Commons which sat on church patronage in 1834, and having been negligently detained after the committee closed its sittings, was destroyed in the fire which in the autumn of that year consumed the two houses of parliament. Had this document been restored to the body to whom it properly belonged, it probably would have been re-demanded in time, and the loss would have been avoided.

It is to be hoped that the same just and liberal conduct adopted by different parts of the same empire towards each other, will shortly be followed by independent states. Among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum is to be found a considerable fragment of the Bible of Charles the Bald, formerly belonging to the abbey of St. Denis. The remainder of this Bible is now in the Royal Library at Paris.\* A portion of the Chronicle of Jehan de Waurin is among the books in the *king's library* in the British Museum. The Bibliothèque du Roi in Paris contains the remaining twelve volumes. There are also some French documents among the records in the British Museum, of little or no use to us, while to France they would be highly valuable; and, on the other hand, France possesses British articles, among others a MS. of Wendover (of which there is only one copy now known in England), besides numerous letters and state papers in the Royal Library in Paris, which would be of equal consequence to us. If, among the rapid and eventful changes which the moral and political face of Europe is now undergoing, a sort of international clearing-house could be established for the restitution or exchange of purloined or misplaced property of this description, it would contribute as much to the real enrichment of the collections of the several states as it would to promote and confirm esteem and good-will among their citizens,

Transfers of records, however, from one office to another, no record commission has hitherto been empowered to order. Their duty has been confined to the preparation of catalogues and indexes—of which last the more elaborate are sometimes called *calendars*; and to the settlement of the fees which ought to be exacted at the different offices where the records are deposited. It appears to us that the preparation of full and accurate catalogues and calendars of the most important parts of our records, after they have previously been completely sorted and arranged, is of all others the most urgent and imperative duty which the commissioners were required to perform. Whether they undervalued the importance of the service, or despised it as savouring too much of a mechanical occupation, we have no hesitation in declaring it to be our deliberate and

\* Gentleman's Mag. for Dec. 1826, p. 584.

settled persuasion, that the commissioners have from first to last made a complete mistake in bestowing upon it so small a share of their attention. It is really surprising that the commissioners should have so quickly and obstinately departed from that order in their proceedings, which in every point of view appears to be so irresistibly recommended. If records or muniments of any other class are in partial or entire disorder, the first step which it would occur to any man of ordinary understanding to take, would be thoroughly to sort and arrange them—the next, to catalogue and index them;—and the more extensive and multifarious the collection is, the more indispensable it becomes that the most ample and exact inventories of their titles and contents should be speedily provided. In making out catalogues and indexes, industry and accuracy are the qualities chiefly requisite. In compiling calendars, there is greater difficulty, as much depends on the nature of the record abridged, and some records neither can nor ought to be calendared at all. When sufficient pains have been bestowed upon these catalogues, indexes, and calendars, they ought then to be published in the cheapest and most compressed form, and almost every attainable benefit would follow from their circulation. They would tend to protect the records themselves from loss and spoliation, to which they have of late been peculiarly subject;\* would at once throw open the whole mass of the important records to the public: and, by directing historical, constitutional, and legal inquirers to the precise part of any record which they might wish to inspect, they would afford to such persons the most effectual and general assistance with which they could be furnished. Beyond this, we doubt exceedingly whether the commissioners should have attempted to go. The obstacles to the judicious publication of records by any board appointed by the government are so great, that they are never likely to be successfully surmounted. The Record Commissioners have not succeeded hitherto, and there is little probability that they ever will. At all events, inventories of every class should have had the precedence; and until these had been rendered in all respects complete and perfect, the printing of any portion of the records themselves should not have been undertaken. We find ourselves compelled, therefore, to impute serious blame to the commissioners, for having inverted the order in which their duties ought naturally to have been discharged; and in the next place, for having so egregiously misapprehended a primary duty, as to have almost lost sight of it altogether. Their conduct with respect to the sorting, arranging, cataloguing, and indexing of the records is liable to the same objections, as it is with respect to the preservation of the records themselves. They have never

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• Evidence, p. 83.

clearly told us how far the sorting, arrangement, or inventories have been completed in any one office; and the information which they have deigned to communicate has always been produced by the keepers, and never been the result of the personal examination of the commissioners, or of any of their ministerial servants. The first account of any office is usually favourable: the sorting and arrangement are almost, or altogether complete, and the catalogues and calendars are sufficient. Such statements, however, have frequently to be modified and corrected upon further search and inquiry. Besides this, there is almost invariably annexed to each of these returns an exception, of the extent or importance of which it is impossible for the public to form any estimate. The exception consists of *unsorted heaps or bundles*, which, in greater or lesser accumulations, are described as remaining in almost every one of the record offices, and very possibly may contain historical information of greater intrinsic value than all the books or rolls among which they are lying. Neither have the commissioners anywhere distinctly acquainted us, what part of such improvement as has taken place in the catalogues, indexes, and calendars, is to be attributed to their funds or their exertions. The general words and sums total which are alone introduced into their reports tell nothing. They have been in treaty for some indexes prepared by private persons, but have hitherto purchased none; nor do they seem to have themselves finished one entire catalogue or index, if we except what Mr. Stevenson may have lately prepared at the Tower. Doubt and uncertainty hang over the whole of this part of the subject. The fact is, the thoughts of the commissioners seem never to have been steadily fixed upon it, and the consequence is, they have accomplished less during their long career of seven-and-thirty years, than a judicious and vigorous body of men would have done in a twelvemonth.

The last point connected with the accessibility of records, which the commissioners were required to consider, was the amount of fees which ought to be exacted at the different offices for search or inspection. Fees are probably at present, in many instances, too high, and where the records are of a judicial nature they ought either to be open gratis or upon payment of a small consideration. The officers of each establishment must, however, be decently supported, either by fees or salary, or both, and established rates of charge cannot be altered without precipitation or injustice, except after due inquiry and deliberation. Hitherto neither the one nor the other has been employed, and though the rate of fees was one of the subjects upon which the board, by the terms of the commission, were enjoined to report, the whole six sets of them have alike neglected the public grievance and their

their own duty, and have done nothing. This is literally the case. The present secretary to the board acquainted the committee that it was only in May, 1831, the commissioners ordered circular questions to be forwarded to all record offices respecting officers, attendance, and other particulars, and also fees and emoluments. He further admitted that no report has been made, and that by the commissioners, in their official capacity, '*nothing was done, and nothing was suggested.*' He adds, '*I do not say nothing was to be done, or that nothing was to be suggested.*'\* Upon this evidence we shall only observe, that if it is to be received as affording a fair specimen of the manner in which the Record Commissioners have been in the habit of transacting business, or can even be regarded as a distant approximation to it, there can be no doubt of its being high time to put an end both to them and to the system upon which they have been acting.

III. Besides providing for the safety and arrangement of the records, and rendering them accessible to the public by preparing indexes and fixing reasonable fees for search and inspection, the commissioners were also empowered and directed to *print* such parts of the more valuable records as they should deem expedient. To this part of their functions the commissioners have devoted the vastly greater part of their funds, and almost the whole of their attention. The immense sums which the works of the Board have cost, the voluminousness of those which have already appeared, and the endless series which, like Banquo's progeny, appear in dim perspective, all require that the expediency of such a kind and plan of publication should be thoroughly ascertained, before a regular annual charge on their account shall have received the sanction of time as an item of national expenditure. The whole works completed by the Board, including those which have been *suppressed*, or only *privately circulated*, as well as those which have been regularly published, already exceed a hundred folios and octavos, and contain a more dense body of reading than has ever been given to the world under the auspices of any public body. To enter minutely into the merits and defects of each particular work would be superfluous and fatiguing. By taking them in classes, we hope to be able, within a very moderate compass, to convey to our readers a correct, though general, notion of their character and contents.

The first class includes three *catalogues*,—the catalogue of manuscripts in the Cottonian Library, consisting of one volume in folio; the catalogue of Harleian manuscripts, in four volumes, folio; and the catalogue of the Lansdown manuscripts, in one volume, folio. The first of these appears to have been prepared

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\* Evidence, pp. 26 and 74.

before any record commission was issued; and the Board can in no way be affected by the merits or defects of its execution. Whether the responsibility of the other two really rests with the Board or with the British Museum, or ought to be divided between them, we do not know; but we have always understood that the sums of money which may have been advanced by the commissioners was the only effectual aid which they contributed to these productions.

The next class comprises about a third part of the whole publications of the Board. The titles of them are as follow:—1, The Calendar of the Patent Rolls in the Tower, one volume, folio; 2, The Calendar of the Inquisitiones ad quod damnum, one volume, folio; 3, The Calendar of the Inquisitiones post mortem, four volumes, folio; 4, The Calendar of Inquisitiones post mortem in the Duchy of Lancaster, three volumes, folio; 5, Calendar of Pleadings in the Duchy Court, two volumes, folio; 6, Calendar of Proceedings in Chancery in the reign of Elizabeth, three volumes, folio; 7, Calendar of the Rolls called Originalia, two volumes, folio; 8, Placitorum abbreviatio, one volume, folio; 9, two volumes, octavo, of the Rolls themselves, called the Rolls of the Curia Regis; 10, Inquisitiones ad Capellam Regis Scotiæ in Scotland, three volumes, folio; 11, Placita de quo Warranto, one volume, folio; 12, Rotuli Hundredorum, two volumes, folio; 13, Registrum Magni Sigilli, one volume, folio; 14, Rotuli de oblatiis, one volume, octavo; 15, Rotuli Selecti, one volume, octavo; 16, Rotuli Cancellarii, one volume, octavo; 17, Rotulus Magnæ Pipæ, one volume, octavo; 18, Fines, sive Pedes Finium, one volume, octavo; 19, Excerpta e Rotulis Finium, two volumes, octavo.

To have perused the whole, or even the greater part, of these nineteen works, extending to nearly forty huge volumes, is a labour to which we make no pretence. No sane person probably ever will. But we have read more or less of each, looked carefully over all, and rectified or confirmed our own impressions by the opinions of sound and candid judges, to whom the contents of the several works are more familiarly known. The result of this investigation is a decided persuasion that not one of these volumes ought to have been printed at the expense of the public. We are aware how widely we differ on this subject from a body of men, not large in point of numbers, but amiable in their private character, and many of them respectable for their literary acquirements. This has induced us to look at the subject under every aspect. We abide by the determination previously expressed, and confidently predict that the more widely and calmly the conduct of the Record Commission becomes the subject of inquiry, the more generally

generally it will come to be believed that the printing of writings of the cast above enumerated was never originally intended by Parliament, nor calculated to answer any useful public purpose.

The distinguished men to whom the institution of a Record Commission is owing, were comparatively ignorant both of the nature and extent of our historical records. Everything looks large when seen in a dim light or through a hazy atmosphere, and the immense piles of paper and parchment under which the shelves and floors of the Record Offices are sinking led them to form an undue estimate of their historical value. Subsequent examination and discussion have done much to dispel this illusion. Even admitting, therefore, that they had deemed a considerable portion of our records deserving of publication, had they been living now, they must have discovered that these anticipations were unfounded. But there is no reason to suppose either that the committee of 1800, which recommended the appointment of the Record Commission, or the House which sanctioned its recommendation, ever contemplated that wide and extending range of publication in which the Board has indulged itself. The commissioners have hastily concluded themselves to be right in all they have printed, because they never were authoritatively pronounced to be wrong; and have construed the negligent or over-modest silence of the public as if it indicated rational and deliberate approbation.

Allowing, however, for the present, that the whole or parts of the most important records ought to have been printed, in our humble opinion, *not one* of the score of works or writings contained in the list we are now considering, can either historically or constitutionally be shown to come under that denomination. That some particulars may be gleaned from them, throwing light upon a few unimportant names or facts recorded in history, there is no occasion to dispute. Scarcely any muniments, whether of a public or private nature, are wholly destitute of this claim to merit. But the real question is, whether any, or what proportion of their contents, are calculated to elucidate either the important internal or external transactions of the country, or the changes which its form of government has undergone. None of them appear to us to contain materials for either of these purposes. None such have been yet pointed out—nay, none have hitherto been alleged to exist, even by the most strenuous defenders of the Record Commission. They are nothing more than official entries of legal proceedings, of a very old date, and relate almost exclusively to the transmission of property, by gift, descent, exchange, or purchase. In no point of view can their publication be shown to be of national importance. It is utterly impossible

that it should have been intended by those who founded the Record Commission to print waggon-loads of uninteresting legal entries or details at the expense of the state; and the commissioners must have surrendered themselves unconditionally into the hands of a set of mere prying, plodding archaeologists, before they could have consented to such a course of publication. Heaps of official entries, couched in monkish Latin or contracted Norman-French, do not, we maintain, contain the species of knowledge which the commissioners were authorised to communicate to the public through the press. They may be useful to those antiquaries who devote their time to the study of heraldry, genealogies, and county and local history, but it was not for them the benefit now under consideration was intended. We should be sorry to cause a moment's pain to any individual; but so long as the world exists a distinction must be preserved in the degrees of intellectual as well as of external rank, and it is high time that a stand should be made against the pretensions which antiquaries and *antiquists* of all sorts are now putting forward; they are striving to raise themselves above their proper level—to reduce the *historian* below the speller of the tombstones of rectors, and the expounder of the pedigrees of squires; and it seems, from things which catch every one's eye, that they have been in certain respects successful. For such persons and their pursuits we have no dis-esteem—quite the contrary; but such a jumble as they appear to aspire at (under however lofty auspices) would be alike baneful to the taste and sense of the nation, and to the prospects of our solid literature.\*

Nor are the objections which present themselves to the printing of such works at all diminished, when we advert to the exorbitant sums their publication has occasioned. The single volume of the *Inquisitiones ad quod damnum* cost 2,198*l.* 18*s.*; the four volumes of the *Inquisitiones post mortem*, 9,830*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*; and if the charge of the two published since was in the same proportion, the whole six will have cost upwards of 15,000*l.* The first volume of the *Inquisitiones post mortem* in the Duchy of Lancaster cost 5,760*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, which the two following volumes would at the same rate swell to 15,000*l.* also; two volumes of the Chancery proceedings cost 4,950*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*, and the three together would probably cost 7,500*l.*—which any person who bestows a moment's reflection on the subject must pronounce an absolutely insane waste of public money. The first one hundred and forty-seven pages of the first volume are *curious*. They contain the *earliest* bills and answers in Chancery, with the orders made by the court indorsed upon them, where any such exist. But so little

\* Hunter's Letter to Tytler, pp. 34-41.

practical purpose could this work ever serve, that 7000*l.* at least of the money it has cost might as well have been flung into the Atlantic ocean. The execution of the work was on a par with the absurdity of the plan. For *editing* the two first volumes (at best, a piece of very humble drudgery), Mr. Bailey received no less than 2,739*l.*\* Yet the present secretary tells us, on the authority of papers in his possession, 'Recent events have shown that, instead of having corrected the calendar to the Chancery proceedings with the originals, much less compiled it, Mr. B. has actually printed the office calendar as it stands, with all its errors and omissions; and it even happens that the office calendar itself was on some occasions sent to the press instead of the transcripts.'† The Calendar of the Rolls called Originalia cost 5,605*l.* 6*s.*; the volume of the Placitorum Abbreviatio cost 3,024*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.*; the first volume of the Pleas de quo Warranto cost 4,178*l.* 12*s.*; and if that of the second volume was equal, the two must have amounted to upwards of 8000*l.*; and the two volumes of the Rotuli Hundredorum cost 9,251*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* The whole of these sums are taken from Sir Harris Nicolas's Letter to Lord Brougham,‡ and from everything we have heard, they are much more likely to fall below than exceed the truth. The expense of the others we have no means of ascertaining.

Another series of books published by the Board are liable to nearly the same animadversions. These are the Valor Ecclesiasticus, in six volumes: Testa de Nevill, in one volume; Taxatio Pop. Nic. IV., in one volume; and the Nonarum Inquisitiones, in one volume. Mr. Boteler, than whom no man knows them better, quietly observes, that the Taxation of Pope Nicolas, the Nonæ Rolls, and the Valor Ecclesiasticus, 'have certainly been of great service to the parties engaged in *tithe causes*.' He afterwards adds, 'this very week there has been a case before the court of Exchequer, in which the Valor has undergone a very minute examination, and been commented on by the counsel on all sides very much, and that happens repeatedly.'§ That the publication of these books should be very agreeable to the counsel on all sides who comment upon them, we can easily understand; but that is no reason why public money should be spent in printing books to fan the flame of litigation among the king's subjects. The historical point about the value of the property of religious houses at the time of their dissolution by Henry VIII., might have been settled by the Valor Ecclesiasticus with nearly equal ease—though it had never been printed.

\* Nicolas's Letter to Lord Brougham, p. 27.

† Cooper on the Records, p. 191.

‡ Cooper on the Records.

§ Evidence, p. 554.

Catalogues and indexes would at once have shown where the entry in point was to be found; and very little trouble would have been required to turn to that part of the original record. It is undoubtedly true that Dr. Lingard, and half a dozen other literati, who choose to live among the mountains, could not in their present situations be equally benefited by catalogues and indexes as by printed books. But it is quite unreasonable for a few individuals, who think fit to devote themselves to any species of literature which requires frequent search into public documents, to expect that those documents should be printed, and sent down to them in a remote situation, merely that they may be enabled to ascertain whether any parts of them are useful or not. Persons prosecuting the study of law, medicine, or any other science, are obliged to resort to those places where their pursuits can be carried on to the greatest advantage; and there is no ground why historians should not do the like.

Having disposed of the largest, and in every respect least valuable portion of the wares of the commissioners, we may now direct attention to the *Statutes of the Realm*, the new edition of *Rymer's Fœdera*, and the *Parliamentary Writs*, three of their most expensive publications. Loudly as these works have been eulogized on certain occasions, and by certain persons, we are exceedingly doubtful whether they ought to have been undertaken at all. Most assuredly, if they had, the publication ought neither to have been conducted upon the scale, nor according to the plan, which have been countenanced by the commission.

An edition of the Statutes was early contemplated by the commissioners; not very unnaturally, after their resolution to begin the work of printing had been once taken. Nothing is more captivating at first sight than the proposal of making a full and accurate collection of the laws under which we live: yet there is none to which stronger objections present themselves, when the subject is viewed more closely. Had the commissioners been successful in discovering a number of forgotten laws, or texts materially different from those previously recognized and acted upon, and that in a country where no length of time deprives a law of its binding obligation, the resuscitation of a set of unknown statutes might have seriously affected doctrines and rights which had for centuries been considered as settled. But we are not aware that the sub-commissioners employed by the Board have made any discovery of the slightest consequence, either in a legal, a historical, or a constitutional point of view; and after the first six months of their labour, they ought to have recommended the publication to be abandoned altogether. The inexact and informal manner in which

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which the business of the great council of the nation was formerly conducted, renders it hopeless to attempt to determine now what acts of early days were or were not clothed with legislative authority; and we had good reason to be satisfied with the common editions of the statutes, which have for centuries transmitted to us the public laws of the land with a degree of certainty amply sufficient for all practical purposes, and of which there is no example in any other country.

Whoever peruses the preface to the *Statutes of the Realm*, will see that the editors of that work, at last, got so bewildered among the documents they examined, that they neither knew the difference between a *statute* and an *ordinance*, nor could settle in their own minds what part of either could justly lay claim to the character of a legislative enactment. The following is the language in which they express themselves:—

‘All instruments whatever, comprehended in any of the several collections of statutes printed previous to the edition by Hawkins, are inserted in this work; these having for a long series of years been referred to and accepted as statutes in courts of law. Together with these are inserted all matters of a public nature purporting to be statutes, first printed by Hawkins, or any subsequent editor; and also new matters of the like nature contained in any statute rolls, inrolments of acts, exemplifications, transcripts by writ, and original acts, although not heretofore printed in any general collection of statutes. All these are placed in the body of the work as text; *but it is to be particularly observed, that any decision upon the degree of authority to which any new instrument may be entitled, as being a statute or not, is entirely disclaimed.*’\*

Is it possible that the commissioners, before the publication of the work, could have read and considered this passage? And if they had, that they could have countenanced the application of the word *authentic*, to an edition which in such express terms abjures all authenticity? No authenticity whatever could have been given to this publication except by act of parliament; and without a much stricter examination than anybody has yet thought proper to give, it would have been most unwarrantable to bestow such a distinction upon it. The corrections and additions which appear in this edition of the Statutes are trifling both in substance and number, and in a pamphlet printed in 1812 by Mr. Luders, who was himself one of the editors between 1800 and 1804, he brings charges against the work of a pointed and serious description. He accuses the editors for giving that weight to records of subordinate character which is due to the statute rolls alone;† for withdrawing Magna Charta from the place which it had occupied in all preceding editions among the statutes of the 9th of

\* Statutes of the Realm, preface to vol. i. p. 36.

† Ib. p. 55-61.

Henry III., and making it only a statute of 25 Edward I. ;\* with omitting the statutes from the 9th to the 23rd of Henry VI. inclusive ;† and, among other alterations which he deems reprehensible, with presenting a version of the important enactment of 25 Edward III. touching treason, as excepting those who *counterfeit the great seal* from the penalty of the act.

Enough has been said of a work which made much noise at the date of its appearance, but has declined in reputation ever since. No person has pretended to discover any peculiar excellence which it possesses. Mr. Hallam, who seems desirous to think as favourably of it as he can, has referred to it only in a single instance ;‡ and even then he might just as well have quoted from the edition of Hawkins. Among practical lawyers the work is seldom or never mentioned, and is not supposed to enjoy any advantage over other editions of the Statutes. Those to whom it has been given as a present, or who had the misfortune to purchase it when its price was high, allow it to remain on their shelves as a piece of furniture which looks respectable though inconvenient, and would fetch hardly anything if sent to an auction. We really believe the truth to be, that the commissioners were dazzled with the notion of signalizing the outset of their career by the production of a much more perfect and correct body of our written law than any which had previously existed. Both they and their editors, no doubt, might soon have discovered that this was a chimerical attempt. But in the case of all public bodies who once get into a wrong course, it is almost impossible afterwards to get right ; and their perseverance in bringing this very injudicious and unnecessary undertaking to the end of the tenth volume, and the union of England and Scotland, in the reign of Anne, has cost the country within a trifle of 60,000*l*.

The next in order is the new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera*, of which five parts have been already printed. On this subject we gladly avail ourselves of the observations of Mr. Tytler, which must have been the result of frequent reflection, and whose practical acquaintance with historical documents entitles him to much consideration.

‘Q. I want to know whether the omission of providing catalogues has not only deprived historians of the most valuable kind of aid the commission could have given them in their own researches, but whether it has not led the commission into error in the works they have printed?’

‘A. I think it has ; and to make this clear, let me refer to the *Fœdera Angliæ* in its original edition, and in the modern edition begun by the Board. The original edition by Rymer appears to me much too large,

\* Statutes of the Realm, preface to vol. i., pp. 77-79.

† Constitutional History, vol. i. p. 4, 4to. ed.

‡ Ib. p. 59.

as it stands. Were I to classify the documents, and ascertain the historical value of their contents, I think I could convince this committee that one-half, or perhaps even two-thirds, of the documents might have been usefully omitted; and that Rymer, had he been aware of the stores existing in the country, might have made some of the volumes of his work of higher historical value; he might have omitted great masses of documents which he has published, and which are comparatively of little use—and he might have introduced larger portions of documents which are extremely valuable. If, for instance, Rymer had been aware of the documents in the State Paper Office relating to the reign of Elizabeth, he would have made his fifteenth volume of the highest historical value; whereas in some parts of her reign it is meagre and bald in the extreme, and has been filled up with muniments which appear to me of small value.

‘Q. Now, have the Record Commissioners, in their new edition, rectified those errors?’

‘A. I am now speaking of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the Record Commission had not come down later than the reign of Edward III., when it was judged necessary, and on good grounds, I think, to abandon the work; but I think there was a radical error in their original resolution to reprint the whole of the old Rymer. I do not think, if Rymer had been examined critically by any competent judge, by any historian much accustomed to use the work, that the idea of an entire reprint would ever have been embraced; it would have suggested itself at once that that was not the mode in which a valuable edition of Rymer should be printed—but they would have printed a supplemental volume of the documents which the *catalogues raisonnées* would have shown them existed in the country.’\*

The commissioners did, however, persist in continuing the job, year after year—without being relieved of one page of its needless prolixity—until they found that at the end of the third volume they had expended 30,388*l.* 18*s.* 4½*d.*; and until complaints of the inaccurate and imperfect execution of the work were springing up in all quarters. It was then discontinued. It was the wisest step they could then take. But what sort of superintendence can possibly have been exerted by a Board which permitted so heavy a drain on their funds to continue until 30,000*l.* and upwards had been unprofitably wasted?

The last of the three is the *Parliamentary Writs*. Widely varying opinions are entertained respecting the value of this compilation. The approbation bestowed upon it by some is almost unbounded, while that of others is of a far more limited and discriminating sort. That the work contains certain details relating to our early history, which are well worthy of being collected and preserved, will readily be admitted; but Prynne, in his *Parliamentary writs*, had given us nearly all that was desirable on such

\* Evidence, p. 392.

a subject, and if anything was wanting, it might have been contained in a supplement to his collection. But to print all *writs of summons* to either houses of parliament, and all *writs of military service*, which could be detected in any hole or corner—to give the whole of these at full length, accompanied with every possible addition—and to subjoin to all, this index upon index of persons and places, so prolix and elaborate as to exceed the size of the text, must strike every man of common sense as preposterous. Such a wilderness of unimportant particulars was probably never before assembled. The present secretary to the Board has printed a paper at the Board's expense, in which this mighty monument of misapplied industry is thus characterised—

'The effect of this want of management will be best shown by the subjoined analysis of the first and only complete volume of the parliamentary writs which has appeared.

'It consists altogether of 1158 pages. Of this number 420 only contain records; the remaining 738 pages, forming nearly two-thirds of the whole volume, being appropriated to abstracts and digests of, and indexes to the records in the said 420 pages.

'The mere references to the records in the parliamentary writs are three times the extent of the writs themselves. The references under the heads of chronological abstracts, calendars, digests, and indexes, form nearly two-thirds of the whole of the first volume without including the index of places. Volume the second forms, in fact, three distinct volumes. The first division, which consists of 742 pages, contains the chronological abstracts and calendars of writs and returns; the second division consists of 1059 pages of records; and the third division contains the digests of names of places. But, notwithstanding these immense masses of references to the writs of three reigns, or 105 years only, the digests of places and principal matters of fifty-five years only, will form a volume by themselves. That this plan can be continued is impossible. To allow the contents of each volume to be so digested, abstracted, calendared, and indexed, as to form three volumes of reference is ridiculous, unless the funds of the commission were unlimited.\*

No wonder, therefore, that this work also is suspended. But the calculation just quoted is much below the truth. From an estimate we have seen, and which we believe to have been prepared with great exactness, it appears that if the parliamentary writs were to be continued, the scale, size, and expense corresponding, to the close of the reign of Elizabeth, they would extend to other thirty-six volumes of the largest folio size, and would cost the country the further sum of 234,000*l.*, or thereabouts. Should this calculation even approach the truth, we hope we shall not again hear of the parliamentary writs being taken up by the Record Commission.

\* Cooper on Records, vol. ii., p. 61-63.

We cannot more conveniently than in this place advert to certain miscellaneous publications of the Board; the Essay on the Authority of the King's Council; Cooper on the Public Records; and eight folio volumes of the Board's own *proceedings*. The Essay on the Authority of the King's Council ought never to have been printed by the commission. It had appeared twice before in periodical publications under different forms, and is as little like a record, or work founded upon records, as any Essay can be. With respect to Mr. Cooper's production, he himself confesses it was a mistake on his part to print at the expense of the Board the incongruous and sometimes contradictory papers which came into his possession in his official capacity, and of which these two volumes consist; and there the matter may be allowed to rest. At the same time it is quite clear, from this and other circumstances which need not here be specified, that the whole of the financial concerns of the Board have been managed with a most culpable carelessness.\* The volumes which contain the *proceedings* of the commissioners themselves, appear to be as open to animadversion as any work they have published. These are printed with a luxury of type and paper, and with a profusion of fac-similes and plans, which look as if cost were wholly disregarded; and they are drawn up so loosely, and are so padded out with prefaces, introductions, preliminary dissertations, and other irrelevant matters, which are here printed again, after having been previously printed in the records to which they relate, that these eight folio volumes, instead of being confined to the history of the Board's proceedings, might have contained every particle of useful information (the Scottish acts of parliament alone excepted) which the whole six commissions have hitherto promulgated.

We have now nearly come to the end of the catalogue. One work still deserves notice, not so much for its size, as to show the principle on which the Board is still acting. This is the *Rotuli Normanniæ*, printed in an octavo volume, to be followed by 'the Rolls of Gascony, now in preparation.' This book is in no way whatever connected with England, except that Normandy once formed a part of the possessions of our Plantagenet kings. We are at a loss to know what but the most insatiable love of editing and printing could induce the commissioners to edit volumes at our expense, which the French offered to transcribe and publish—which are of a purely topographical nature—and relate to districts with the sovereignty of which we have for centuries ceased to have any connexion. What should we think of a private person who insisted on being at the expense of a plan and description of an estate which his ancestors once enjoyed, but which had been

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\* Evidence, pp. 233, 234.

sold, or exchanged, before the time of his great-grandfather? Yet this is what the commissioners have done, are doing, and will continue to do, so long as they are permitted to remain a printing, publishing, and bookselling department of the British government.

The Scottish Acts of Parliament, the *Rotuli Scotiæ*, the Close Rolls, Patent Rolls, and Proceedings of the Privy Council, are the only works now remaining. The Scottish Acts are edited with great ability. It is understood that the very early volume of Scottish Acts, and four other manuscript volumes of them in the time of Charles I., which were removed some years ago in the manner already described, will, when added to those previously deposited in the Register House at Edinburgh, nearly complete the series of parliamentary records from the time of their regular commencement. From these records the text of the Acts is given in a more perfect form than it ever was before; and the acts of the Conventions of Estates, the Minutes of Parliament, and many other documents illustrating the legislative and constitutional history of Scotland, are for the first time printed. This new edition will therefore throw important fresh light upon the public transactions of Scotland. It also fortunately happens, that as Scottish Acts of Parliament become obsolete by non-user, neither persons nor property will be affected by any discoveries which can be made, as they might have been, had a similar addition been made to the statute book in England. The *Rotuli Scotiæ*, (two volumes, folio,) and *Rotuli Walliæ*, not yet published, consist of certain rolls deposited in the Tower, in which Edward I. directed the principal transactions with relation to Scotland and Wales to be entered, when he set out on the conquest of those countries respectively. The Close and Patent Rolls—containing transcripts of the letters sent in the king's name—are so called from the letters entered on the first being *sealed*, and those entered on the latter being *open*. Without touching on the instruments peculiar to each roll, which would probably be neither useful nor satisfactory, it may be enough to state that both these rolls contain entries of unquestionable historical importance. The Close Rolls, from the 6th of John, in 1205, to the end of Edward IV. in 1483, are in the Tower; from the beginning of Edward V., in 1483, to the present time, in the Rolls Chapel. The Patent Rolls begin in the third year of John, in 1203, and from that time to the end of the reign of Edward IV., in 1483, are also in the Tower; from the beginning of Edward V. to the present time, in the Rolls Chapel.\* The proceedings of the Privy Council from 10 Richard II. to 36 Henry VI., are in the British Museum; and from that

\* Rep. of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1800, pp. 53, 84, and 85.  
time

time to the present, in the repositories of the Privy Council Office. Of all the records which have for the first time been printed by the commission, the *Rotuli Scotiae*, *Literarum Clausarum et Patentium*, and *Proceedings of the Privy Council*, are certainly the most likely to render really valuable additions to our historical and constitutional information. But whether the publication even of these should have been undertaken at all by a public Board, or if it ought, whether the commissioners set about it in the most expedient manner, are points which must depend upon the view which is taken of one or two general questions, essentially affecting the future existence of the Board, or functions which ought to be delegated to it.

The first of these general questions is, whether the evidence taken before the committee does not irresistibly show the constitution of the Board to be in some way or other essentially defective. It has long been the approved practice in this country to thrust persons occupying high stations in the church, the state, and the law, into every kind of trust and commission, though it was notorious that few of them had leisure, and still fewer were adequately qualified, for the discharge of the duties imposed upon them. Inefficient or injudicious management was the inevitable consequence. Official trustees seldom make their appearance except for the sake of form, or when they have some private end to answer. The result necessarily is, that no measure is executed or routine business carried on with activity and intelligence; that the whole direction of affairs is assumed by a few busy, half-informed persons; or is engrossed by the secretary or other subordinate officers, who move and manage trustees and commissioners like so many children and automatons.

This is precisely what has happened in the Record Commission. There is no sign of the sittings of the Board having ever been sufficiently frequent, prolonged, and in short *earnest*, for the adequate discharge of its duties. The real business has all along been conducted by the secretary, and that much to the injury of the commission, as the present secretary candidly admits, and the evidence produced before the committee abundantly testifies.\* No system or precision seems to have been introduced into any branch of the Board's transactions. It is difficult indeed to conceive how persons of such eminence and reputation, and so accustomed to business as most of the members were, could reconcile it to their notions of propriety to continue to belong to a commission, the affairs of which were managed with so much looseness and irregularity. Strange to say, the commissioners appear never to have ascertained either the exact nature or extent of the

\* Rep. p. 31-35.

authority under which they were acting! The testimony of the present secretary places this beyond all controversy.

'I apprehend,' says he, 'that in none of the offices have the commissioners any effective power. My opinion as a lawyer is, that the commission to arrange and methodize the papers does not enable the commissioners to go into the office to do so. In my judgment, the keeper of the records of the Tower, or at the Rolls Chapel, might shut the door in the face of the commissioners.'\*

It can hardly be supposed that the highest officer under a public Board would stake his professional reputation upon such an opinion, unless it were exceedingly well founded. If it be well founded, the commissioners either knew it to be so, or they did not. If they did not, then they never could have fully exerted the powers with which they appear to be invested. Had they done so, they must inevitably have run counter in some way or other to the views or interests of the record keepers, who would not have been slow to expose the imperfections of their jurisdiction. If the commissioners, on the other hand, were aware of the extent of these imperfections, how did it happen that they went on spending 10,000*l.* a-year, for nearly forty years, without entreating to have them adequately supplied by the legislature? Whatever explanation may be offered, the discovery and continuance of so essential a defect in the commission, raise a presumption unfavourable to the constitution of the Board, and to the vigour and utility of all its operations.

Another great mistake of all of the Record Boards has been, that they have known so little of their editors and sub-commissioners. As by far the largest portion of the funds of the commission have uniformly been expended in printing, its reputation has depended almost entirely on the qualifications of these functionaries. Some of the persons who have been so employed, are gentlemen of high feelings and acquirements, intimately acquainted with the records, and well entitled to suggest what parts of them it would be expedient to publish, and in what manner. The whole of the editors and sub-commissioners might, and probably would, have been of this description—had there been frank and frequent communication between them and the commissioners. The members of the Board would then have become personally acquainted with the character, disposition, and learning of every individual, and would have been able beforehand to form a fair estimate of the ability with which any undertaking was likely to be executed. On the contrary, with one or two exceptions, the editors and sub-commissioners and the commissioners seem to have had no sort of familiarity or fellowship

\* Evidence, p. 28.

with

with one another. All was stately and diplomatic. It is impossible to discover in what way, or upon what principle, the persons employed by the Board were selected. They seem to have been engaged and dismissed by the secretary, according to the representation he made to the Board, that is, according to his own will and pleasure; and to have been obliged to shape their works, to a considerable degree, according to his directions. This arbitrary and capricious way of acting could not fail to vex and displease those who served under the commission, and the evidence given before the committee abundantly shows that it has seriously obstructed the purposes for which the Board was appointed.

But this is not all. The same want of steady, consistent, and rational rules with respect to the selection and employment of editors, is visible, in the sums which have been given them for their remuneration. With scarcely any editor has any positive or written agreement or arrangement been ever made. Though this was one of the most obvious duties of the commissioners, none has been more flagrantly neglected. No scale of payment for any sort of labour was ever positively fixed, though latterly 150*l.* seems to have been the understood price for editing an 8vo., and 300*l.* for a folio. Here, as well as elsewhere, the secretary appears to have directed everything,\* and influence and favour may have too often directed the secretary. Highly improvident engagements have been entered into,† and extravagant allowances have been made to one person, while another, equally meritorious, has been scandalously under paid.‡ This confused and inequitable way of dealing with the editors and sub-commissioners has been attended with all the baneful effects that might have been anticipated. To the misunderstandings which sprung from this source, may be traced the numerous controversies which have arisen upon topics connected with the commission and with the committee of 1836:—and several violent personal animosities such as have rarely in our day disgraced the name of letters. Of these we purposely abstain from giving any details. If we were here to recapitulate the injuries which, on one side and another, had, in our apprehension, been sustained or inflicted, we should only inflame afresh that dissension which the vague, confused, and irregular practice of the commissioners in doing business originally occasioned.

This want of system is observable throughout the whole of their proceedings. It extends even to the size of the volumes in which their works are printed. Some are in folio, and some in octavo, some thick, some thin, some small, and others large—but except

\* Evidence, pp. 121-126.

† *Ib.* p. 374.

‡ *Ib.* No. 17, pp. 258, 259-260, 315.

in one or at most two instances, none are distinguished for either beauty or convenience. This incessant variation of the shape and size in which their works are printed, though not worthy of being made by itself the subject of a serious charge, sufficiently indicates that the subordinate arrangements of the Board have been conducted without consideration, or system. It singularly happens, that the State Paper Office Commission, in the only three volumes they have yet published, have adopted the form of a large quarto, which is almost the only clumsy and inconvenient shape of which the Record Board had not furnished a specimen. It would seem that the Record Board has been nearly as indifferent to the size of each *work* they undertook to publish, as to the size of any *volume* of which that work consisted. Before they made up their minds to print such formidable collections as the Statutes of the Realm, Rymer's *Fœdera*, the Parliamentary Writs, the Close and Patent Rolls, and Privy Council Proceedings, there is no reason to suppose that they either asked or obtained from any quarter a detailed estimate of the extent to which these would run, or the sums they would cost. It was peculiarly incumbent upon them to have invariably insisted upon this, in order that, if in any case they should ultimately prove to have been grossly misled, those who were to blame *in limine* might be made answerable for their carelessness or ignorance. Had they done this they never could have become involved in debt and difficulties as they have been. Previous to printing one single volume of the Patent and Close Rolls, or of the Proceedings of the Privy Council, they ought to have carefully calculated the size to which these works would swell before they reached the period where it was intended to stop. The Close Rolls from 1199 to 1224 fill one large folio volume, and if carried down to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, would probably amount to fifty. The Patent Rolls from 1200 to 1210 fill another folio, and if carried down to the same epoch, might extend very possibly to another fifty. *A rough calculation* was made, it is said, that the Privy Council Proceedings would have been comprised in two volumes octavo.\* *Rough* it must have been indeed, for, from 1389 to 1542, they already occupy seven octavo volumes, and if published in the same manner to the end of Elizabeth, will probably fill other fifty or sixty. The length to which, according to such a mode of publication, the Pipe Rolls may be spun out, exceeds all power of computation. But enough has been said to show that the commissioners never could have either regularly fixed their plan; calculated the extent of what they agreed to print, or their means of paying for it; but rushed precipitately onwards, printing

\* Evidence, p. 123.

they

they neither knew what nor how, as far as their cash or credit would permit.

This charge is not made at random. The whole acts of the commissioners display a violation of all the ordinary rules of prudence and propriety, of which no other example, it is believed, has yet been brought before the public. They not only took care to spend the whole of the 10,000*l.* a-year so munificently voted by parliament, but deliberately borrowed sums to the amount of 49,756*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* from the king's printers, *without the vestige of authority.* Upon these sums interest has been regularly charged as upon any other loan. The amount of debt, which descended to the present commission in 1831 from the preceding one, seems to have been about 16,000*l.*; and this the present commission has increased to about 24,000*l.*, beyond their annual grants of 10,000*l.*\* The most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told. Of the expenditure of these enormous sums no account whatever was kept until 1831. One hardly knows how to trust the statement of a fact which seems so portentous. 'Allow me to say,' are, however, the words of *the secretary*, 'there are no account books whatever belonging to the old commission. Whatever defects there are in the present system, it is all an improvement on the old one: 360,000*l.* and more passed through their hands, and there is no trace of it whatever.' †

The fact here announced is so unexpected and astounding, that it would be sufficient, independently of every other consideration, demonstratively to prove, that the constitution of the Board must be fundamentally erroneous. In this as in many other cases, however, the fault is more easily discovered than corrected. If (as has been proposed) two or three paid commissioners of high acquirements were chosen to supply the place of the present twenty-five unpaid members of the Board, there is too much room to apprehend that they might soon become as arbitrary, and display as much prejudice and partiality, as their predecessors. One chief and insurmountable objection to such a commission is, that if the operations required of it are of a nature beyond what are purely administrative and mechanical, it hardly can, by any regulations or through any agency, be made to go right. It is perpetually liable to fall under the influence of some party or other, or to become the scene of some intrigue. Sometimes one sort of books will be printed, and persons patronized, and sometimes another; a *half-million* more will be spent to little or no purpose; and it will then become manifest, that it was a kind of machinery the legislature ought never to have put in motion.

\* Evidence, p. 709.

† Ib. p. 201.

But

But even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the establishment of such a commission was expedient, we are persuaded that the commissioners have made a complete mistake throughout, both in the records they have selected for publication, and in the manner in which they have given their contents to the public. We shall here assign some general reasons, in addition to the particular ones already given, upon which this opinion is founded. The first reason is, that the works hitherto printed by the Board, numerous and bulky as they are, have but little increased our stock either of historical or constitutional information. This is the test by which, after all, their merit must eventually be determined.

It is not every class of new facts which can be held entitled to the character of information. Facts, in themselves insignificant, or which do not bear upon some material point, encumber instead of enriching us, and we are not aware of one important controverted question of English history or constitutional learning, which the printed records have yet settled. We had long been told that such discoveries were making, but they have not been made, and intelligent persons have ceased to place the slightest confidence in such anticipations. It is truly melancholy to contemplate the abortive efforts with which one editor after another toils to confer historical importance on his own insignificant volume. One regards it as a memorable incident, that the city of Gloucester failed on some occasion to supply the king with lampreys;\* and another, that clean sheets were reasonably expected in the cottage of the churl, and that the alehouse-keeper and vintner invited the guest in the upland towns. When anecdotes such as these must be relied upon as among the most remarkable and entertaining parts of a public record, they depress instead of raising it in the estimation of all men of understanding. Such petty details are valuable in their proper place, but unless records contain matter of a far different order, they neither will be, nor ought to be, much resorted to by those who undertake to correct and enrich the narratives of our national transactions. That the publications of the Board have failed to be of much use hitherto in that respect, we shall now establish by the evidence of the very witnesses most disposed to favour the commission.

Part of the evidence given by Sir F. Madden, before the committee, is to the following effect:—

‘Q. You say those works have produced a valuable effect on history. Can you point out any instance of it? A. There are many instances which could be pointed out, but not off-hand.—Q. You must know that there are a great many points in our history and constitution which

\* Rotulus Cancellarii, pref. p. 42.

have become matters of dispute. Can you mention any of them—cases in which later historians, such as Hallam and Sharon Turner, have come to more accurate conclusions, as you suppose, from the information derived from the works of the Record Commission? *A.* The fact is, that general historians only consult, at least with advantage, certain works of the commission which have been pointed out; in other words, they go to the manuscripts preserved in the Museum, and other public libraries; and I know that Lingard and Sharon Turner frequently refer to inedited chronicles and documents in the British Museum.—*Q.* That is the very strongest reason to prove the inutility of these publications, because the instance you give us is that of historians who have written since those publications were made, and have got their valuable information from works which have not been published. Did I not understand you to say, in addition, that they had obtained information from books which the commission had published? *A.* You forget that there are two branches of the commission; one is to collect materials for the history of Britain, and the other to collect information really useful to the topographer and historian. Now with regard to the works published by the commission, they are chiefly useful to the topographer.\*

The next witness we shall quote is Mr. Allen, who is himself a *commissioner*, and decidedly approves of the line of publication the *commissioners* have adopted. After having given a flattering character of the works which have appeared under the patronage of the *commissioners*, chiefly in reply to the questions of two other *commissioners*, who were also *members of the committee*, Mr. Commissioner Allen was subjected to something like a cross-examination, part of which was to the following effect:—

*Q.* In 1830 you published a historical essay upon the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative? *A.* I did.—*Q.* Is there in that whole volume any reference to any of the record publications, except the *Fœdera* or to the Parliamentary Writs? *A.* I do not know that there is; but before that time I published many things in the Edinburgh Review, in which there are many references to the works of the old commission, particularly upon one point, which I endeavoured to establish in opposition to Blackstone, which was, that the original electors of the knights of the shire were not merely tenants in chief but all freeholders, and I thought I found complete evidence of that fact in the works of the old Record Commission.—*Q.* But in this work you have not referred to those publications? *A.* The questions on which I had been engaged were of a nature which did not require such reference.—*Q.* Should you not have been enlightened by these publications as to the judicial powers of the king? *A.* I do not think I should have been profited much.—*Q.* In 1833 you published a Vindication of the Ancient Independence of Scotland, and in that you referred only to the *Fœdera*? *A.* In that publication I was able to expose an important erasure in a

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\* Evidence, p. 505.

record of Edward I., which was made known to me as a record commissioner.—*Q.* We do not inquire what advantage you may have derived for your work as a record commissioner; but how do you account for this, that, with the exception of these references to the *Fœdera* in that work, you have overlooked all the valuable publications of the Record Commission? *A.* There are few records in the kingdom which refer to so early a period as that of which I have treated.—*Q.* Will you state to the committee one important point in history upon which more accurate opinions have been taken by later historians, with the exception of Sir Francis Palgrave's works, owing to anything found in the works of the Record Commission? *A.* I should say that Dr. Lingard has often profited by them.—*Q.* Has he ever quoted them? *A.* I think he has.—*Q.* The question always excludes the catalogues to which Lingard and other historians refer? *A.* Dr. Lingard may have come up to London.—*Q.* You cannot mention any point on which Dr. Lingard has got information from these publications? *A.* It is impossible for me to say. I have read most parts of his work with great attention, but not for the purpose of ascertaining that point.—*Q.* If he has used those works, has he not acted very ungenerously to the Record Commission by not quoting their works? *A.* I cannot say whether he quotes their works. I think it is very likely he does.\*

Before proceeding further, we cannot omit this opportunity of saying a word or two on the subject of *quotation*, which is here mentioned. The quotation of authorities, which when used in moderation is so marked an improvement in the modern fashion of composing history, has from the excess to which it is frequently carried, been transformed from a guiding star into a mere *ignis fatuus*. Whether the references be to formal instruments, or to authors who lived at the time when the events happened or soon afterwards, their value ought not to depend upon their number, but solely on their credibility, and the appositeness of the passage cited. One good authority well chosen, ought to outweigh almost any number of an inferior order. But authors are so fond of making a display of learning, and readers of wondering at it when made, that writers without scruple refer to strings of authorities which they have either never read, or which have no application, or upon which in better days they would have been ashamed to place the slightest reliance. From this short digression we return to the evidence given by Mr. Hallam, with respect to the value of the record publications. It bears far more strongly against their utility, than any other which was laid before the committee. He is asked—

‘*Q.* Looking at all the publications of the Board, do you regard the mass of them to be creditable in the selection, to those who directed the publication, and in the execution, to those who conducted them? *A.*

\* Evidence, pp. 639, 640.

With respect to that question, I must answer the different facts of it separately. I certainly am acquainted generally with some of the publications of the old commission. With respect to many of the publications, both of the last and present commissions, I am not competent to speak. They relate to subjects, for the most part, to which I have not paid much attention, and therefore I can only speak to certain publications, which in the course of some historical researches I frequently availed myself of, and which I found of great use. I particularly allude to the edition of the Statutes of the Realm.'

He is afterwards asked a rather leading question about the value he attaches to the Parliamentary Writs. He replies,—

'I can say very little about the Parliamentary Writs. I can only answer generally, that they contain a vast many details and specific information as to the state of the country in those periods to which it relates.'

He afterwards says—

'The publications of the Board contain a great deal that is valuable. I have already stated that I am not competent to judge as to the greater part, which are more of a legal than a historical kind.'

He is subsequently asked, whether, in the edition of his History of the Middle Ages, given in 1819, there be in the constitutional part of it a single quotation from the works of the Record Commission. The answer is,—

'There must be references to the edition of the Statutes of the Realm.—Q. And to the *Fœdera*? A. I have no reason to think that I have made any use of the new edition of the *Fœdera*.—Q. On the subjects of which you have treated in that work, particularly the foundation of the King's Council, was there any information to be derived from any publication of the Record Commission either in 1818 or 1829? A. I cannot say that I have examined so much as I ought to have done all publications then existing. I do not know that, upon the subject of the King's Council, I referred to any publications of the Record Commission. I had recourse to Lord Hale's History.—Q. The question is, what practical benefit you have derived from these works, which are supposed to have had such a beneficial effect upon historians? A. *I am not able to say that I have derived any considerable benefit from them.* I think from the second volume of the Scotch Acts of Parliament I have derived benefit.'

He is afterwards asked whether, with the exception of the Statutes of the Realm, and the Scottish Statutes, he has referred to any works of the Record Commission? and he answers—

'I cannot pretend to say that I have done so. It is impossible to say, at this distance of time, but I should think very rarely, if at all.'

He is again asked,

'Can you state any point of great importance connected with the history, institutions, or manners of this country, which has been cleared up by the publication of the Record Commission?'

And he answers—

‘It is difficult to answer so large a question. I have not immediately before my mind all the publications of the Record Commission. I think that amongst those numerous publications, much must be contained which would be useful to historians.’\*

Let our readers pause for a moment, and reflect upon the value of this testimony. Here is one of the most eminent historians of the day, himself a commissioner, brought forward to support the commission, and not indisposed to render it all the service which his undeviating adherence to truth and regard for his own character would allow, yet when closely pressed, he was compelled to make admissions which we conceive to be fatal to the general character of the works hitherto published by the commission. Those in preparation appear to be precisely of the same description. From the list given in to the committee, by the commissioners, of works said to be compiled and transcribed, and now in progress, we subjoin the following:—*Excerpta e Rotulis Finium*, vol. 2; *Fines sive Pedes Finium*, vol. 2; Selections from the Miscellaneous Records of the King’s Remembrancer’s Office; Manuscript, containing a series of docquets of all commissions, grants of honours, pardons, and other patents of Charles I., from 1642 to 1656; the Ancient Calendars and Inventories of the Treasury, vol. 1; the like, vol. 2; the like, vol. 3; Specimens of Catalogues or Inventories of Records, namely, a Calendar of the Surveys of the Estates of Charles I.; the 3rd vol. of the Rolls of the Curia Regis; the Pipe Roll of the 2nd of Henry II.; the Pipe Roll of the 1st of Richard I.; Abstract or Catalogue of all Diplomas, Royal Letters, &c. transcribed for the supplement to Rymer, 8vo.; the Liberate Rolls of John and Henry III.; the Charter Rolls of John and Henry III., folio; the Gascon Rolls, from 26th Henry III. to 39th Henry VI.; Territorial Surveys supplemental to Domesday, folio; Territorial Survey of Lands in Wales, folio; Calendars of Judicial Rolls in the Record Office of the Treasury of the Exchequer; Calendars of *Inquisitiones post mortem*, &c., in the same repository; the Great Roll of Normandy in the time of Henry II.; *Memoranda de Traditione Magni Sigilli Angliæ*, &c.; Appendix to the volume of Norman Rolls; Petitions in Chancery in time of Edward III., &c.; *Calendarium Hæredum*; Letters of the Elector Palatine, King of Bohemia, to his Wife, daughter of James I.; Historical Records in possession of the Corporation of Salisbury; French Rolls from 16th Henry III. to end of Henry IV.; unarranged Records in the Tower; Calendar of Orders and Decrees in the Court of Augmentation; Abstract of Ecclesiastical Surveys made during

\* Evidence, pp. 652, 653.

the Commonwealth; and Catalogues of all sorts of MS. Collections, almost without end. As if these stores were not ample enough, the present Secretary, who says he 'was appointed to his office for the purpose of checking the zeal of the lovers of ancient records,'\* soon afterwards informs the committee: 'I do trust that the day will come when accurate editions of the Year Books, Bracton, Glanville, Fleta, and Britton, shall be printed at the public expense.†

How far, we ask, is this extravagance to be permitted to proceed, and by whom has the publication of piles of manuscript of this sort been approved, praised, and recommended? We believe, if the truth were known, it has not met with the deliberate and cordial assent of a single man in the kingdom, who was thoroughly aware of what was going on, and is at the same time really distinguished for sound learning and an enlarged understanding. It is half ludicrous, half mournful, to run one's eye along what has been said before the committee and written from the country by the amiable or feeble men who have been prevailed upon to vouch by word of mouth, or give a character under hand and seal, in favour of the Board's productions. Three-fourths of them are mere genealogists, local antiquaries, and topographers, a class of men almost invariably respectable in private life, and useful within their proper literary sphere, but who have always had a great deal too much influence with the Record Commissioners, and who have no right to make themselves conspicuous on any occasion where the interests of historical and constitutional learning are concerned.‡ It is to fix the attention of our readers upon the pretensions which such men have gradually advanced, and the baneful influence they are likely to exercise on the historical literature of the country, unless they are quickly and effectually checked, which is the main object of these observations. Feeling themselves unable to rise to the level of legitimate history, and either to present or comprehend the enlarged views, reflections, and inferences which its most interesting personages and epochs call forth, and which, after all, constitute its chief glory and utility, they endeavour to bring history down to themselves. One of the most effectual means of attaining this end is to print as many records, papers, and parchments as they can; to accumulate dates and facts without end; and to describe all collections, which abound with these, as important accessions to historical and constitutional learning. Their numbers are also considerable; they assemble frequently, both in public and private, and by dint of perpetual talking and writing,

\* Evidence, p. 250.

† Ib. 189, 190.

‡ Hunter's Letter to Tytler, pp. 34-41.

acquire a degree of notoriety and influence which has an effect equally prejudicial upon themselves and the public. The effect which it has upon themselves is this. Instead of lending that assistance to history which they have it in their power to render, by pursuing their own studies, or in executing whatever task may be committed to them, with unpresuming diligence and accuracy, they affect to be the persons most intimately acquainted with historical authorities, and the credit due to each; and peculiarly qualified to decide upon all matters connected with historical composition. An undue degree of confidence and dogmatism in their whole tone and manner is the necessary consequence. The influence upon others is equally injurious. The public, hearing nothing from day to day but encomiums on old rolls, and books which are little more than compilations of unimportant and undigested facts extracted from them, come at last to be in some degree persuaded that the value of historical works depends chiefly on the quantity they contain of those useless particulars, which the most able and instructive historical writers, of all ages and countries, have rejected. But whatever they may attempt for a time, persons of this class and order of mind and taste are ill qualified for exercising any direction or control either over literature or the management of public Boards. Their understandings either naturally are, or soon become, warped and contracted, and they lose all power both of discrimination and arrangement. In no other way does it seem possible to account for a very large proportion of the works which the Board has printed, and of which so many archæologists affect to speak with exultation. They may be useful to those who devote their time to the study of genealogy, local and county history, and the transmission of property by descent, exchange, or purchase, but there is no pretence for sending them forth at the public expense, as contributing to the advancement of historical or constitutional knowledge. If such a claim were finally sanctioned in this instance, similar applications would be preferred by the lovers of zoology, astronomy, &c. &c. &c., and their united demands would soon swell to a sum which no state could furnish. If national muniments, therefore, answer no other end than to facilitate the researches of legal antiquaries, topographers, and genealogists, we certainly think that the legislature has amply done its part when it furnishes them with complete and scientific catalogues and indexes, giving a brief account of the contents of each, and pointing out the place where the originals are preserved.

It also deserves to be considered what period of history it is to which these numerous and bulky books relate, and what the state of society amidst which they are showered upon us. There is

is no epoch in our annals which we should desire to see overlooked or undervalued; but the passion which some antiquaries are now endeavouring to promote for tracing, with fatiguing minuteness, every change which has been made in the state, the church, and the law, at a remote æra, appears to us to be childish and contemptible. An insatiable appetite for minute details, freshly discovered, is mistaken for discoveries deeply affecting the history of the country; and they are endeavouring to load the press with such voluminous and dry records of early times, that the strength and zeal of the most determined student can hardly be expected to last until the truly instructive periods of our history begin to dawn upon him.

And in what state or temper of society is it that they propose to do this? When mankind have nothing to do? when all preceding learning has by some accident been swept away? or when fresh information has ceased, through the usual channels, to flow in upon us? Assuredly not; as universal experience daily teaches. The very contrary of all these things has happened. Every person is so occupied with business, real or imaginary, that the brain almost begins to turn round. Books have accumulated until the impossibility of becoming acquainted with the thousandth part of their contents makes the heart sink while the eye ranges over them; and with every breath that blows, intelligence, by which we are amused, instructed, or affected, is wasted in upon us. Under these circumstances it seems peculiarly inexpedient for the Record Commission to persist in oppressing us with cart-loads of the raw materials of early English history in their rudest and most unwieldy form. At the rate at which the Record Commission have begun they will present us with upwards of three hundred folios and octavos before they come to the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and if the contents of the State Paper Office—that real mine of historical knowledge—continue to be dealt out as liberally as the State Paper Commissioners have begun, they will contribute four or five hundred quartos more between the time of Henry VIII. and the Revolution. And what would be the result if the Record and State Paper Office Commissioners were to be allowed to go on with this steam-power for the next half century? When they had accumulated six or seven hundred volumes, it would be found, in the forcible and appropriate words of Mr. Tytler, ‘that they had only substituted an interminable sea of print for an interminable sea of manuscript’—(p. 41); and the greater facility of consulting printed books than manuscripts would only increase the general embarrassment and confusion.

Of this the commissioners themselves have at last become sensible. In their last Report, printed in Feb. 1837, they observe, 'We clearly see that it is often possible to abridge the matter of a record, and to produce by the press all that is valuable in the information it contains, in the form of a catalogue or a calendar; and that it is thus, and thus only, that it would be expedient to commit to the press much of the information contained in the national archives.'—p. 41.

Whether this conviction has been hastened by the facts disclosed before the committee, and the controversial writings to which it has given rise, or is purely the result of the reflection of the commissioners themselves, it is satisfactory to perceive that the truth has at last broken in upon them. They have distinctly recognised the principle laid down, with so much temper and ability, before the committee, by Mr. Tyler, whose great experience in consulting catalogues, indexes, and original documents in the State Paper Office, Museum, and elsewhere, probably entitles his authority to as much weight as that of any other living man of letters. We go further than the commissioners, or even Mr. Tyler, are yet disposed to do, and are persuaded that the more the subject is examined, the more general the conviction will become, that catalogues, indexes, and calendars, ought to supersede the publication of entire records altogether.

We have expressed it as our persuasion, that the Commissioners should not attempt to print Records at all. We have done this, not because we think no part of the original records, or of the substance of their contents, ought ever to be printed, but because no commission can be so constituted as to conduct the work of printing with the proper discretion. Whenever the public pays the cost, no sufficient check will ever be imposed either on editors or commissioners. In the very first publication of the State Paper Office Commission, namely, three volumes of letters to and from Henry VIII., they have avoided none of the mistakes into which the Record Commission had fallen. They have printed ten times more than was necessary; and by uselessly retaining the old spelling, the fatigue of reading has been doubled. In alluding to the Paston Letters, which were printed in a similar manner, Mr. Hallam, whose private sentiments, though he be a Record Commissioner, do not appear to be particularly favourable to the plan of Record publication, has lately made the following just observations:—

'This collection is in five quarto volumes, and has become scarce. The length has been *doubled* by an injudicious proceeding of the editor, in printing the original orthography and abbreviations of the letters on each left-hand page, and a more legible modern form on the right. As  
orthography

orthography is of little importance, and abbreviations of none at all, it would have been sufficient to have given a single specimen\*.

If the Record Commissioners insisted upon printing, they should, at least, have made some effort to draw a line between the *utile* and the *inutile*—and then have printed what they deemed valuable in the most convenient form. If there are any of our readers who imagine that the whole of Domesday Book, the Proceedings of the Privy Council, Patent and Close Rolls, or rolls of any other description, are replete with historical and constitutional information, they were never more mistaken. The weary editor, as he winds his way through them, looks as anxiously for an interesting or important incident as thirsting travellers search for springs of water in the desert. The introductions, or preliminary dissertations, which Mr. Hardy, Sir H. Nicolas, and Sir H. Ellis, have prefixed to the Patent and Close Rolls, Privy Council Proceedings, and Domesday Book, are in reality no introductions, or preliminary dissertations, in any understood sense of these terms. They are careful and complete selections of all which those gentlemen believed to be either amusing or instructive in the unread and unreadable books on which they were respectively employed. The result of the plan of publication adopted is, that every incident worthy of the slightest notice is repeated at least three times over. It is given first in the introduction, then in the chronological table, and last of all in the text. And in what form is it supposed this text is given to the reader? In Latin, Saxon, and Norman French, with the old spelling, signs, elisions, and contractions preserved with the utmost scrupulosity; so that if a scholar or historian should by accident be led to consult the original text, the Record Commissioners in their wisdom present it to him in the most perplexing and inaccessible form. It is high time those antiquarian prejudices should be exploded. They are only worthy of those whose whole attention is fixed on the show, regardless of the substance, and can never, we must believe, have been approved of by the more intelligent persons who have laboured under the Commissioners. The whole business requires to be put on a rational footing. Let Sir H. Ellis, Sir H. Nicolas, and Mr. Hardy, have each back the books which he has edited. Let them be desired to select from them all entries which they judge in any point of view material,—in cases of doubt, taking care always to give rather too much than too little. Let them give the selections on one side, at full length, and in the very words of the original, marking that part of the record from which the extract is made, wherever that is possible. On the opposite side, or below, let a correct English translation be added. To

\* History of Literature of Europe (1836), vol. i. p. 228.

this let a few pages of introduction be prefixed, briefly explaining the nature of the original record, and the principle on which the extracts had been selected. This would no doubt bring the craft of antiquarianism into danger. The student and writer of history are anxious to run down the game, the antiquary thinks of nothing but the pleasures of the chase. The pernicious precedent would be set of sifting the wheat from the chaff, and that, we shall be told, is what no editor can adequately accomplish. Is there any man of sense in the country by whom this can really be credited? We should send Mr. Hardy, or Sir Harris Nicolas (and abundance of accurate and able coadjutors may be found,) into the Pipe Office, Chapter House, or Augmentation Office, or any other depository of records, in the most perfect confidence that their extracts would contain every one fact of the least importance to be found therein, while whole rolls would by this process be distilled into pages, and access to all that is valuable in the contents of our archives would be a thousand-fold facilitated. It is impossible to overrate the value of such condensation, provided it be done with judgment and accuracy, and it must not only be proposed but executed, before the useful part of our records can be rendered generally available to the public.

We here close our observations on the Record Commission, and regret that they should have proved so unfavourable. They have neither proceeded from a desire to find fault, nor from personal or party motives. We have stated nothing beyond what we believe we are warranted, and almost required, to do. We are also fully aware that in their individual characters the present commissioners are, and their predecessors have invariably been, entitled to all consideration and respect. But this cannot change the nature of their public acts, nor affect the judgment of sober and impartial observers. In no age or country have funds for the accomplishment of a literary undertaking ever been so unsparingly supplied, or so preposterously squandered. With the 450,000*l.* which the commissioners have received they might long ago have arranged the whole records of the kingdom; produced the most ample and correct catalogues and calendars which skill and industry could furnish; and printed every page, either of copy or extract, which ought ever to have passed through the press.

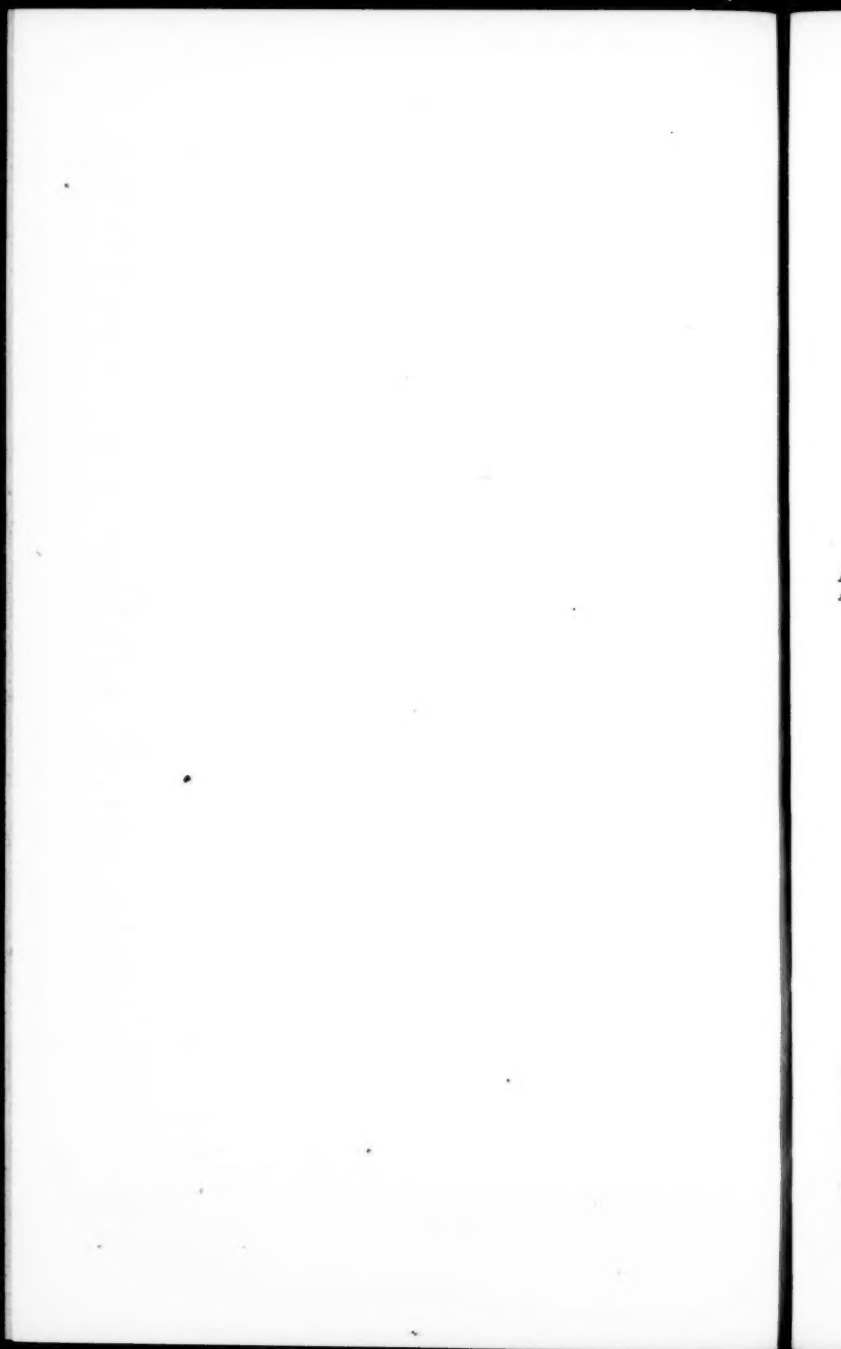
We see no prospect whatever that the publication of national records can be advantageously carried on under a Board of Commissioners, let it be constituted as it may—or in any other manner, at the expense of the government. Between contrariety of views and interests within, and intrigues for patronage and influence without, the plan will never confer benefits on the country at all proportioned to its cost. If, however, it should be thought fit  
to

to continue the Record Commission at all, we are persuaded it would be the wisest course to confine it *strictly* to the arrangement of the records, and the preparation and printing of catalogues and indexes alone. Let these be brought to the highest possible perfection. Let the State Paper Office, under prudent regulations, be thrown open; or let the oldest and largest part of its contents be transferred to the Museum. This has been proposed in France, and would be found no less advisable in this country. 'Jusqu'ici,' says M. Guizot, 'tantôt la nature du gouvernement, tantôt des justes convenances ont rendu ces grands dépôts à peu près inaccessibles; mais la séparation est si profonde entre notre temps et les temps passés; la politique de notre époque est si peu solidaire de celle des siècles antérieurs, que le gouvernement peut, sans crainte et sans scrupule, associer le public à une partie de ses richesses historiques.\*' Let these objects be attained, and then, so far as history is concerned, government will have done its duty. The individual or united exertions of private persons will accomplish the remainder.

It is indeed high time that some effectual step should be taken on this subject by the legislature. The *half million* already expended on this gigantic job infinitely exceeds all the sums spent, by public authority, in the cause of the genuine literature of this country, from the days of William the Conqueror to those of William IV. inclusive.

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\* Ap. to Rep. p. 924.



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